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AMERICA AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM

WE always think of America as preëminently the land of religious liberty. Here no one is persecuted for his faith, either socially, politically, or economically. The United States is almost the only great nation in which no official clerical party exists. For many years it has been the consistent policy of politicians and journalists to keep religious questions out of politics and out of print. But throughout this period the Roman Catholic Church in America has been the subject of a sort of backstairs controversy. There have been whisperings and mutterings on both sides. With the advent of the Ku Klux Klan and as a result of the turmoil in the Democratic convention in 1924 over the candidacy of Governor Smith of New York, this matter has forced itself into the open in spite of the religious taboo which we have mistaken for religious tolerance. Tolerance implies a willingness to discuss a question frankly and fearlessly. And because THE FORUM *believes that it is tolerance rather than taboo which we must achieve in religious matters, as in all others, it is opening its pages to a discussion of this question. In the present article, Mr. Williams challenges Protestants and other non-Catholics to come out into the open and assert the specific items in their bill of complaints against his church. In the April* FORUM, *John Jay Chapman accepts this challenge.*

I — THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH — AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE present position of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is a subject of capital importance. The relation of Catholicism to American institutions, its influence on the culture of the nation, the part it is playing, or which it may play, in solving (or complicating the solution of) many of our

most serious problems, — these are debatable and highly important questions. Yet, so far as I know, the subject has not been studied (at least it has not been presented) in an objective manner except from the Catholic point of view, or else from a viewpoint ignorantly and violently opposed to Catholicism. The object of these few pages is to indicate the serious need for a candid examination of the matter, and also to indicate some of the realities that would have to be dealt with in such a discussion.

Until quite recently the relations between religious beliefs and organizations and the practical problems of society were scarcely ever dealt with, in a public manner, except in a partial, one-sided fashion in the official press of the various churches and denominations. The daily newspapers and the reviews apparently considered it a dangerous topic or were not yet alive to its importance. A striking example of this neglect of a subject, which, to say the least, must be classified among the primary factors of human society, was supplied by the omission of any reference to religion in an important book on American civilization, a symposium written by thirty-one authors who represented the "young intellectuals". Science, politics, finance, art, literature, and other aspects of American society were mordantly analyzed and trenchantly dealt with. The writers did their best to dig down to the roots of the matter, tagging and explaining every branch, every important fibre. There was no chapter, however, there was nothing even said about religion as a spiritual force, or of organized religious bodies in relation to social action. These young intellectuals made a bad mistake. Tired old souls, who had lost touch with the vital springs of human conduct, might readily have committed such an error, but one would have supposed that these youthful minds, so sensitively aware of the surface aspects and of many of the fundamental problems of their own day, would not have missed at least intuitively recognizing the fact that, whatever their truth or falsehood may be, religious ideas and actions based upon them should not be ignored but, on the contrary, should be most carefully studied by all who would attempt the analysis or the solution of social problems. But it is true that the book in question was published nearly three years ago, and since that time there has been a notable change. As Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt pointed out in a recent number of "The World's Work,"

interest in applied religion, as expressed in the press, is now one of the most evident of facts. Magazines appealing to many different grades of readers, from the Sunday sections of the great newspapers upward to the serious reviews, are full of articles on religion. Papini's *Life of Christ* is read like a popular novel. Other religious works circulate almost as greatly. When a newspaper syndicate recently announced a series of miniature sermons by a well-known clergyman, forty newspapers subscribed immediately. Another syndicate distributes daily Bible verses. Another one is syndicating the Bible itself. The controversies and differences now deeply stirring the Protestant churches claim front page attention in the newspapers, while the editorial columns comment and moralize. The great taboo against the open discussion of religion in the American press is shattered.

Nevertheless, it is distinctly noticeable that the Roman Catholic Church and its influence, whether for good or for bad, are rarely dealt with. It is a puzzling fact. The extraordinary growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is, I would submit, one of the most striking events in the history of the nation. The effects of the influence of that Church in this country are already vast, multifarious, and probably permanent, and they constantly increase. As all world-history of the last two thousand years attests, whenever and wherever the Catholic Church sets up and is able to maintain its activities all forms of social life are profoundly affected, when not transformed. Whether this penetrative influence of the Catholic Church should be accepted as a benefit or contended against as being injurious is not here in question. There are two sides (at the very least!) to that great debate. The present writer accepts the Catholic answer. But whatever our opinions may be, there scarcely can be much hesitancy in agreeing that, simply as a fact, the influence of the Catholic Church must unquestionably be counted among the primary elements that enter into the making and shaping, the growth and preservation, or else the decline and destruction of the culture and institutions, the vital history, — in a word, of the soul, — of any nation in which that influence is at work. "All changes in appearances are in vain without change in that which underlies all appearances," said Walt Whitman. Underneath all national customs, habits, laws, institutions, and interwoven with

them all, are the thoughts, the ideas, the emotions, and the moods — the psychic life — of that nation's citizens. Of all phases of the psychic life, religion will most intimately, continuously, and powerfully affect the actions of those who accept religion as a reality; nor will others escape its influence as at least a modifying if not a controlling force, no matter how complete may be their conscious alienation from or rejection of its formulated claims.

Nothing pseudo-mystical is meant by the preceding statement. It is a plain fact. For example: it is conceivable, though hardly probable, that prohibition would have finally been written into the Constitution without the aid of organized religious sentiment and the political pressure of religious organizations, but as a fact these things were certainly the most potent forces behind the victorious prohibition movement, although all the organized religious bodies in the United States contain far less than a majority of the people and, among these organized bodies, only certain Protestant denominations were militantly in favor of prohibition. In a hundred lesser ways our laws, habits, customs, education, drama, literature, and other social activities are colored or directed by religious sentiments, religious teaching, or religious propaganda, not to speak of direct political action on the part of certain religious bodies, — a thing which decidedly is increasing.

Now, of all organized religious bodies the Catholic Church is, I believe, the one most completely efficient *in the long run* and for the achieving of enduring if not temporary results. If this seems to be too extreme a statement to pass without challenge (and this paper seeks points of agreement rather than points of difference) at least it may be safe to say that the Catholic Church of all organized religious bodies is the one whose historical record proves its influence to be most consistent with its own principles, and most persistent in attempting to carry these principles into action. Therefore, it is unquestionable that the Catholic Church has exerted a fundamental and profound influence on all American institutions, upon the American ethos itself, during the past, and that its influence is actively working now and seems certain to become stronger, deeper, wider, and more positive in the future.

What, then, *is* the present position of the Catholic Church in the United States? How is that Church and its influence regarded

by non-Catholic Americans? Does the Church agree or disagree with the prime characteristics of the American nation? Is it or will it be a help or a hindrance in the momentous and pressing business of solving (or alleviating the pressure of) such tremendous problems as now confront the people? — such problems, for example, as the struggle between capital and labor (or between conservatism and radicalism in economic theory or practice); local self rule in government *versus* centralization; our racial problems; international coöperation, and so forth. Adequately to answer, or even to attempt to answer, such large questions is obviously impossible here. What Catholics say to them may be pretty fairly well judged by a recent book* in five bulky volumes, "a symposium on the Catholic Contribution to the Civilization of the United States", the work of a large group of Catholic writers, both clergymen and laymen. And the *Life of Cardinal Gibbons*, by Allen Sinclair Will, provides striking testimony to the very large part played by the Catholic Church in many serious crises involving the public welfare. Only the most general outline of the Catholic position can possibly be given in this place.

Some notion, however, of the vast progress of the Catholic Church may be gained by recalling that its membership has grown since 1776 from about twenty thousand to more than eighteen million; from one bishop and a few priests to more than one hundred cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and abbots, and more than twenty thousand priests, to say nothing about thousands of nuns and Christian brothers serving as teachers and nurses. While the population of the country has increased only thirty-five times in the last one hundred and fifty years, the Catholic part of the population has increased more than eight hundred times. The percentage of the Catholic population has increased thirty-five times faster than the general population. From a legal position of inferiority and inequality in Colonial times, the Church has become absolutely unhampered, so far as the laws of the land are concerned, and occupies perhaps the foremost place among all organized religious bodies. Its property, if appraised in dollars, has gigantic value. It carries on and supports an independent educational system from the primary grades to

*Catholic Builders of the Nation. Edited by C. E. McGuire, Ph.D., Boston: Continental Press, Inc., 1923.

universities. Its press numbers hundreds of weekly newspapers, magazines, and reviews. It is singularly like the nation itself in that it is constituted of a very large number of different racial elements. Out of the original English stock of the thirteen colonies, the small but highly important English Catholic element became part and parcel of the new nation through the Catholics of Maryland. Later on, through the results of the Oxford Movement, a large number of New Englanders and other representatives of Anglo-Saxon stock came into the Catholic Church through conversion. But it was the immigration from Ireland, Germany, the French Canadian provinces, Italy, Poland, and other Catholic countries, that built up the greater portion of the Catholic Church membership.

The original legal disabilities that oppressed Catholics in nearly all the thirteen colonies (even including Maryland, which had been originally founded by a Catholic, the originator of one of the first of all Charters granting religious toleration) were largely swept away by the Revolution, in which the Catholics, considering their numbers, played an important part exclusively on the American side.

It was not, however, till the Civil War that the pressure of an almost continuous opposition to the civil equality of Catholics abated in a large measure. The period between the Revolution and the election of Lincoln was full of bitter manifestations of anti-Catholic suspicion and rancor. And it may be truthfully said that the action of the leaders of the nation, from Washington onward, and of the representative bodies of the nation, in removing the disabilities of Catholics and in according their church an equal place with all other religious bodies, has never been completely accepted by the mass of the American people. Or, at the least, there has always remained an active and militant minority of the people who still continue to act on the assumptions derived from Puritan and Church of England Colonial sources, namely, that Catholicism and Americanism (as these zealots define Americanism) are incompatible. Since the Revolution, there have been three or four periods of public tumult having for their animating cause a violent opposition to Catholicism. Sometimes there was bloody rioting and the burning down of churches, convents, and schools. There is such an outbreak at the

present time, though happily unaccompanied by physical violence. The phrase which sums up this enduring sentiment, or opinion, or obsession, whatever it may be called, is: "No Catholic can ever (or, must ever) be President!" The left wing of the party broadens the slogan to include the words: "or any other public official".

Probably the person most puzzled by such manifestations of the anti-Catholic spirit is the average American Catholic citizen. Ordinarily, living with his non-Catholic neighbors on terms of equality and friendship, and simply taking the American principle of religious toleration for granted, his state of mind when confronted by covert or open opposition to him and his kind, because of his and their religious beliefs, is one of angry bewilderment. This is increased by the fact that it is very seldom, if ever, that the case against him and his fellows is presented frankly, openly, and fairly. Scores if not hundreds of violently anti-Catholic books, pamphlets, and newspapers, some of the latter with very considerable circulation, appear on all sides during these periods of excitement. Great organizations spring up and exert really tremendous if evanescent political and social influence through attacking the Catholic religion.

Even the most cursory examination of this anti-Catholic literature shows that its authors make great play of what is supposed by them to be the irreconcilable difference between the principles of Catholicism and the principles of the American nation. The Catholic also discovers that many of his non-Catholic friends and neighbors, while not descending to the rather tawdry type of abusive language that is ordinarily characteristic of American anti-Catholic literature, nevertheless frequently display more or less sympathy with the anti-Catholic crusade, and are inclined more or less to believe that there "must be something in it". And still, when a Catholic looks about him for a reasonable, calm, documented statement of the case against his Church, he fails to find it. The only consideration of the subject that is discernible is carried on below the surface of public discussion in obscure, fanatical journals and pamphlets. At best, they are only sources of irritation and rancor. At their worst, they have frequently caused violent rioting.

It would be an excellent idea if an attempt should be made to

supply a really worth-while statement of the case against Catholicism, so far as its relations to American institutions are concerned. It would clear the air of a great deal of merely trivial or obviously false, and sometimes malicious, stuff. For the most part Catholics disdainfully refrain from noticing the usual sort of thing that appears and reappears in the professional anti-Catholic press. Quotations from apocryphal speeches or letters by George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, or other representative American patriots or statesmen, condemning Catholicism; garbled or purely fictitious quotations from Papal documents; bogus "oaths" of the Jesuits, or the Knights of Columbus; the rehashing of utterly discredited "revelations" or "confessions" of very dubious "ex-priests and ex-nuns"; pale echoes of Maria Monk and Father Chiniqui; insinuations and sometimes open charges that the Catholic churches have secret arsenals of rifles and bombs, or that the Catholic University at Washington and other Catholic institutions of that city choose their locations in order to provide points of physical attack upon the White House, — this sort of thing seems below even contemptuous notice, yet it is amazing how widely it is circulated and how explicitly it seems to be credited. That, quite apart from and infinitely higher than this dangerous rubbish, there is an anti-Catholic state of mind, or mood, more or less common to a great multitude of respectable and worthy people, is also true. But, for the most part, this sentiment, or mood, lacks a clear or precise utterance. It lacks its literature. Possibly this cannot be helped. It may be that it is not possible to find material sufficiently definite to construct and maintain any worth-while argument against the Catholic Church in the United States, in so far as its supposed antagonism to American institutions is concerned. Theologically, of course, the case is otherwise.

As for Catholics, in the face of these strange phenomena, all they can do is to point to what, even by their opponents, should, it would seem, be accepted as an authoritative statement of their case, namely, what their own leaders, the heads of the Church, the Bishops, have had to say, and, even more important, what both Bishops and Catholic people have done from the time of Carroll to the present time. Even a cursory examination of the letters, public documents, and the acts of such typical leaders of

the Catholic Hierarchy as Carroll, England, Hughes, Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons, not to mention scores of others, should make it absolutely apparent that the Catholics claim, and have amply demonstrated, so far as objective acts are concerned, an absolute patriotism. While the Church, since the beginning of its history, has carried on its work under a great variety of governmental forms, and professes, as a universal and not a merely local society, the ability to accommodate itself to any and all human conditions, there have not been lacking great voices, such as those of Isaac Hecker and Gibbons and Ireland, proclaiming that the American system of a democratic republic, based on a fundamental law of separation between Church and State, and absolute religious toleration, has presented the Catholic Church with the greatest opportunity for its development that it has ever had. When, quite recently, even so distinguished a Catholic author as Hilaire Belloc expressed an opinion that sooner or later the Catholic Church in the United States would be at loggerheads with the State his opinion was publicly and strongly assailed in the Catholic press. American Catholics consider the views of Gibbons and Ireland, which almost passionately praise the favorable conditions given the Church by the American State, to be their own. Such is the accepted American Catholic view. Catholics feel that at this point they may rest their case, leaving it to some qualified spokesman for an opposing, or different, point of view to speak, if any one cares to do so, and really hoping that such a voice may be heard, in order that a reasonable discussion may clear the air of the present dangerous stuff which leads nowhere save to anger, suspicion, disunion, and possibly to violence.

That such a clearing of the air is exceedingly desirable, no one can doubt who knows anything concerning the tremendous forward movement of Catholicism which marks the present time throughout the world. In other words, the pervasive influence, and the pressure of the principles held and promoted by the Catholic Church are increasing greatly. Those non-Catholics who are merely irritated because of their prejudices will find their irritation constantly growing. Those, on the other hand, who find in the principles of Catholicism things helpful and approvable, at least as social assets, whether accepted in their full religious sense

or not, are bound to be confronted more and more with the evidences of this social action of the Catholic Church. And those who oppose these principles on higher grounds than the one occupied by the bigot, or by the ignorant inheritor of ancestral prejudices, will be hard put to it to meet the rising power of this ageless institution. That phenomenon of revival which has been manifested many times in the two thousand years of the life of the Church is again taking place. There is a mighty reawakening of the energy of the Catholic Church. The lethargy and the merely negative defense of her position, caused by the disruption in the sixteenth century, have been succeeded by an epoch of positive and creative action. It is being manifested in the United States as well as in Europe.

Three very important elements of this resurgent action of the Catholic Church may be singled out for mention. They are, first, the increase of the purely spiritual, or mystical, influence of the Church; second, its intellectual development; third, its heightened consciousness of "social service" in ways outside its age-old work of education and charity. Each of these elements will be briefly discussed in concluding this sketchy presentment of a very complicated and important matter.

Although the main task of the Catholic Church in the United States has been one of building up its necessary organization, — its parishes, dioceses, schools, seminaries, hospitals, and asylums, and this on a vast scale, — the Church has at no time lost sight of its supernatural mission. All this enormous "brick-and-mortar" work was frankly recognized as providing only the instruments, or the physical, material coëfficients of the spiritual task. Every church, from St Patrick's Cathedral down to the last portable tin shack of a chapel, was and is the shelter of one more Altar for the offering up of the Sacrifice instituted by the Founder of the Church, — one more House of God, built for the dispensing of the Sacraments. That the Church, here as elsewhere, must display the note of sanctity has never been forgotten by its pastors or its people. Although, as an organized American body, the Church in the United States dates from its first Bishop (Carroll, 1789), its spiritual history goes back to the very beginnings of the American chronicle. Nearly every State of the Union has been marked by the blood of Catholic martyrs. Great Saints illuminate

the story. Miracles and marvels open vistas of high spiritual romance. The beheading of Father Jogues, the life of the Indian maiden, Takawitha, the legend of the Holy Man of Santa Clara, things like these connect with the great figures of St Peter Claver, St Rose of Lima, and the story of the Virgin of Guadalupe, of remoter days, and with stories you can hear in almost any American diocese to-day, stories of living saints, of contemporary wonders, and manifestations of mysticism. When Bishop Carroll was consecrated, almost his first official act was to provide for the coming of Carmelite Nuns to the United States, to pray for the infant Church, and to cultivate the interior life of contemplation and self-sacrifice as experts. Always since then, in retirement behind the serried ranks of Priests and Nuns devoting themselves to the more active kinds of religious work, there have been the Contemplative Orders. Of late, they have increased remarkably. The Catholic presses have been pouring forth reprints and new works on mysticism. The decrees of Pope Pius X concerning the Communion of Children, and the frequent Communion of adults, have had wonderful results in the United States. Two years from now, this growing spirit of devotion to the spiritual, to the purely supernatural centre of the Catholic Church, will rise to a crisis when the International Eucharistic Congress will assemble at Chicago, — the first one ever to meet in this country.

Turning to the second of my three concluding points, I think I am right when I say that in a marked degree, which tends to become ever more apparent, the American Catholic movement is strongly intellectual. There has been a very decided increase in the number of both priests and laymen who are taking active part in the study and discussion of philosophy, history, science, economics, literature, and art. In the past, educated Catholics mostly tended to go in for the direct, official service of the Church, as priests or nuns, or else they became mainly lawyers, doctors, business men, or politicians, — professional politicians, too, unfortunately. As a consequence, there have been few noteworthy Catholic writers, artists, scientists. The cultural level has been low. All this is changing rapidly for the better. There has been a great increase in recent years of Catholics among the more serious students of, and writers on, the higher branches of learning. And as a proof that this movement has extended outside the ranks of

born Catholics, and that the modern mind is turning again to Catholicism, a very remarkable body of converts to Catholicism among college professors, social service workers, writers, and scientists could be named. The growing importance and influence of the Catholic University, the wide extension of the Newman Clubs at the secular and state universities, the fresh attention being paid to the study of Thomism and of the neo-scholastic philosophy, and of the economic ideas of the Catholic Guild system of the Middle Ages, by non-Catholics, — these are significant signs of the Catholic intellectual renaissance.

The third element of this movement, the heightened Catholic consciousness of the need for "social service" in ways outside the ordinary scope of the Church's traditional devotion to education and charity, is also clearly apparent. As the Bishops of the United States put the matter in their recent joint pastoral letter, Catholic Christianity to-day is distinct and firm, a world-wide spiritual force organized in human systems, and, in the face of material devices of social betterment or of merely material social functioning, which are now universally broken down or discredited, it is pointing out and expounding the immutable principles of supernatural Christianity. But that these supernatural principles also operate for the temporal and physical welfare alike of those who accept them and of those who do not but who at least partially approve of their influence, Catholics firmly assert, and they increasingly strive to prove their assertions. While carrying on the central and primary purpose of the Church, which is the spiritual salvation of individual souls, the Church, as the Pastoral says, has "promoted the welfare of all nations by insisting on the principles which should govern our social, industrial, and political relations; by deepening respect for civil authority; by enjoining upon Catholics everywhere the duty of allegiance to the State and the discharge of patriotic obligations. They have condemned the errors which plan to betray humanity and to undermine our civilization."

American Catholic historians, not content merely to claim that Catholicism is compatible with and congenial to the spirit of the United States, are presenting their proofs that the most fundamental American institutions, as embodied in the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, sprang in large part from

the teachings of Catholic philosophy and from the actual practice of Catholic communities and peoples of the early Middle Ages. Catholic sociologists are busily pointing out the principles and the methods underlying the mediaeval guilds, in order to throw light upon the problems which have to be solved in the field of economics. The nation-wide and successful educational work of the Knights of Columbus, especially vocational training for ex-soldiers of the Great War, may be mentioned. The National Catholic Welfare Conference, of course, being guided and directed by the Bishops, is by far the most important agency of the Church in all its social service activities. This organization is taking a particularly useful part in Americanization work among foreign-born Catholics. Its department of Social Action, devoted to the furtherance of the study of Catholic concepts of social justice, especially in economic problems, is also doing notable service. Under its auspices a school for the training of social service women workers has been established. Study clubs are springing up throughout the country. A very large list of other organizations doing similar work might be made out, but enough has been said, I think, to prove that the Catholic Church in the United States is awake to the pressing problems of the nation, and is doing its share to solve them.

IS PSYCHO-ANALYSIS A SCIENCE?

A FEW years ago psycho-analysis burst upon an unsuspecting world. With it came a new vocabulary which, with that rapidity peculiar to our times, was soon diffused throughout the population of all classes and ages. We began to speak of the "unconscious", of the "sub-conscious", of our "complexes", of "libido". At dinner parties one exchanged intimacies regarding one's complexes. To the vast majority of us it was simply a new fad. To-day psycho-analysis has become an important branch of therapeutics. In every large city in the country there are many psycho-analysts practising their science or art. But whether psycho-analysis is a science, as the followers of Freud maintain, or merely another hocus-pocus destined to pass out of the popular interest as phrenology has passed, or destined to be with us for centuries as astrology has been, is a matter which at this time is still debatable. Mr. Viereck argues that psycho-analysis is a science; that Freud has made a real contribution to the science of psychology. Whereas Mr. Huxley regards Freud as a pseudo-scientist and psycho-analysis as nothing more than the latest fad of the type of mind which, being incapable of reasoning scientifically, seeks a short cut to knowledge through unverified theories.

FREUD: COLUMBUS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

SIGMUND FREUD has played an important part in the intellectual life of the world so long that, like Bernard Shaw, he has almost ceased to be a person. He is a cultural force to which we can assign a definite historical place in the evolution of civilization.

"I have been compared to Columbus, Darwin, Kepler, and I have been denounced as a paralytic," Freud himself remarks in a survey of the history of psycho-analysis. There are those, even to-day, who look upon him as a scientific adventurer. The future will hail him as the Columbus of the Unconscious.

Columbus, seeking merely a new passage to Cathay, discovered a continent. Freud, attempting to find a new method of mental therapeutics, discovered the submerged continent of man's mind.

Freud brings home to us the specific forces within ourselves which bind us to our own infantile past and to the past of the

race. In the light of psycho-analysis we can understand for the first time the riddle of human nature.

It is possible that, like the great Genoese sailor, Freud will never realize the full extent of his discovery. Chained to his own past, handicapped by the jargon of his own science, circumscribed by his own limitations, embittered by disputes with erstwhile disciples, even his marvelously agile mind may at times lose its sense of proportion.

It is not important if the "Œdipus complex", with all its ramifications, be accepted finally by science; if Adler, Jung, or Steckel be guilty of heresy; if the infallibility of the master himself be questioned; or if, in the hands of some of his disciples, his very doctrine be reduced to absurdity. Though every single tenet advanced by Freud be modified by investigation, no one can take from him the glory he has won through teaching us to discover and to endure the truth about ourselves.

In the early eighties, while still a student, Freud experimented with Breuer in an attempt to solve the problem of hysteria and neurosis. They discovered between them that by sounding the past of a patient, by submitting him to a scientific confessional, they could cleanse his bosom of much perilous stuff. They ascertained that hysteria is due simply to things that seem forgotten, to the "conversion" of energies which, unutilized in their proper channels, seek escape elsewhere. They administered to the patient a mental "cathartic". Their method was known by that very word "cathartic".

Breuer, like Charcot, utilized hypnotism to recall any forgotten experience which, while not necessarily pathological in itself, nevertheless endowed every later experience with pathological significance. Freud soon discarded hypnotism. He found that the mind mechanically raises psychic barriers or "resistances" against all attempts to worm out its secrets. It does so sometimes by feigning forgetfulness. At other times it colors and distorts the original incident beyond recognition. Hypnotism overcomes these resistances without explaining them. It knocked the enemy down. It did not extract his secret.

Breuer agreed that every hysterical symptom, every nervous ailment, leads back to some psychic "trauma" or shock received in puberty. Here Breuer and Freud parted company. Freud

pushed on. He found that the inquiry must extend as far back as the period of infancy. He discovered the sex life of the child, — the "multiform perversity" of the child. Where others faltered and quailed he still pursued his investigations. He was able actually to track prenatal memories!

Even in the mature individual there lingers a yearning for the perfect comfort and security of the foetal stage. Human beings as well as animals assume in sleep a posture suggestive of the position occupied in embryonic life. Psycho-analysis has established that the shock to the child involved in the process of being born, — the act of coming into the world, — may mould or mar its psychic existence. Psycho-analysis does not stop even there. It holds that the record of the race is written in the unconscious. The intrepid diver may discover unsuspected monsters or unimagined pearls in its depths.

Freud reached the conclusion that dreams afford the most trustworthy approach to the exploration of the deeper psychological labyrinths. The dream is the torch with which he leads us through the Hades of the unconscious.

Modern chemistry revives the hopes of the alchemists. Science turns baser metals into gold. Bio-chemistry, by stimulating the endocrine system, grants us that elixir of life, which Ponce de Leon sought in vain. Freud, through the science of psycho-analysis, exonerates those augurs and soothsayers of antiquity who sought the truth through the interpretation of dreams. The charlatan of yesterday is the scientist of to-morrow. Similarly, the scientist of to-day may be the charlatan of the future.

If, in the vale of the unconscious, the dream is a pillar of fire by night, the principle of "free association" is a pillar of smoke by day. Free association is a method whereby we trail our repressed desires to their lair in the unconscious and penetrate their disguises. Our thoughts inevitably return to the repressed desires in the unconscious, except when we deliberately steer them in another direction. If the mind relaxes its guard under the influence of suggestion, if we make no attempt to control our mental associations, words and ideas leaping casually upon the tongue betray our secret to the trained analyst.

Repressed instincts and complexes, like beasts of prey, are ever ready to leap into consciousness. Civilization represses or censors

these instincts. Human progress is the result of the conflict between these energies and their repression or sublimation. Certain repressions are salutary. Others, closing safety valves, lead to violent explosions. Crime is one such explosion. More often the repressed desire, instead of violently forcing its way, seeps through, poisoning (certainly coloring) all our mental processes.

Psycho-analysis liberates the mind for the time being from all conventional trammels. By permitting free play to mental associations, it discovers the source of the seepage. It attempts to utilize or to disinfect the escaping elements. Where an explosion threatens, it opens the safety valve. However, the valve may be so encrusted with conventional inhibitions that it no longer yields to the most expert mental plumbing.

The "Censor" in charge of our unconscious, Cerberus-like, guards all exits. But, like Cerberus, it may be beguiled. The methods discussed, dreams, hypnosis, free association, permit the submerged forces to come to light. The striking fact discovered by psycho-analysis is that man never exterminates the savage, the criminal, and the child in himself. He merely imprisons them temporarily. Psycho-analysis detects their rumbling protest and their attempts to escape in manifold disguises. Hysteria is one of their disguises. A nervous twitching, a phobia, a "compulsion", harmless in itself, may be another.

Conceit and the constraints of civilization compel us to mask even our dreams. We succeed in deceiving others as well as ourselves. We do not succeed in deceiving Freud. He unmasks the unconscious hypocrisy, the "inner insincerity" imposed upon the individual by the group.

The repressed desire once seized, we can safeguard ourselves and others, liberate some instincts, guide others into innocuous channels, and sublimate the rest. Freud teaches us to be shocked by nothing, to despise neither ourselves nor others, and to be strangers to no thing that is human.

It was Wilde who said that the brotherhood of man was not the dream of the idealist, but a depressing fact. The author of *Pilgrim's Progress* expressed the same truth even more forcibly when he said of a culprit on his way to the gallows: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan!"

The psycho-analyst recognizes in the red-handed murderer and

in the gibbering lunatic a brother whose destiny was determined by a deviation from normal development. Usually this deviation is due to some shock received early in childhood, and almost invariably it is sexual in character.

Freud does not deny the influence of heredity. Certain inherited characteristics are responsible for the fact that the shock or "trauma" in question was able to break through the protective armor which every human being acquires. Experience, on the other hand, evokes potentialities inherent in the constitutional disposition which would otherwise continue to slumber.

In the neurotic man, in the hysterical woman, in the nervous child, the dark forces which lead to madness or crime seek egress in a more innocuous, but equally futile, fashion. May we not go a step further? Sublimated, raised to the *n*th power, directed into constructive channels, the same dynamic factors, rooted in things primordial, may constitute the miracle of genius.

The man who can draw freely upon this primordial reservoir of strength, without breaking the vessel that holds it (like the man who can release the energy stored in a single atom), may put the time out of joint, or even set it right. The degree in which we can tap this hidden strength is the measure of our mental endowment.

The strongest of all human instincts is sex. It is also the instinct that necessarily suffers most from repression. Hence, almost every psychic abnormality may be traced to some hitch in the transition from one phase of sexual development to another.

At first the libido or sex instinct of the individual is directed upon itself. Something of this "Narcissus complex" clings to all of us in every subsequent stage. However, the normal individual knows how to sublimate these instincts. Some never find the path of this transition.

The next step is to transfer the libido from the self to the mother. Something of this instinct, too, clings to us throughout life. The father and the mother determine to a surprising degree our sexual predilection. Here the "Œdipus complex" comes into play. Rare, indeed, is he who, like Œdipus, marries his own mother and murders his own father. But the peculiar psychic influence of this conflict works havoc in many lives. Some never succeed in sublimating their "Œdipus complex".

The last step is to transfer the "libido" or desire from the mother to another being of the opposite sex. Here, too, a hitch may ensue. Every so-called abnormality of later life is a "regression" to a normal phase in the development of the child. Lombroso proclaimed that all children are criminals. Nevertheless, he refused to include his own children in the general indictment. Freud has no such compunction.

If Freud had confined himself to the study of abnormal cases, there might have been no serious objection to his doctrines. He would still be a pioneer in the field of psychology, but his contribution to the sum of human knowledge would not be such as to challenge comparison with that of Columbus or of Darwin or of Kepler. When Freud applied his theories to all human beings, normal or otherwise, he challenged at once immortality and opposition.

Krafft-Ebing was the first important medical expert to turn the light of science without prejudice upon variations of the sex instinct. He confined himself to the study of types admittedly abnormal. He spoke as a pathologist. Freud enunciated a new gospel, applying to all alike. When first he delivered a lecture before a group of students assembled under the auspices of Professor Krafft-Ebing, he noticed the chill that struck the assemblage. For the resistance implanted in our souls against the recognition of the demon within us is equally strong in all human beings.

Freud found himself "surrounded by emptiness". A negative wall seemed to rise between himself and his fellow men. For many years, he lived, as he says himself, on a desert island. Undismayed, this Robinson Crusoe of science continued his solitary studies. His isolation knew no brother. He did not find it necessary to read books. He was not compelled to hasten his investigations to claim priority for his ideas. The vacuum all around him was his protection.

His investigations led to startling conclusions. He found that love and hate are not warring brethren, but that they dwell together in the same bosom. It is possible to hate and to love at the same time.

The death wish and the love wish are reverse sides of the same medal. Kisses are survivals of primitive cannibalistic impulses.

It was always known that religious and amorous ecstasy have a great deal in common. It remained for Freud to prove the resemblance between the "ritual" of religion and the "ritual" of neurosis.

Freud traced and interpreted the primal roots of the taboos, reasonable and otherwise, upon which our system of ethics rests. He found in the unconscious the hidden meaning of wit, of the fairy tale, and of the myth.

Freud interprets literature and art in the light of psycho-analysis. His celebrated sketch of Leonardo da Vinci reveals to us how biography must be written. The first few weeks on the mother's breast are more important than any subsequent period in life. In the first few months, in the first few years, are created the tangles that cannot ever be straightened out. Education assumes a new aspect.

No educator can seriously pursue his profession without a study of psycho-analysis. No parent can assume parental responsibility intelligently without a lesson in Freud. No husband can understand himself or his wife without turning for guidance to the truths unearthed by Freud. Without Freud we cannot understand the curious duality of our nature, the irrational desires that plague us, the quarrels and conflicts with ourselves and with others that needlessly sap our strength.

The lawyer and the judge, the teacher and the merchant, the lover and the creative artist, can no longer successfully conduct the difficult business of living without acquiring at least the rudiments of psycho-analysis. Having acquired the knowledge it is best for the layman to forget the process of his education.

And just as we are all Christians, whatever our religious persuasion may be, because we cannot but absorb the atmosphere of a Christian civilization, however far that civilization seems from the teachings of Christ, so no one, friend or foe, can free himself entirely from the influence of psycho-analysis. Freud, in other words, has modified the world's mental outlook. Having glimpsed the depths in our souls, Life can never again be the same.

Freud's patient labor is at last crowned with external success. The first signal recognition of his achievements was the invitation issued to him and to Jung by Stanley Hall to lecture in the

United States. Both men received an honorary degree from Clark University in 1907.

A group of earnest psychological explorers (including Jung, Adler, Steckel, Ferenczi, Brill, Putnam) became Freud's disciples. Freud was the pope of psycho-analysis. Soon, however, there were differences of opinion. Both Adler and Jung, one in Vienna, the other in Zurich, rebelled against the master. Both resented the emphasis on sex. If it proved impossible to check the growth of psycho-analysis, it was equally impossible, Freud admits, to direct its development.

Freud demands unquestioned adherence to his doctrine. Psychic "transferences" and "resistances", the idea of "psychic displacements", the insistance upon the dream and upon infantile sexuality, are the touchstones of Freudian psycho-analysis. Freud attributes the revulsion against him to the same "resistances" which he found in his patients. His truths are too bitter to swallow.

Freud remarked to me that psycho-analysis seems to bring out the worst elements in the psycho-analyst himself. It is only by severe self-restraint and constant searching of his own heart that the psycho-analyst can chain the imps within his bosom.

Freud feels justified in excommunicating the heretics who question his gospel. However, the world accepts gratefully the discoveries made by Freud's pupils, even if Freud himself reads them out of his church. When all is said, Freud remains the greatest of them all, a strange, silent, terribly lonely figure.

To those of his erstwhile disciples who have deserted him he wishes Godspeed. "May you," he calls, "have a pleasant ascent to the surface since you cannot toil with me in the depths. All I ask is that you permit me to continue my explorations without molestation."

Interest in psycho-analysis continues to grow, without regard to the schisms in Zurich and Vienna. In 1911 Havelock Ellis wrote: "Freud's psycho-analysis is now championed and carried out not only in Austria and in Switzerland but in the United States, in England, in India, in Canada, and, I doubt not, in Australasia." Russia, Hungary, France, Holland, Germany, each contributes to the quota of workers who patiently explore the subsoil of the mind.

In America, Brill, Jones, White, Jelliffe, Morton, are among the most distinguished Freudians. Freud was surprised to find how freely he could discuss his theories in American scientific circles, in spite of the prudery that dominates American life. The very repression to which the sex instinct especially is subject in Anglo-Saxon communities intensifies the interest in psycho-analysis. In countries where the sex life is comparatively untrammeled, notably in France and in Austria, popular and scientific interest in the subject is far less pronounced.

Freud does not relish his American popularity. He prefers intensive exploration to extensive exploitation. He welcomes the serious layman no less than the medical student. In fact, his closest coöperator is not a physician.

Freud's influence on literature is marked. In Vienna, Schnitzler told the writer of a peculiar parallelism between his own work and Freud's. The similarity is apt to escape the lay mind. Schnitzler writes as an artist. Freud writes as a scholar. Many modern German authors, to mention only Hauptman and Toller, consciously or unconsciously, reflect Freud's ideas in their work.

In America, more than anywhere else, not only scientists but poets, novelists, and playwrights are mastering the laws of psycho-analysis. Harvey O'Higgins, Rupert Hughes, among our older novelists, freely admit their indebtedness to Freud in their more recent novels. Sherwood Anderson, O'Neill, Ben Hecht, James Branch Cabell are unthinkable without Freud. Surely Jurgen is a traveler through the realm of the unconscious! Edgar Lee Masters, in his *Spoon River Anthology*, indulges spasmodically in psycho-analysis.

Literary criticism and biography cannot exist without psycho-analysis. Dr. William Bayard Hale, in his *Study of a Style*, subjects the literary technique of Woodrow Wilson to a severe psycho-analysis. William Allen White, in his recent book on Wilson, gives proof that he has read both Hale and Freud not without profit.

Much that has been obscure in the lives of great artists can be elucidated and interpreted with the aid of psycho-analysis. Swinburne, Wilde, Rossetti, Whitman, Poe, cease to puzzle us if we read their biographies and their works with knowledge gained from Freud's explorations of the unconscious mind.

The disciple of exact science may look askance upon psycho-analysis. He expects positive proof. Yet what positive proof can he offer himself? Psycho-analysis, like every science, advances both empirically and inductively. Some of its empirical experiences may be misleading. Some of its hypotheses may not be maintained. But is not this true even in the realm of exact science? How many experiments were contradicted, how many bold hypotheses formulated and destroyed, before Einstein enunciated his theory of relativity?

We know to-day that even mathematics is not an infallible guide, that the three angles of a triangle are not necessarily equal to two right angles, that in space and time there is no such thing as the absolute. The old cry of Pilate: "What is truth?" still rings in our ears. It penetrates not merely into the study of the speculative philosopher. It is heard in the laboratory and it disturbs the circles of the astronomer. A little self-analysis reveals that psycho-analysis promulgates a workable theory. What more can we ask? Truth is at best a working hypothesis.

Freud himself makes no claim to absolute truth. Asked if he is convinced of the truth of some of his more speculative reflections, he answers: "I am neither convinced myself, nor am I seeking to arouse conviction in others. More accurately, I do not know how far I believe them. . . . One may surely give oneself up to a line of thought and follow it up as far as it leads, simply out of scientific curiosity, or, if you prefer, as *advocatus diaboli*, without, however, making a pact with the devil about it." The reflections to which Freud refers are daring attempts to apply psycho-analysis to a solution of the ultimate problem of life.

Formerly psycho-analysis recognized only hunger and love, the instinct to perpetuate the individual and the species. Linked with the desire to attain pleasure and escape pain, they were considered the mainsprings of human conduct. Of late, however, Freud, still flexible enough to modify his views, acknowledges something beyond the pleasure principle. In a monograph *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, recently published in the United States, and in other recent studies given to the world in his psycho-analytic journal, Freud concedes the duality of life.

Side by side with the instinct of self- and race-preservation, there dwells in every organism, Freud proclaims, a desire to

regain the complete equilibrium of its previous inorganic existence. The inanimate was prior to the animate. Every animate thing desires to return to its former state, even as the bow strains to relieve its tension. An "organic elasticity", an organic inertia, battles within us against all change and progress, against life itself.

Every living thing carries within itself the germ of its own destruction. We all suffer death as the result of the by-products of life. This philosophy culminates in the conclusion that death is the goal of life. All life, in the final analysis, is a struggle between energy and inertia, between love and death. Even the instinct of self-preservation merely secures the path to death peculiar to the organism.

Hence, Freud claims, the paradox comes about that a living organism resists with all its energy influences which would help it to reach its goal by any short circuit. Reason would compel us to seek immediate self-destruction. Instinct achieves the same goal blunderingly by a circuitous route.

Death may not be a biological necessity. It may be that we die not because we must but because we will. Death would not be tolerable, if there were not in all of us somewhere a strong yearning for the complete cessation of living. Man speaks longingly of the grave as a haven of rest. He seeks eternal slumber in Abraham's bosom.

The poets, foreshadowing the conclusions of Freud, are half in love with easeful death. LeGallienne's Muse is often funereal. Poe thanks God that "the fever called living is over at last." Swinburne thanks, "whatever gods there be, that no life lives forever!"

What is the desire of the philosopher for "Nirvana", except a poetic circumlocution of Freud's pessimistic philosophy? Nirvana is the complete stability, the absolute equilibrium, of inorganic existence.

Thanatos always prevails over Eros. Inertia is stronger than the forces that dominate struggle and change. From such a point of view all progress must be illusory. There can be no "superman" in the process of evolution.

The fruit of Freud's disillusionment sets our teeth on edge. That does not imply that his conclusions are false. We may,

however, accept Freud's psycho-analysis, without embracing the despairing gospel of his declining years. Like Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, Freud's ultimate philosophy reflects the last disenchantment of genius, the philosophy, the resignation of a brilliant old age. True to form, Freud to the last challenges our dearest illusions.

OUR CONTEMPORARY HOCUS-POCUS

ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE sciences of phrenology, physiognomy, and animal magnetism seem to us nowadays strange and comical enough. We have lost faith in the bump of philoprogenitiveness; and to explain the phenomena of hypnotism and suggestion we need not have recourse to a caricature of the theory of magnetism. A hundred years ago, however, the people who took what is called, — quite without irony, — "an intelligent interest in science," were mostly enthusiastic admirers of Lavater, Gall, and Mesmer. Balzac, for example, believed most earnestly in their doctrines, and the *Comédie Humaine* abounds in pseudo-scientific expositions of the theory of bumps and phizes and magnetic fluids.

Reading them now, we marvel, — with a superior smile, — how a sensible man, to say nothing of a man of genius, as Balzac was, could believe such fantastic balderdash and, queerer still, imagine that it had anything to do with science. That sort of thing, we reflect complacently, would not be possible in our enlightened age.

But, alas, it is possible. The vague and earnest-minded dilettanti who, in 1925, like to think of themselves as taking an intelligent interest in science, have discovered for their special delectation something quite as silly, easy, and inexact, something at the same time quite as amusing, quite as excitingly and alluringly "philosophical" as the theories of Gall or Mesmer. Phrenology and animal magnetism have gone the way of black magic, alchemy, and astrology. But we need not regret their loss; the ghosts of our ancestors have no cause to pity us. Indeed, we might

almost be envied. For we have got hold of something even more entertaining than phrenology. We have invented psycho-analysis.

Fifty years hence, what will be the favorite pseudo-science of the novelist, the lady of fashion, and the earnest-minded but unscientific seeker after enlightenment? Something, we may be sure, that will seem, a hundred years hence, just as ludicrous as phrenology seems to us and psycho-analysis will seem to the next generation. For the type of mind to which the pseudo-sciences appeal is an eternal type. All thinking beings are anxious to know the secret of the universe; but they set about the search for truth in different ways. The man of science relies on experiment, sifted evidence, and a severe logic. The non-scientific man who, however, aspires to be scientific (for there are also the franker mystics, who do not) prefers less arduous methods. People of this type are generally incapable of close reasoning; they have but the vaguest conception of what constitutes evidence. They believe in short cuts to the absolute, back stairs approaches to certainty, get-rich-quick methods of acquiring the truth. Hence, rejecting, because not comprehending, the more difficult sciences and their laborious methods, they devote themselves to the study of what seems to them just the same as a real science — a pseudo-science.

The subject of all pseudo-sciences, from magic to animal magnetism, from astrology to psycho-analysis, has always been Man, — and Man in his moral nature, Man as a suffering and enjoying being. The reason is not far to seek. Man, the centre and in a sense the creator of our human universe, is the most spectacular and exciting subject that can be studied. Moreover, we all know about Man, or think we do; no preliminary training is necessary before we begin our study. A science of Man presents itself as the shortest of all possible cuts to absolute knowledge; hence the invariable subject matter of the pseudo-sciences.

The methods of all of these "sciences" betray the same family likeness: Employing arguments from analogy in place of logical reasoning, accepting without subjecting to control experiments whatever evidence they find useful, making assumptions which are then regarded as facts, inferring a rule from a single ill-observed instance, changing the connotation of terms whenever it suits them, assuming light-heartedly the identity of *post hoc*

and *propter hoc*. Thus do the unscientific seekers after truth put together their strange and fantastic bodies of doctrine.

Some of these pseudo-sciences have enjoyed, in the past, whole centuries and even millenniums of popularity. The development of genuine science, the spread of education and the accessibility of knowledge have, however, in recent years enormously accelerated the process of their growth and decay. Astrology and magic endured among the civilized nations of the past for tens of centuries. But animal magnetism lasted no more than a generation before it was exploded. Phrenology lived no longer, and of the promising pseudo-scientific sensations of the twentieth century, the Calculating Horses of Elberfeldt only contrived to keep the stage for two or three years, and the gorgeous N-rays of Nancy undulated rather abruptly into nothingness after a span of popularity that, however intense, was no more enduring. Psycho-analysis has lasted and, we may be sure, will last a good deal longer, for the simple reason that its falsity cannot be conclusively proved by a single experiment, as was the case with the N-rays. As with the other great pseudo-sciences of the past, a conviction of its absurdity will gradually appear and grow in the minds of its sectaries, until at last even those who take an intelligent interest in science will find it too manifestly absurd to be believed in. By that time, however, some new anti-scientific genius will have made his appearance with a new pseudo-science. The ex-devotees of Freud will not be left mourning.

The pseudo-science of psycho-analysis is one of the finest specimens of its kind ever devised by the mind of man. The fact is sufficiently well attested by its prodigious popularity among all classes except the scientific. And when we come to analyze it we find that it does, as a matter of fact, possess all the qualities that a pseudo-science ought ideally to have. To begin with, it deals with Man in his moral nature. In the second place, no special education and no remarkable intelligence are required from its students. No painful mental effort need be made in order that we may follow its arguments; nor, as a matter of fact, are there many arguments in the strict sense of the term to follow. Anyone with the faith that can accept unsupported statements as facts, with a feeling for the significance of symbols and the more than logical force of analogy can study psycho-analysis.

And the science has other and more positive charms. For the neurasthenic it offers cures (whether it fulfills its promise is a question into which we shall have to go later); it is, as it were, a tremendously high-class patent medicine. And for those interested in the blushful mysteries of sex, — and who, after all, is not? — it provides a mass of anecdotes and theories of the most fascinating character. If it could only incorporate into itself some method for foretelling the future, some miraculous recipe for making money without working, psycho-analysis would be fully as complete a pseudo-science as astrology, magic, or alchemy ever were. In time, perhaps, these improvements of the theory may be made; psycho-analysts are resourceful and inventive folk. Meanwhile, take it even as it stands, it is incomparably superior to animal magnetism, phrenology, and the N-rays and only inferior to the most grandiose creations of the anti-scientific mind.

My own profound disbelief in psycho-analysis began when I first read, many years ago now, Freud's work on the interpretation of dreams. It was the machinery of symbolism, by which the analyst transforms the manifest into the latent dream-content, that shook any faith I might possibly have had in the system. It seemed to me, as I read those lists of symbols and those obscene allegorical interpretations of simple dreams, that I had seen this sort of thing before. I remembered, for example, that old-fashioned interpretation of the Song of Solomon; I called to mind those charming bestiaries from which our ancestors in the Middle Ages used to learn a highly ethical brand of natural history. I had always been doubtful whether the leopard were really a living symbol of Christ (or, as other bestiaries affirmed, of the Devil). I had never, even in infancy, whole-heartedly believed that the amorous damsel in the Song of Songs was, prophetically, the Church and her lover the Savior. Why should I then accept as valid the symbolism invented by Dr. Freud? There are no better reasons for believing that walking upstairs or flying are dream equivalents of fornication than for believing that the girl in the Song of Solomon is the Church of Christ. In one case we have the statement of some pious theologian that an apparently scandalous love song is really, if we will but interpret it in the right way, the expression of an innocent and, indeed, positively

commendable aspiration towards God. In the other case we have a doctor asserting that an innocent action in a dream is really, when we interpret it properly, the symbol of the sexual act. Neither adduces a proof; each leaves us with a bald and unsupported statement. In either case, it is only those who have the will to believe who need believe; there is no evidence to compel assent from the sceptic. That anything so fantastic as this theory of interpretation by symbols (which are made to mean anything whatever according to the taste of the analyst) should ever have been regarded as possessing the slightest scientific value, is really quite unbelievable. It may be remarked in passing that while all psycho-analysts agree in regarding dreams as being of first class importance, they differ profoundly in their methods of interpretation. Freud finds suppressed sexual wishes in every dream; Rivers the solution of a mental conflict; Adler the will to power; Jung a little bit of everything. The psycho-analysts seem to live in that marvelous transcendental world of the philosophers, where everyone is right, all things true, every contradiction reconciled. They can afford to smile down pityingly at the practitioners of other sciences, who crawl about in a muddy world where only one of two contradictory alternatives can be true at a given moment.

It was the symbolic interpretation of dreams that first shook my faith in psycho-analysis. But a systematic criticism of the theory should have begun by questioning its still more fundamental doctrines. There is the assumption, for example, that dreams are always profoundly significant. This is taken by the psycho-analysts as an admitted fact, though it is, to say the least of it, quite as probable that dreams have practically no significance and are no more than vague and haphazard series of associations set in motion by physical stimuli, internal (such as digestion) or external (such as the ringing of a bell or the rumbling of a cart).

The psycho-analytic assumption that dreams are in the highest degree significant is made necessary by the other still more fundamental assumption of the existence of the Freudian Unconscious. To read a description of the psycho-analyst's Unconscious is like reading a fairy story. It is all tremendously exciting and dramatic. The Unconscious, we are told, is a sort of den or inferno to which all the bad thoughts and desires which clash with our social duties

in the world are sent. At the door a mysterious being called the Censor is set on guard to see that they do not get out. Life in the underworld of the mind is extremely lively. The evil wishes pullulating in the den of the Unconscious are forever trying to escape, and the Censor has to prevent them from emerging into consciousness. The most extraordinary and ingenious stratagems are resorted to on both sides. The bad thoughts will put on disguises, drape themselves in sheep's clothing, and emerge as harmless thoughts; this is what happens in dreams. Hence the significance of dreams and the necessity of interpreting them symbolically, so as to get at their latent meaning — i.e. discover the identity of the evil wish under his disguises. Sometimes, when the bad wishes are too strong for him and fairly shove their way out, the Censor himself will provide them with their fancy dress, insisting that they shall wear a mask and domino, so as not to give the conscious mind too much of a fright by the aspect of their ugly faces. In the invention of stratagems the suppressed thoughts and the Censor show themselves incredibly ingenious. One is left with the impression that they are far more intelligent than the poor stupid conscious mind which, unless it belongs to a psycho-analyst, would never be able to imagine such ingenious tricks and devices. The truth of this exciting anthropomorphic myth is cheerfully assumed by all psycho-analysts, who proceed to base their arguments on it as though it were a scientifically established fact.

All the other great "facts" of psycho-analysis are found on examination to be mere assumptions of precisely the same character. There is the assumption, for example, of the widespread existence of an Œdipus-complex. There is the assumption that young children have sexual feelings and desires. Infants at the breast, Freud assures us, experience a genuine sexual pleasure; and to prove this, he bids us look at their faces which wear, while sucking, that perfectly contented expression which, in after life, only follows the accomplishment of the sexual act. This is a particularly scientific piece of evidence. We might as well say that the expression of profound wisdom and rapt contemplation which we often see on the faces of babies lying contentedly in their cradles is a proof that they are great philosophers and are thinking about the problems of free will and predestination and

the theory of knowledge. Or again, there is the assumption that most normal human beings are somewhat homosexual as well as heterosexual. There is the assumption that a large number of children experience anal erotism. And so on. No proofs of any of these assumptions are adduced. But they are all treated as facts.

Psycho-analysts defend their theory by pointing to its practical therapeutic successes. People are cured by psycho-analysis, they say; therefore psycho-analysis must be correct as a theory. This argument would be more convincing than it is, if it could be shown: first, that people have been cured by psycho-analysis after all other methods had failed; and secondly, that they have really been cured by psycho-analysis and not by suggestion somewhat circuitously applied through psycho-analytic ritual. In his excellent little book *Psycho-Analysis Analyzed*, Dr. McBride records cases of phobias, supposed to be specially susceptible to treatment by psycho-analytic methods, which have been cured by the simple procedure of reasoning with the patient on his fears. The possibility that psycho-analytic cures are really due to suggestion must seriously be considered. Psycho-analysts, of course, indignantly repudiate the notion and declare that suggestion is entirely foreign to their system and is, as a matter of fact, never practised by them. The published accounts of their cases, — the notorious and really revolting case of "little Hans" is a good example, the more so as Freud in his account of it explicitly answers in advance the accusation that the child in admitting his incestuous love for his mother and desire to kill his father may have been influenced by suggestion, — show quite clearly that suggestion, whether intentionally or unintentionally, is employed and indeed must be employed. How does the psycho-analyst overcome the so-called "resistances" of his patient without resorting to suggestion? If neurasthenic patients are, as a matter of fact, cured by psycho-analytic methods, it is because they go to the analyst feeling confidence in his powers; they accept his statement that they are suffering from a suppressed complex and will get well as soon as it is hauled out into the light of consciousness. They put themselves in his hands. In due course the psycho-analyst produces a superb complex, dating back to the time when they were two years old. "Here is the culprit. We have brought him back into the light. Now you are cured." And the

neurasthenic is cured. But the cure would probably have been effected much more expeditiously if straightforward suggestion and hypnotism had been used from the first. Nor, if other methods had been employed, would the patient have gone away with his mind full of the fantastic and, for anyone with a tendency to neurasthenia, dangerous and disgusting mythology of the psychoanalytic theory.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

HELENE MULLINS

I am repentant; with slow steps I come,
With incoherent words and half-shed tears,
And yield my soul to its old martyrdom,
And clothe my brain in its discarded fears.
Forgive me that I left you, scornful-eyed,
And flung your fetters from me in disdain;
I did not realize, in my silly pride,
That my free, happy hands would still retain
Marks of their former chains. Be kind, be kind,
And do not frown that I so soon return,
And offer you again my wrists to bind,
And offer you again my heart to burn.
To-night if you will nail me to your door,
I shall not try to leave you any more.

YOUTH'S OWN SCHOOL

MARTHA GRUENING

TUCKED away in the forest of Thüringia is a school for girls and boys, conducted in accordance with modern experimental ideas, the principle of which is that pupils should all be members of a great family in which the independence of each member is a sacred thing. It is a working democracy of coöperating individuals,— a state in miniature. This account of it is written by a woman whose son is a pupil. It is an article which will appeal not only to educators but to everyone whose sympathies are drawn toward youth.

WICKERSDORF lies at the very top of the world, or so it seems to a newcomer, at the highest point of the Thüringian forest. To reach it Robert and his mother left Saalfeld in the chill October dawn and rode with the Post Automobile six kilometers up into the hills. After that there were still six kilometers to walk. At first they followed a windy ridge. The sun rose out of seas of mist revealing on every side dark, pine-clad slopes and tiny, scattered farm hamlets. Then their path led them through a still, dense, spice-scented pine forest out of a German fairy tale from which they finally emerged into the little foresters' village of Wickersdorf, with the school buildings and pond gleaming in the distance and the high pine-bordered athletic field sweeping to the horizon. "The loveliest place in the world for a school" was what Robert's mother thought about it and would still think if she hadn't since seen others as heartbreakingly lovely; Odenwald backed up against the wood of the same name at the head of the enchanted Hambach valley, and Haubinda and Ilsenburg in the Hartz mountains, and Clarisegg on Lake Constance, — and all of them.

Wherever they went Robert and his mother generally walked. This was almost a necessity in Germany at that time, especially if one was visiting these schools; this fact reveals the intention of their founders. They are, as the name *Landerziehungsheim* implies, land schools and land homes in a sense that few of our schools are, even when situated in the country, and they represent among other things not only a "back-to-nature" movement in education but also what might be called a "back-to-youth" movement.

There is a certain kinship between European schools of this type, wherever they may be found. It is found in such schools as

Abbotsholme, Bedales, and St Christopher's in England, the *Écoles Nouvelles* of France and Belgium, and the *Landerziehungsheime* and *Schul Gemeinden* of Germany and Switzerland; but it is in Germany, it seems to Robert's mother, that what is distinctive and valuable in them has come to its fullest flowering. Perhaps this is because Germany has had its, — however abortive, — social revolution. Whatever the reason, as she saw them in operation, these school democracies did not seem so incongruous against a German background as they did in other settings, nor did they seem as hampered, as in other countries, by the strength of an opposing tradition.

The *Landerziehungsheim* (now commonly designated in Germany by its familiar abbreviation *L. E. H.*) really owes its existence in large measure, like so many experiments, to the first of the new English schools — Abbotsholme; but while the English prototype was and remains a school for "gentlemen's sons", tinged and even tainted in the eyes of a radical by class and caste and national prejudice, the German schools, as developed first by the pedagogue Lietz and further inspired by the Youth and *Wander-Vögel* movements, are, in intention and very largely in fulfilment, the schools of youth, — all youth, regardless of class, race, or nationality.

"To establish the kingdom of youth", — this, in the words of its founder, Gustav Wynnekon, was the idea of Wickersdorf, the first of these schools to develop the idea of the *Gemeinde*, — that is of the self-governing school community. It is an idea of which libertarian educators have dreamed the world over, and if they have succeeded in realizing it in Germany in larger measure than elsewhere, it is due not only to the fact that they had a genuine respect and sympathy for youth, but to the fact that they had for their guide the definite and highly articulate revolt embodied in the German Youth movement, a movement whose influence on German education it is still too recent to estimate.

It is on the physical side, perhaps, that this influence of the Youth and *Wander-Vögel* movements is most immediately apparent. Never, in any school or anywhere else for that matter, had Robert's mother seen a higher standard of health, of physical fitness, of hardihood and alertness, of actual physical beauty than obtained in these schools; and this notwithstanding that the

months she spent there were the difficult fall and winter months of 1923, the most severe that Germany has yet known. "Hardening" in the physical sense, the cultivation of physical fitness has been from the first a feature of life in the *Heime*. Cold shower baths or plunges in lake and stream, early morning runs in the woods, "air-baths", — that is, exercise taken naked out of doors in winter and summer, — in all these things as in the introduction of football and cricket they kept pretty close to their English model. As they developed individually, however, — and here one chiefly feels the influence of the *Wander-Vögel*, — the accent in physical culture was rather on the personal, æsthetic, and adventurous, on walking, cycling, climbing, skiing and the like, rather than on competitive games, regimental drilling, or even the highly-esteemed old-fashioned German *Turnen*. In all these schools she found a joyous and idealistic cult of the body which expressed itself not so much by a preponderance of athletics in the curriculum as by an essentially healthy, simple, and vigorous manner of living. The free, unhampering, youthful style of dress popularized by the *Wander-Vögel* was worn here on principle, and during the greater part of the year even this was reduced to a minimum; bare arms and legs, bare heads and throats were the rule rather than the exception, and under certain circumstances even nudity was not uncommon or surprising.

But the supreme contribution of the *Wander-Vögel* was of course the *Wanderung*, the loveliest and most distinctive feature of the new German school life. A *Wanderung* as understood in these schools was not merely a hike, or a school excursion, an experience in camping or woodcraft such as many American institutions offer, although it embodied some elements of all of these. It embodied also something else, something of glamour, of adventure, of wonder and poetry which American education, and indeed most education, still fails too largely to offer Youth. Such a *Wanderung* may be anything from a day's tramp in the woods to weeks and even months of travel. Before the war such wandering had been done from all these schools to Switzerland, Italy, France, England, Norway, — even in one instance to the Northern coast of Africa. In 1923 it meant usually the simplest kind of gypsying, a week floating down a river on a raft, or walking along a wooded ridge from one ancient burg to another, sleeping

in tents or in the frequent *Wander-Vögel* huts, but more often under the stars, bathing in streams, cooking over campfires, or living for very brief intervals with peasants, woodsmen, and fishermen.

All this was new to Robert when he first came to Odenwald, — the most famous offspring of Wickersdorf, — as indeed everything was, but perhaps nothing so astonishingly so as the quality of the human relationships within the school community. It was at Odenwald that he discovered, so to speak, that "teachers are people", a thought which in the five years of his American school life had never occurred to him. "One can really be friends with them," he told his mother with astonishment. It was difficult indeed, at first, to tell the younger teachers from the older students, intercourse between them was so informal; and the mutual use of first names and of the familiar *du* was common to all the members of the community. There was none of the separation between the ages that Robert was accustomed to, and very little between the sexes, the girls and boys not being segregated into dormitories, but living side by side in the attractive dwelling houses of the school. Robert had arrived at Odenwald not only short of German but more than a little homesick. He had been placed temporarily in one of the school "families", an institution common to all the *L. E. F.* schools, by which each is divided for recreational and other purposes into groups under the leadership and particular care of one teacher. By good fortune he was assigned to the group of *Herr B*——, the popular young science teacher, whose group almost never had a vacancy. Jan, a Belgian boy in the same group, who had spent two years at an English school, was appointed as his "guiding comrade" to show him the ropes. From him Robert learned that if the group appealed to him he might elect to be a permanent member of it, or, if it did not, he could choose another. Of course, Jan thought *Herr B's* group the best, but there were others nearly as good, and in any group one had fun. When Robert had chosen his group he would, in turn, have to be accepted by all the other members, but there would probably be no difficulty about that. The next night Robert attended the weekly reunion of the group for games, stories, and music, and the following Sunday the whole group under *Herr B's* leadership departed on an all day *Wanderung*.

Robert was quite sure by this time that he would elect to remain in *Herr B's* group. Meanwhile, he had been put to work in the "Outlander's" class to learn German, for, as at most of the *Heime*, from twenty to thirty per cent of the students were foreigners. In this class only the direct method and German conversation were in order, but outside he was free to speak English if he chose and he was sought after for this purpose by many English-learning students. When he had acquired sufficient familiarity with German he would be free to elect his other courses, this being the procedure for all the students after a certain minimum of required work had been completed. In the afternoons he did shop work, — he had a choice of carpentry, bookbinding, and iron-moulding as well as of drawing and modeling. He also had two priceless hours of freedom in the early afternoon before *Vesper*, one of the five or six daily meals to which he became accustomed with astonishing ease. Perhaps once a week his shop work was varied by assignment to a work shift, for much of the work of the school was now done, from necessity as well as principle, by its members. The work might be gardening, errand running, dish wiping, potato peeling, or any number of other more or less stimulating tasks which were distributed with thoroughgoing impartiality. Wednesdays and Saturdays were half-holidays, and at least once a week there were organized games for the whole school, although smaller, impromptu games occurred much more frequently. On Robert's first whole holiday which he supposed to be a belated Hallowe'en, but which turned out to be known as *All Saints Day* in Germany, he played basketball, for the first time in his life on a mixed team against another such team, and was chagrined when his side lost because of the brilliant goals made by the other side's star player, a thirteen year old girl.

"The girls here are regular Amazons," he wrote home on this occasion. After his first astonishment it came to seem quite natural to him to have the Amazons take part in sports with the boys, football being the only game they played separately. His favorite game soon came to be the universal favorite, *Kriegspiel*, which despite its name seems to be no more militaristic than Prisoner's Base. It was a matter of opposing camps, deep strategy, and captured trophies and could be played by the school and all over the Odenwald. Sometimes, most excitingly, it was played on

moonlit nights adding greatly thereby to its sense of mystery and danger. To Robert it seemed that in the high points of such a game he touched the very peaks of existence.

He had been at school less than a week when, under Jan's guidance, he went to his first meeting of the School *Gemeinde*, the assembly of the whole school which served at once as forum, parliament, and on rare occasions as a court of justice. As the proceedings were in German he understood much less of them than his mother did, but she could only be admitted to the meeting by a vote of the assembly while Robert, as a prospective member of this democracy, was there by right. The leader of the assembly at this time was one of the older girls. Hers was the highest honor any student could achieve. Presently the now familiar words *Neuer Kamarad* and his own name fell on Robert's ears, and Jan plucked his sleeve. "Paulus (the principal) is introducing you. Get up and bow." This was an ordeal, — the only one of his German school year, — but he got up and performed something that he hoped was a bow and subsided with flaring, scarlet ears into his seat. He felt extremely and agonizingly ridiculous, but it seemed no one was laughing at him or even paying any special attention to him so he revived. Soon he wished ardently that he could understand what was going on, for though Jan had explained much of the procedure to him beforehand and translated conscientiously whenever he remembered Robert's existence, he was soon too much absorbed to remember it very frequently. Robert, who all his life had suffered agonizingly from shyness, was amazed to see children younger than himself rise to speak, not only with absolute ease, but with eagerness and conviction and even, apparently, with humor. Even the littlest kindergarten children came to the meetings and voted on questions that interested them; but they were allowed considerable latitude in the matter of restlessness or fatigue and might slip out at any time if overcome by either. The basis of membership in the assembly was entirely democratic, and every member had one equal vote. Questions of general interest were discussed and questions of school interest, and all the rules concerning students were framed in these meetings. Such rules could only be passed by a two-thirds vote of the membership. Sometimes, Jan informed the awe-struck Robert, a rule was passed in this way which Paulus

himself had voted against, but though this occurred rarely, there would be no doubt that such a rule would stand and be enforced like any other. Infractions of rules to which all members were held to have tacitly agreed were also brought before the assembly, and by its vote also all school honors and responsibilities were bestowed.

Another type of meeting with which Robert soon became familiar was the *Andacht*, — the fairly frequent but irregularly held school meeting, — the nearest approach in the school life to any form of chapel. At the *Andacht* someone spoke or read or played quite simply, as it seemed, on the inspiration of the moment. Usually it was Paulus or one of the teachers, but any student was also at liberty to call an *Andacht* if the spirit moved him. Attendance at such meetings was not compulsory, but curiosity in regard to them was easily aroused. It was through such attendance that Robert first encountered Plato's *Symposium*, Goethe's *Italian Journey*, the epic poetry of Spitteler, and the *Legends* of Selma Lagerlöf.

Most important of all in the scholastic life were the monthly school meetings at the end of every so-called "Coursemonth", at which one member was elected from every course to report on the work just completed, and if necessary to illustrate the report with demonstrations and concrete exhibitions. The one making such a report enjoyed entire freedom of speech, and it might include and frequently did include suggestions and criticism of the subject-matter and method of a course or of the conduct of any of its members. Such a report could also be answered, corrected, or amplified by the teacher giving the course or by any of the other members. At one of the first meetings Robert attended, a spirited debate developed when a twelve year old boy, reporting on the work of a highly popular history course accused the teacher, an earnest and rather humorless newcomer, of unfairness and impatience toward certain foreign members of the course which, he said, had intensified their difficulties with the subject. The teacher, who had not had the benefit of a *Gemeinde* education, defended himself indignantly and finally called on every student in the course to support him. Without exception, however, the boys and girls supported the boy making the report, and they did so apparently with entire candor, objectively, and without malice.

Robert who had had his own troubles with *Herr K*—— listened with fearful joy and a secret sense that the end of the world was near. The *Gemeinde* as a whole, however, listened with interest and tolerance and registered no decision, although it seemed to be generally felt that the students had the best of the argument. Later he learned that *Herr K*—— came to an entirely amicable understanding with them, — the experience did not seem to damage him in anyone's opinion for, in spite of his inexperience, he had qualities that commanded respect, — and all his students reëlected the course. If Robert had been of an analytical turn of mind it might have occurred to him that though one heard little at Odenwald of those two favorite American abstractions Democracy and Sportsmanship one saw many instances of their concrete realization.

School athletics were among the things that Robert missed at first, — that is, athletics in the more conventional American sense, constant training and mass drill, team-play, competitive games, and rivalry. In time, however, his obsession for these forms of sport together with certain other obsessions, notably those for the baseball score, the movies, and the weekly newspaper "comics", seemed to pass from his mind. Sport, in the European sense, of course, he had, and also, it seemed to his mother, far more of individual outdoor life, and more of fellowship in it than our standardized, hard and fast recreational activity provides. He developed interests, too, she suspected he would have been ashamed to develop, except under exceptional circumstances, at home. He became accustomed, for one thing, to music, for though the school did not boast a single Radio, much less a phonograph or player piano, it took music in school life as much for granted as it did daily bread. He discovered music with actual pleasure, and dancing, which is rated high among the pleasures of Odenwald, and drama, and all three came to be associated in his mind with festivity. With drama he was, to some extent, already familiar, but his chief interest along that line had been in the movies. He had been at Odenwald only a week when he witnessed his first Greek tragedy, — an outdoor performance, beautifully done, of the beautiful Hölderlin translation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles. This school performance of it was the first ever given in Germany. Within the next few months he witnessed and took part in many

plays, — plays carefully rehearsed and planned, or got up at a moment's notice, plays in French, English, and German (it is one of the distinctions of Odenwald that its French and English courses were given without interruption throughout the war), and finally, at Christmas, the climax of the school year, the old Swabian mystery play of the Nativity to which the neighboring peasants of Ober Hambach are always invited, and the cast of which is chosen by the vote of its schoolmates. In his first year Robert did not land a part in the play but he went with the others to serenade the peasants and deliver the invitations.

It seemed to him, used to Christmas festivity as he was, that he had never seen such festivity as that of this German Christmas. It started weeks before Christmas, of course; the celebration of Advent Sundays with pine wreaths and candles and carols and special *Andachts* and music and also, — it must be admitted, of prime importance to hungry German school children, — very extra special "spreads". Then there was the visit of Knecht Ruprecht on December 6, a ceremonial somewhat similar to the visit of St Nicholas in Holland, with jokes and remembrances, the traditional rewards for good children, and, theoretically, also with the traditional switch for the less good, — only in sentimental German holiday making, it seemed, the less good could not be found. But all this was the merest foreshadowing of what was to come; — the school tree, the loveliest and tallest pine the Odenwald afforded and the dining room could hold, the Christmas feast, the individual trees for each group also brought in from the wood for the group's separate celebration, the presents mysteriously made in shop and studio by the members of the group for each other and for special friends in other groups, the presents proudly exhibited to be taken home to parents and friends, the outdoor tree, candle-trimmed only and possible only on clear and windless nights, best-loved of any of the Christmas rites. Only the Christmas tree committee knew the location of this tree, but at dusk of the last evening the whole school hunted through the wood for the first shine of its candles; when it was found and all were assembled, Paulus by the light of the candles read the story of the Nativity, — this is the only Bible reading in the course of the school year, — and they sang again those tenderest of Christmas songs *Heilige Nacht* and *O du*

Fröliche. Then, one by one, the smallest children first, each took a candle from the tree and led the way home through the silent snowy wood. From then on joy was unconfined, until some horrifyingly late hour when the last lingering group celebrations broke up and their leaders, awake once more to ordinary responsibilities, bundled their sleepy but excited charges off to bed. Then the more adventurous older students fared forth, rucksack laden, to walk the long, lonely, snowy miles to the station for the earliest and most impossible of vacation trains.

About once in three months Robert's mother received a report which differed from any report she had ever received of him before. It dealt only incidentally with his standing in particular subjects but dwelt at length on his health and growth, his tastes and aptitudes, his development and personal qualities, his social usefulness, and his adaptability to the school life. These reports were written by the head of the school, but preceding the writing the school career of the particular child would be discussed at a meeting of the Teachers' Conference, and the report would be a sort of composite of the views of his course teachers, his group leader, the school nurse, and the head of the school himself. On receiving them, and also Robert's growingly articulate letters, his mother frequently felt she was coming to know more of her son than she had at home. It came to her, too, and with increasing conviction, that this German school offered something to his young spirit which schools in America do not as yet generally offer; that these educators had indeed come near to establishing the "Realm of Youth". Whether such a realm could be established in America, under our different conditions, whether the European, especially the German, experiments, offer anything we could take over and adapt she does not know, but she, for one, would be glad to see the experiment tried. Meanwhile she is glad that Robert will return some day to the home of democracy with a personal experience of an authentic democracy that has worked.

BIOLOGY MOULDING THE FUTURE

J. B. S. HALDANE

IN his article, "Evolution and Daily Living," in the February FORUM, *Henry Fairfield Osborn says that "no one can dream of biology as it will be fifty years hence when it is studied by physical methods". In this article the well-known British bio-chemist does not attempt impossible prophesies. Instead he takes us for a tour of the laboratories and shows us what is being accomplished to-day. With facts as a starting point he delves into the future and brings to light some things we may expect if these labors come to fruition.*

IN forecasting the future of scientific research there is one quite general law to be noted. The unexpected always happens. So one can be quite sure that the future will make any detailed predictions look rather silly. Yet an actual research worker can perhaps see a little further than the most intelligent onlooker. Even so it may seem presumptuous for a European to predict the future of biology to the countrymen of Morgan and Harrison, of Abel and Wheeler, men who are creating that future while I write.

Every science begins with the observation of striking events, like thunderstorms or fevers, and soon establishes rough connections between them and other events, such as hot weather or infection. The next state is a stage of exact observation and measurement, and it is often very difficult to know what we should measure in order best to explain the events we are investigating. In the case of both thunderstorms and fever the clue came from measuring the lengths of mercury columns in glass tubes, but what prophet could have predicted this? Then comes a stage of innumerable graphs and tables of figures, the despair of the student, the laughing stock of the man in the street. And out of this intellectual mess there suddenly crystallizes a new and easily grasped idea, the idea of a cyclone or an electron, a bacillus or an anti-toxin, and everybody wonders why it had not been thought of before. At present much of biology is in the stage of measuring and waiting for the idea. One man is measuring the lengths of the feelers of two thousand beetles, another the amount of cholesterol in one hundred samples of human blood, each in the hope, but not the certainty, that his series of numbers will lead him to some definite law. Another is designing a large and complicated apparatus to measure the electrical currents pro-

duced by a single nerve fibre when excited, and does not even look beyond the stage of the column of figures. If I were writing this article for biologists it would be largely a review of present and future methods; to a wider public I shall try to point out some of the results which are now emerging, and their possible applications.

Let us begin with what used to be called natural history, — the study of the behavior of animals and plants in their wild or normal condition. Apart from animal psychology this has split up into two sciences, ecology and animal sociology. Extraordinary progress has recently been made in the latter. Wheeler of Harvard has made it very probable that the behavior of social insects such as ants, instead of being based on a complicated series of special instincts, rests largely on an economic foundation not so very unlike our own. The ant that brings back a bug to the nest gets paid for it by a sweet juice secreted by those that stayed at home. On the other hand a German entomologist at Kiel has been tackling the problem of how much one bee can tell another, and how it does it. To-morrow it looks as if we should be overhearing the conversation of bees, and the day after to-morrow joining in it. We may be able to tell our hive bees that there is a tin of molasses for them if they will fertilize those apple-trees five minutes' fly to the south-east; Mr. Johnson's tree over the wall can wait! To do this we should probably need a model bee to make the right movements of its feelers, and perhaps the right nose and smell. Even now if we take a piece of wasps' comb and hum the right note, the grubs put out their heads; if we then stroke them with a very fine brush they will give us a drop of sweet liquid just as they do their nurses. Why should we wait to see if there are "men" on Mars when we have on our own planet highly social and fairly intelligent beings with a means of communication? Talking with bees will be a tough job but easier than a voyage to Mars.

In ecology, when we deal with animal and plant communities which consist of many different species, each eaten by others from inside and outside, each living in amity with some of its neighbors, in competition with others, we are at present often lost in detail. But we are constantly finding that some hitherto unexpected but often easily modifiable factor, — say the acidity

of the soil or the presence of some single parasite on an important species, — will make a whole new fauna and flora appear, say an oak forest with wild pigs instead of a pine forest with ants, (to take European examples). We apply these principles in agriculture by using chemical manures and insects parasitic on those that attack our crops. But as we find the key chemical or key organism in a given association we may be able vastly to increase the utility to man of forests, lakes, and even the sea. Besides this, however, one gets the very strong impression that from the quantitive study of animal and plant associations some laws of a very unsuspected and fundamental character are emerging, — laws of which much that we know of human history and economics only constitutes special and rather complicated cases. When we can see human history and sociology against a background of such simpler phenomena, it is hard to doubt that we shall understand ourselves and one another more clearly.

In the domain of classificatory zoölogy our ideal is to establish a family tree of plants and animals; to be able to state definitely, let us say, that the latest common ancestor of both man and dog was a certain definite type of animal living, for example, in what is now the North Atlantic 31,400,000 years ago, under the shade of the latest common ancestor of the palm and oak trees, while the last common ancestor of the dog and bear lived only 5,200,000 years back. We are still thousands of years from this ideal, but we are now attacking the problem of relationships between living forms by a number of new methods, especially chemical methods. For example, we find that man agrees with the chimpanzee and other tailless apes and differs from the tailed monkeys in being unable to oxidize uric acid to allantoin in his tissues, as well as in many anatomical characters. This merely confirms our view that these apes are man's nearest relations. But the same kind of method will be applied to solving problems of relationship in which the anatomical evidence is less clear, — for example, what group of four-footed animals is most nearly related to the whale. Animals have a chemical as well as a physical anatomy, and it will have to be taken into account in their classification.

But the most important evidence about evolution is coming from the study of genetics. We take any animal or plant and, with sufficient time and money at our disposal, should be able

to answer the following questions (though if it is a slow breeding animal like a cow it is more likely that our great-great-grandchildren will have to wait for the answer).

1. What inheritable variations or mutations arise in it and how are they inherited?

2. Why do they arise?

3. Do they show any sign of being mainly in any one direction, or of advantage to their possessor?

4. Would natural selection acting on such, if any, as are advantageous, account for evolution at a reasonable speed, and for the kind of differences which are found between species (e.g. that which causes sterility in hybrids)?

The first question can often be answered, the second rarely. Occasionally we can provoke mutations, as with alcohol or X-rays. There is no indubitable evidence that they ever arise in children in sympathy with bodily changes in their parents (the alleged transmission of acquired characters) and plenty of well-established cases where they do not. Now we know how the genes, or units which determine heredity, are arranged in the nucleus of the cell, and also about how big they are. If we magnified a hen's egg to the size of the world (which would make atoms rather larger than eggs and electrons just visible) we could still get a gene into a room and probably on to a small table. But such magnification being impossible, the question how to interfere with a single gene without interfering with the others becomes serious, and some men have already vainly spent their lives on it; many more will. The two most hopeful methods seem to be to find chemical substances which will attack one gene and not another, and to focus ultra-violet rays on a fraction of a chromosome, — the microscopic constituent of the nucleus in which the genes are packed. One can focus ultra-violet rays far more exactly than ordinary light, but even under the best conditions imaginable it would probably stimulate or destroy several hundreds of genes at a time.

Until we can force mutations in this way we can only alter the hereditary composition of ourselves, plants, and animals by combining in one organism genes present in several, and so getting their combined effect. A great deal may thus be done with man. We know very little about human heredity as yet, though

nowhere are rasher statements made about it than in America; and many of the deeds done there in the name of eugenics are about as much justified by science as were the proceedings of the Inquisition by the gospels. The first thing to do in the study of human heredity is to find characters which vary sharply so as to divide mankind definitely into classes. Most ordinary characters are no good for this purpose. We find every gradation of height, weight, hair and skin color. A few characters have been found, such as two which determine whether it is safe to transfuse blood from one man into another, which are definitely present or absent, and admit of no doubt. These are inherited in a very simple manner, and divide mankind into four classes. Now if we had about fifty such characters, instead of two, we could use them, by a method worked out on flies by Morgan of Columbia University and his associates, as landmarks for the study of such characters as musical ability, obesity, and bad temper. When baby arrives we should have a physical examination and a blood analysis done on him and say something like this: — "He has got iso-agglutinin B and tyrosinase inhibitor J from his father, so it's twenty to one he gets the main gene that determined his father's mathematical powers; *but* he's got Q_4 from his mother, to judge from the bit of hair you gave me (it wasn't really enough) so it looks as if her father's inability to keep away from alcohol would crop up in him again; you must look out for that." When that day comes, intelligent people will certainly consider their future spouses' hereditary make-up and the possibility of bringing off a really brilliant combination in one of their future children, just as now we consider his or her health and education before deciding on marriage. It is as certain that voluntary adoption of this kind of eugenics will come as it is doubtful that the world will be converted into a human stud farm.

The third question can be answered in the negative for certain forms anyway. Out of over four hundred mutations observed in one fly all but one seemed to be disadvantageous, and they showed no definite tendency in any one direction. But of course mutation may be biased in other forms. The fourth question is largely a matter of mathematics combined with exact observation of wild life. No competent biologist doubts that both evolution and natural selection are taking place, but we do not yet know

whether natural selection alone, acting on chance variations, will account for the whole of evolution. If it will, we shall have made a big step towards understanding the world; if it will no more account for all evolution than, for example, gravitation will account for chemical affinity, as was once thought, then biologists have a bigger job before them than many of them think. But a decision of this question either way will greatly affect our whole philosophy and perhaps religion.

To turn now to the study of the single animal or plant, physiological research falls into several classes according to the methods used. Some of us measure the production of small amounts of heat or electrical energy with complicated apparatus, others hunt down unknown chemical substances or measure accurately the amount of already known ones in the tissues. Taking the biophysicists first, a whole new field has been opened up by recent work on radiation. When X-rays were first applied to living tissues it was very difficult to get the same result twice running. But now, thanks to the work of our physical colleagues, we can get X-rays of a definite wave-length and intensity, and our results are correspondingly more intelligible. In the same animal one tissue is more sensitive to rays of one wave-length than another. Moreover cells are generally more easily upset when engaged in division than at other times. These facts account for our occasional success with X-rays against cancer and our hope for greater things in the future. It is quite possible that some combination of wave-lengths may have special properties just as a mixture of red and violet spectral lights gives us the sensation of purple, which intermediate wave-lengths do not.

Similarly, sunlight, besides warming us and enabling us to see, gives us bronzed skin, blisters us, wards off rickets, and cures many cases of tuberculosis. But are these four last effects due to the same group of rays acting in the same way? We treat skin tuberculosis with ultra-violet light. Can we increase the curative effect without increasing the danger of severe sunburn? These questions are being answered as I write. The application of rays will gradually be taken out of the doctor's hands. He will write out a prescription, and we will go round to the radiologist's next door to the druggist's and ask for the prescribed treatment in his back parlor. The next man at the counter will be after an outfit

to radiate the buds of his fruit-bushes during the winter and kill off insect eggs which are out of reach of chemicals without hurting the plants. The faker is already on the market with radiations to cure rheumatism and make your hair grow. These are mostly harmless, but probably the sale of X-ray tubes, which may cause cancer, will some day be as carefully regulated as that of strychnine.

Physical methods are also being applied in the study of the nervous system. We have by now gone most of the way in the localization of function there, for although a given area of the brain is always concerned in moving the hand, yet a single point in it may cause different movements at different times, just as any one telephonist in an exchange can only ring up certain subscribers but has a fairly wide choice. So we have got to get at the details of the processes of excitation and inhibition, as ringing up and calling off are technically called. This involves very accurate measurement of the electrical changes in nerve fibres under different circumstances. Here we are still in the graph and table stage, but probably only about ten years from arriving at a fairly comprehensive theory of how the different parts of the nervous system act on one another. This will at once react on psychology, and more slowly on normal life and practical medicine. A great deal that passes as psychology is really rather bad physiology dressed in long words, and the alleged physiology in psychological text-books is their worst part. We shall alter that. Until we have got a sounder neurology, however, scientific psychology, except of a fragmentary character, is no more possible than was physiology until chemistry and physics had reached a certain point. And until psychology is a science, scientific method cannot be applied in politics.

In chemical physiology we are after two rather different things. The first is to trace out the chemical processes in the cells, the nature, origin, and destiny of each substance in them. The second, which is much easier, is to trace the effect on cell life of various chemical substances, including those to which they are normally exposed in the body, and unusual ones, such as drugs and poisons. The first, if pushed to its logical conclusion, would give us a synthetic cell, and later a synthetic man, or "robot". The second would give us a complete system of medicine, which

is more immediately required. But of course the two react on one another and are not wholly separable.

At the moment the study of cell chemistry is leading to the most interesting results in the case of simple organisms such as yeasts and bacteria. For example Neuberg of Berlin worked out a number of the steps in the transformation of sugar into alcohol and carbon dioxide by yeast, and was able by appropriate chemical methods to side-track the process so that it yielded other products. One of these is glycerin. During the war the Germans were unable to import fats and oils from which glycerin is generally made. They needed glycerin for their propellant explosives, which contain nitro-glycerin. By getting yeast to make it from sugar they were able, in spite of the blockade, to produce all the nitro-glycerin they wanted. This special process does not pay in peace time, but there are others which do, and every day molds and bacteria are playing a more important part in industrial chemistry. Similarly we are now studying the chemical processes in bacteria as carefully as we do those in our own bodies. There is generally a weak link in such a chain, — for example, in human beings the links whose breaking gives us diabetes or rickets. If we study the tubercle bacillus carefully we may find his weak point. The relatively direct methods which gave us the cure for syphilis are here no use, for the tubercle bacillus is armored against most poisons by an envelope of wax. Similarly we are trying to find out how the chemical processes in normal and cancerous cells differ.

In man the study of what our body cells can and cannot do is gradually leading us to the perfect diet. It is becoming quite clear that faulty diet gives us some diseases, including most of our bad teeth, and predisposes us to others, and that nothing out of a tin or package so far comes up to natural foodstuffs. On the other hand, as the population of large cities cannot get these latter, we have got to determine what can be done to improve a diet based largely on milled cereals and canned milk and meat. It is a tough problem, and for every dollar we can spend on research and publicity put together, the food-faking firms have a thousand for advertizing of "scientific" foods.

To turn now to the chemical coördination of the body, we know that various organs secrete into the blood substances (often called

hormones) which profoundly affect the rest of the tissues. A number of these have been obtained in a fairly concentrated form, — that is to say, mixed with perhaps only ten or a hundred times their weight of other substances. Only two, adrenalin and thyroxin, have been got entirely pure, though presumably all will be. Now if we take one of the most widely popularized of recent therapeutic methods, the grafting of apes' testicles into old or prematurely senile men, this is just an attempt to get a hitherto un-isolated hormone into the blood stream. The operation is expensive, the idea unpleasant, and the graft generally dies in a year at most. The problem is to isolate the hormone free from the poisonous substances found in most tissue extracts, and later to find its chemical formula and synthesize it. One of the corresponding substances found in the female sex has been obtained free from harmful companions by Allen and Doisy of Columbia, Missouri. When we have these substances available in the pure state we ought to be able to deal with many departures from the normal sexual life, ranging from gross perversion to a woman's inability to suckle her children, since lactation, as well as the normal instincts, appears to depend on the presence of definite substances in the blood. We shall also probably be able, if we desire, to stave off the sudden ending of woman's sexual life between the ages of forty and fifty. It is worth pointing out that there is no serious reason to believe that any of the rather expensive products of the sex glands now on the market, and often prescribed by doctors, are of any value except as faith cures.

A much more ambitious attempt to deal with old age is being started by Carrel. Cultures from individual cells from a chicken can be kept alive in suitable media for twenty years, and as far as we know forever. To live they must have certain extracts of chicken embryo. The blood of a young fowl contains substances (which can be separated by suitable methods) which both stimulate and check their growth. The former is absent in very old fowls. The problem of perpetual youth has therefore been solved for one kind of cell. But to make a pullet immortal we should have to solve it for all the different cells of its body at once. We do not know if this is possible, or whether it is like trying to design a society which is ideal for cowboys, automobile manufacturers, and symbolist poets, all of whom can hardly

flourish side by side. Fifty years hence we shall probably know whether it is worth seriously trying to obtain perpetual youth for man by this method. A hundred years hence our great-grandchildren may be seeing the first results of such attempts.

But, apart from medicine, it may well be in the orchard and garden that we shall see the greatest results from the use of hormones. Plants have no nervous system, and the coördination of their different parts is almost wholly brought about by chemical messengers. For example, the curvature of a root is determined by a substance produced in its tip. Now plants are more plastic than animals, but so far our main methods of moulding them have been such somewhat brutal practices as pruning and grafting. An apple tree that has to be pruned is wasting material in making wood. The time will very likely come when a suitable injection every spring will persuade it to concentrate on making apples instead.

Besides these rather sensational substances which were first detected by their effects on organs, the proper working of the body depends on the amount of quite well-known substances, such as sugar, oxygen, and lime, in the blood. We are gradually getting to know the amounts of these required for health, but it is much harder to estimate the amount needed of such a substance as, say, insulin. We can now kill an animal and produce a fluid that will keep its heart or liver alive for many hours or days. Soon it will be a matter of months or years. To keep tissues alive for a time comparable with the life of their owner we shall have to have about one hundred substances, but perhaps not very many more, present in the normal amounts in the fluid perfusing them. At present we only know the correct quantity of some twenty, if that. Given this knowledge and the means of applying it, we could make good the deficiency of any organ but the nervous system, as we now supplement a diseased thyroid or pancreas with thyroxin or insulin. We could grow human embryos in such a solution, for their connection with their mother seems to be purely chemical. We could cut our beefsteak from a tissue culture of muscle with no nervous system to make it waste food in doing work, and a supply of hormones to make it grow as fast as that of an embryo calf.

In pharmacology our knowledge rests merely on a series of

lucky accidents. A few of the complicated substances made by plants have a striking effect on animals, but why a molecule of a given build has a given physiological effect we do not know. When we know we should be able to make as great an advance on plant products as we did with dyes when the relations between color and chemical composition were discovered. If we had a drug that was as good a pain-killer as morphine, but one-tenth as poisonous and not a habit former, we could use it indiscriminately and wipe out a good half of the physical pain in human life at one stroke. Some workers are attacking the problem by trying out the effects of large numbers of complex chemicals of slightly varying composition. Others are using simple bodies like common salt or ammonium chloride whose action on the body is fairly intelligible from the chemical point of view, in the hope of working up to bigger molecules. In immunology, although we can prevent many diseases, the only absolutely satisfactory cure is that of diphtheria in its early stage by anti-toxin. In other diseases we quite often meet with failure. This is largely because we do not know what we are using from the chemical point of view. In a dose of serum are injected as many different chemicals as there are in a druggist's window. When we can get the one we want pure, we shall be able to cure every time, instead of sometimes, or most times, as now. The problem is one of bio-chemical technique.

Such are a few of the possibilities of our science. It is easy enough to say what we would do if we had a method to measure A or isolate B. But it is in inventing and applying these methods that our biggest problems often arise.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST

J. St Loe Strachey

DURING the past year Quakers in England have been celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends. The writer of this essay, the Editor of the London "Spectator", is not himself a Quaker but he is sympathetic with the principles of the Society of Friends and appreciates its significant contribution to English life and thought during the past three hundred years.

This is our religion which we own, which the apostles were in above 1600 years since; and we do deny all vain religions got up since which are spotted with the world. (The Journal of George Fox).

Whose one bond is,
That all have been
Unspotted by the world.
(Matthew Arnold)

"WE have practised the Christian religion for nearly two thousand years. Suppose we now try the religion of Christ." So said the French cynic a hundred years ago, and so, alas! we must still say, and with equal truth.

It was on this rock, the religion of Christ, as contrasted with its sad and sorry practice in the Christian Churches, that George Fox based, not only his own life, but the Society of Friends. And he succeeded in doing what he desired to do. Above all, he succeeded in avoiding the dangers and the difficulties, the mists and errors that have surrounded the foundation of almost every other religious body or institution of which we have record, either in the history of Christianity, or of any of the religions which mankind has tried and put aside with a sigh or a sneer, — endured with senile patience, or condemned with horror.

Here, indeed, was a miracle, and performed by George Fox. His greatness is not to be found in the fact that he was a good man in the supremest sense, that he was an inspired man, that he was a martyr who suffered for the faith, that he was a fisher of souls. Again it is not to be found in the fact that contact with him made men better, or that he was a new St Francis, a man who

led the Christ-like life so exactly that often he seemed almost a second incarnation of the Redeemer. George Fox was all these things; but he had just the something more which makes him, not only memorable already in the world's history, but destined, it may be, to be the inspiration and the guide of the epoch that is to come. Looked at superficially, that epoch seems destined to be a Godless and soulless age. Yet it is almost certainly going to be the greatest epoch of spiritual resurrection and spiritual progress that the world has ever seen.

Christ comes strongest from the tomb.

After the ritualists, the lawyers, the sceptics, and the misanthropes have each with their own particular set of linen bands swaddled Him, laid Him in the grave, put their seals thereon, and got Him, if not actually forgotten, buried so securely that He is only a name, comes the new birth. No sooner is the process apparently complete and the tomb irrevocably closed than He breaks His bands, and His Spirit is once more alive, active, and transforming mankind. But unfortunately, the human beings who promote that process, and who themselves become reawakened and revived, soon lose touch, soon begin to adore too thoughtlessly, dream too much, and act too little. In their opiate slumbers of ritual and dogma they unconsciously, but none the less effectively, put up barriers and ramparts between Christ and themselves and their fellows. They shut Christ up first in a church, then in a sanctuary, and finally once more in a grave. It is the tragedy of materialist love and a carnal contrasted with a spiritual devotion.

This is exactly what happened in the case of the pre-Quaker revivalists and Christ-like men. St Francis founded an Order of poor and saintly Friars, who seemed to be the very men of the Sermon of the Mount. They cared nothing for material things. They were under vows not to heed the flesh and its temptations. Protected by the sanctity and simplicity of these vows they went barefoot through the world, healing sore hearts and mending broken faiths. By their exhortation and example they lifted the weight of sorrow from men's souls. Yet in seventy years from their foundation the Franciscans were as worldly as the Monks of the older Rules and Orders.

The greatest of historical critics and cynics tells us that he has

somewhere read "the frank confession" of an Abbot, — "My vow of obedience has raised me to the rank of a sovereign prince. My vow of poverty brings me in three thousand crowns a year." And then he adds in a whispered aside, "I forget the consequences of his vow of chastity." Here is the tragedy of St Francis, noblest, purest, and best beloved of all the Saints.

Very different has been the fate of the followers of George Fox. The Quaker Society as a whole has not always been as spiritual as it might have been, has not always avoided the snares and temptations of materialism. Nevertheless, it is not too much to say that it has been far better able to resist the soporifics, anodynes, and anæsthetics of the world than any other spiritual creed of which we have example. Quakerism, that is, is nearer to being decay-proof than any former creed.

The Quakers will soon have a record of three hundred years, and yet there has never been a time when their Inner Light has been put out. It may often have been smaller in quantity than it ought to have been, but there has never been a time when the flame has been extinct. It has flickered, but it has not failed. There have been plenty of bad Quakers, but there has never been a time when there were no supremely good men and women among the Friends, — Christians who practised the Christianity of Christ.

Even in the most materialistic part of the Eighteenth Century there were still plenty of Quakers to hand on the torch of holiness and to testify to the Inner Light. Elizabeth Fry was not as great a force, mentally or spiritually, as George Fox; but she, too, knew God experimentally and was endowed with those certainties and realities of Religion that come by a true inspiration.

How was it that George Fox reached a spiritual condition so august? I am content to believe that he obtained it through revelation, — once more, through that knowledge of God experimentally of which he speaks when he tells us that he was "as one who hath a key and doth open." But to say that, though it may be true in fact, is dialectically to beg the question.

It is true, if in the second degree, to say that Fox reached his goal so easily and with such certainty because he had come to see, unconsciously perhaps more than consciously, three things.

The first thing he saw was that Ritual is not only not Religion,

but is the greatest of all the enemies of Religion, and further that Ritual could grow up as easily in a reformed "steeple-house" as in a "mass-house" or in a house of idols. The Anglicans, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Independents, the Arminians, the Socinians had freed their souls from the fetters of the Roman faith, but as Fox watched he saw them hard at work building up new sets of rules, regulations, and formularies, which must keep man and God apart and bind Christ fast in a sensual prison. Therefore he had the sacred courage, the flaming boldness, — one had almost said the ruthlessness, — to tear the consolations of ritual and observance from the hands of the helpless ignorant and the suffering, the unhappy and the blind, and to tell them that they must not dare to drown their misery in the opium dreams of a formalized and, therefore deadened, Christianity. They must look into their own souls and find God there. Not in the hush of Church music, in the incense, in the jeweled twilight of Cathedral aisles, but in the austerities of prayer and reflection was salvation to be achieved. If they attempted to invoke Him by the ways of the Pharisees, the lawyers, or the idolators, they would call up, not the life-giving Spirit, but those cruel and dreadful forces which fetter the soul and from which it was the mission of Our Lord to free mankind.

For the first time since Christ Himself was at work, there was a man who dared to put aside the charms and formularies and spells, and seek God, not in the tempest or the fire, but in the still small voice, — in the Inner Light. Others, through inspiration, had made spiritual liaison with Christ. None had dared what he had done. He had so stripped himself of the old Adam that he did not carry with him in his work the seeds that would in the end bring down in ruin all that he had built, and splinter the deeply laid foundations of the Faith that he had dedicated to his fellow men.

But if Fox was a man who wrought a miracle by his discarding of Ritual, he made an even greater testimony to the true spirit of Christ by his abandonment of Dogma. He threw Theology to the winds as effectively as he did Ritual. He would not let the new Pharisees lay burdens upon men too hard to be borne, nor would he permit the lawyers to poison our minds with their Syllogisms and their Paradoxes.

There was a third pitfall of the makers or reformers of Religions which he avoided, — the danger of spiritual exclusiveness. Like a true follower of his Master, he held nothing common or unclean. It did not matter to him whether one was a saint, or, as he would have called him, "a professor", or a sinner, or a king, or a princess, — witness his correspondence with the daughter of the Queen of Bohemia. He would never, that is, yield to the hateful doctrine of *Nulla salus extra Ecclesiam*, no safety outside the pale of the Church. With him there never was, and never could have been, any talk of the covenanted or uncovenanted mercies of God. He had no set dogmas any more than he had set prayers. Yet, oddly enough, it was on the matter of Exclusiveness that we find the chief spot of weakness in the armor of the later Quakers. Though many Friends have nobly triumphed in the true spirit of Christ and of Fox over the temptation to exclude, there has often been seen in the Society a desire for exclusiveness, — a desire to apply the test of the shibboleth, — to put some out and to prevent others coming in. Fox's teaching, and even his practice, may have sometimes been erroneous, but in essence he desired the comprehension of all who sincerely desired to be comprehended.

But how did Fox reach this beatification? What was the mental process by which he lived the human life, breathed and struggled, hungered and thirsted like the rest of us, and yet "saw God also"? The question sounds tremendous enough and intricate enough to need a volume to answer it. Nevertheless, if that volume were to be written, and successfully written, one might read the answer as well in a single line from the Sermon on the Mount, — "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Fox saw God because he was pure in heart.

But what is meant by "pure in heart"? Has that secret ever been disclosed? Surely it is simple enough and can be plainly seen in Fox's life. To be pure in heart in the Gospel's sense is in practice the most difficult thing in the world. Yet it is so easy in definition as to seem almost incredible. The man who is pure in heart is the man who has in his thoughts no materialistic qualifications, or hesitations, or compromises, or reservations. To put it with brutal plainness, he does not see things in "a Pickwickian sense". He sees the naked truth, unshrouded, unadorned. He does not make terms with Heaven, or with himself, or with the comfortable

things of this world. He will not take a "dope", or an anodyne, or a sedative, no matter how small or how apparently innocent the dose. He demands the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There is no mixture in his mind either for good or evil. But it would be begging the question to say a mixture of good and evil. Whatever there is in his soul, in his concepts, in his judgments, is pure, unmixed, unclouded, uncompounded. It is elemental and incapable of a further analysis.

In the old medical prescriptions there was always a *corrigens*. You gave a man a particular drug and then you corrected it by an addition of something else. The ordinary man is always putting a *corrigens* into the spiritual prescriptions which he writes for himself, or for his friends, or for the world in general. He has always at the back of his mind the belief that honesty is the best policy. It is because of this that he can never be truly and wholly honest. If once that best policy thought is admitted he has lost his spiritual honor. Fox contrived to escape this danger. Through meditation and the invocation of the Spirit, of Faith, and therefore of the Divine Essence, he became pure in heart.

To say this is not to say that Fox was always right. He was often, in fact, very wrong. But he always fully and whole-heartedly meant right, and without reservation or mixture. He never "hedged". Therefore there was a natural force and inspiration in his words and deeds which made them irresistible.

Put Fox beside the man in whom he was so deeply interested and whom he loved and yet despised, — Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell was a great man, and in many ways a good man, and also in many ways a far wiser man than Fox. Cromwell meant well; but he had not achieved complete power over his own spirit, and therefore over other men's. His heart was clouded by worldliness. He was perpetually putting his spiritual money on one horse and then hedging it off on another. He wanted, in fact, like all of us, to have the best of both worlds. He thought of a line of retreat in case things did not go as well with the powers of Godliness as he hoped and believed they would. It never crossed Fox's mind to think of a road of retreat. He went straight forward.

Fox, though he had an extraordinarily wide sympathy and a kind heart, and was quite selfless, had a fierce and fiery temper, and the pious reader of his works is often inclined to be shocked

by the vehemence with which he attacked his enemies. When he was put into a prison, or even a cage, his great heart never quailed. He would denounce his jailer through the bars in a way which would make the wretched man's heart crumple up within him.

Again, the old Adam came out in the manner in which Fox almost gloated upon the uncanny way in which cures, — or, as he would have called them, "judgments", — seemed to fall upon the people who oppressed him and the Friends.

Here, though I am making no far-fetched excuse for Fox, I may note what I believe is a fact. His worst tempers and his worst triumphs over his enemies never have the personal note in them. He was much more out of temper when a head jailer oppressed his unhappy fellow prisoners, many of them felons and evil doers of the worst kind, than he was for any inconveniences and miseries suffered by himself. Again, he gloried in the overthrow of some brutal tyrant, not for personal reasons, but because he found the man an enemy of truth and justice.

If he carried his savage indignation at wickedness too far, or, at any rate, beyond the limits of a follower of Christ, he may be forgiven. We may feel sure that our Lord would have looked upon him as a second but far nobler Peter. Fox would never have denied his Lord to the servant of the High Priest or to any Priest or Potentate on earth.

But I did not start with any intention of defending or apologizing for George Fox's hot temper. My intent was to show how and why the Quaker faith is the noblest graft upon the Christian stock. It may well be, indeed, that the principles laid down by Fox and the faith which he preached will, as I have already said, be the faith of the new age. There can be no question but that the sleepy materialism of the world before the war and the fiery and active materialism since that time must end in a violent reaction. That reaction will probably take longer to come than seems probable at the moment; but come it will, and the longer it is delayed the fiercer and more complete will it be. Then, indeed, we shall cry together, "Men and masters what shall we do?" The yearning for salvation from our own vices and miseries will become the universal thought.

Man will have beaten his head against the dreadful, unanswering walls of his prison and will have found it of no avail. He will

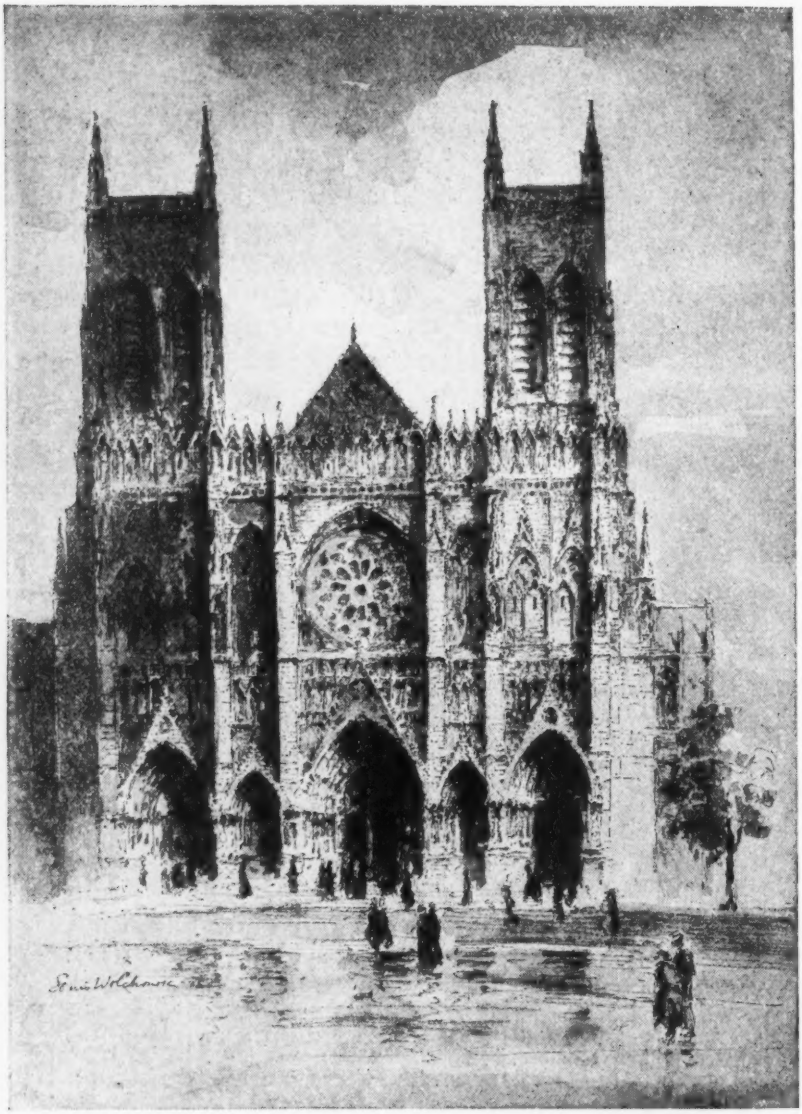
turn in the delirium of his despair to see if there is any other light or hope possible in that gloom of solitude.

I believe that he will find it, not in some new magic, not in any revival, — however promising it may seem in itself, — of ritualistic or dogmatic Christianity, not in Stoicism or Mysticism, but in the Spirit of Christ and in the purity of our Lord's teaching. He will look into his own soul and find his light and his guidance there, and with them he will seek and find spiritual deliverance. But in such a mood how natural and how inevitable to take the true way of life at the hand of George Fox and the Friends! In that noble, unpagan, beneficent, unservile path to the eternal mystery, mankind will see and find hope and joy.

Once more the faith of Fox is the nearest thing to the religion of Christ that has been vouchsafed to mankind since the coming of our Lord.

Fox's revelation of the teaching of the Supreme Revealer is the best proof of the vitality of the religion of the Gospels that can be found. Fox did not, like other Reformers, impose a new and better spiritual structure upon the old foundations. With an adamantine austerity and purity he did but hew down and clear away the growths from the old foundations. He laid bare the truth and denounced the three idolatries that I have named above, — Ritual, Dogma, and Exclusiveness. He filled in the pitfalls of Religion and showed men once more the way and the life. He brought us back to the true teaching of Christ and did not let the priests, the lawyers, and the theologians, or even the mystics, stand between mankind and their Redeemer and Exampler.

But remember always that, though Fox "knew God experimentally", he was no visionary, no ecstatic. In a sense he was not even a mystic. He was, instead, the great realist of faith, — "I am clear; the Seed of God reigns." And he was more than a realist. He was in a very real sense a relativist. He saw that between man and God there were what Shakespeare calls "understood relations", or, to put it more accurately, understandable relations. If men would only approach them with pure hearts those relations were realizable in love. He came himself fully to understand these relations, and so achieved the true, the supreme reality.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST JOHN THE DIVINE

A drawing by Louis Wolchonok of the proposed west front as it will look when the beautiful conception of Ralph Adams Cram has been brought to fruition

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

III — *The Answer of the Middle Ages*

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

Illustration by Louis Wolchonok

WHAT is Civilization? India and Africa have each given an answer to this query in previous articles in this FORUM *series. This month we are answered not by a race or people, but by an epoch. Mr. Cram, the noted architect, designer of the Cathedral of St John the Divine, speaks for the Middle Ages. He finds the essence of Mediaevalism in a sense of balance and beauty in life; in the determining of true values in their proper order; and in art, religion, and philosophy, perhaps, nowhere surpassed.*

THERE is a connotation of impertinence in the effort of any one man to answer such a question, particularly within the limits of a magazine article: the subject is so large, so inclusive, withal so puzzling in its varieties and its apparent contradictions that it is really matter for a symposium rather than an essay. Then again there are so many lines of approach, the aspects are so various, there is such an infinity of alluring bypaths beguiling the feet that one hesitates to attempt a synthesis. After all, however, are the Middle Ages widely different from any other in this respect? For a century or two it has been rather the fashion to fix an epithet on a time, some descriptive phrase that, like the old definition of an epigram, is "short, false, and conclusive" and exalts or damns by its isolation of one salient quality, ignoring the many others that mitigate the circumstances of a facile specialization.

Mediaevalism has suffered signally from this method of estimate for it was bewilderingly varied in its manifestations, while its vivid *élan vital* gave each one a brilliancy of presentation that blinds the commentator to all others except the one to which by inheritance and acquired prejudice he is predisposed. One exalts the amazing and perfect arts of architecture, sculpture, stained glass, music; another the social system with its political, industrial, and economic aspects; to a third it is the era of a consummate philosophy and metaphysic; to a fourth a paradise of chivalry, adventure, and romance; while to a fifth it is the time when the Christian religion achieved its highest perfection in

theory and in practise, and when it most perfectly directed the lives of the people to righteous ends.

And out of this prodigal variety comes the opposed attitude of those who, hating some one salient characteristic, condemn the rest out of hand and damn a thousand years to ignominy and oblivion. So the classicist in art, finding "Gothic" distasteful, estimates an era by a single prejudice. The Evolutionist follows suit and sneers at the scholastic or mystical philosophy he knows only by name. The pacifist revolts at the Crusades and tournaments and private wars, the Protestant shies at the very word "Catholic" and bolts incontinently into some alphabetical society of mystery and awe, while the industrial and financial magnates, the "go-getters" and the advertizing experts, appalled at the naïveté and delicate scale of Mediaeval society with its ludicrous lack of science and efficiency, consign the irridescent millennium to the category that enshrines the mythical stone age, the cave man, and the sabre-toothed tiger.

One and all they fall back on a single sufficiently descriptive and comprehensively damnatory epithet, joining themselves with journalists, scientists, teachers of history, Protestant preachers, and other earnest but imperfectly informed people, and with an assured contentment use the words "The Dark Ages" and "Mediaevalism" as interchangeable terms of apt and conclusive description.

Well, the term is appropriate, perhaps, when applied to the major part of Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire until the year 1000, when one has regard to the splendor that preceded and the glory that followed on, though even in this restricted sense it is hardly true of Ireland and the Iberian Peninsula where there was a very real civilization of considerable luminosity, — Celtic, Visigoth, and Moorish, — while the darkness of destruction and dim beginnings lay over the rest of Europe. All the same, even if we use the word here in a rough generalization, it is excluded from propriety when we come to deal with the five centuries that followed and that are essentially the epoch of Mediaevalism in the sense in which we conceive of the space of time when we try to estimate its inner nature and the contribution it has made to the cultural record of the world. As I say, the first five hundred years after the fall of the Roman

Empire were quite given over to making a choice collection of ruins, cleaning away the debris, purifying a soil corrupt with old poisons, and the first fertilizing of this regenerated soil for new gardens, and the laying of solid foundations for more stately mansions for the emancipated soul of Europe. It was not a nice time in any particular respect, though probably less bad than it is painted, but it did its work well, and when the signal was given about the middle of the tenth century the world fell to with a will, and the New Jerusalem of Christian civilization began to rise with disconcerting impetuosity. Within fifty years Mediaevalism was functioning with power and it continued progressively for three centuries, when it paused on a sort of dead centre and then slowly declined in energy and quality, disappearing altogether from its last strongholds, England and Spain, by the year 1600, the renaissance of pagan civilization and Hebraic theology (unhandy juxtaposition) taking its place. It is this period of about five hundred years whose "essence" we are called upon to estimate.

Such a process takes on of necessity a certain quality of special pleading. The temptation is great to "claim everything", and the very variety of the Mediaeval expression is an added incentive. The same thing held in the case of the Renaissance which even now is held by a certain "Old Guard" to represent all there is in life of praiseworthy and august. It held in the case of the Reformation; it held in the case of "modern civilization" until the War, and even more the ensuing "Peace", brought certain unwelcome revisions of judgment. I have been something of a special-pleader myself (not dishonestly I hope) in the case of Mediaevalism, but the light shines in unexpected places, and I would try here for a calmer and more judicial method. Abandoning then for the moment the undeniable and supremely logical fascination that lies in the defense of lost causes (the majority of those so lost were right, were they not?), let us see if we can estimate with caution and reserve the essence of the cultural contribution of Mediaevalism.

I spoke at the outset of the bewildering variety of the phenomena which had issued out of the epoch we call the Middle Ages, a variety equaled only by Hellenic civilization and modernism. Consider for a moment the field that is covered. Most

salient, because of its high visibility, is Gothic art with its supreme architecture in the shape of cathedrals, monasteries, civic halls, fortresses, castles, bridges, manors, dwellings in town and country. Equally triumphant its sculpture which ranks, at its best, with that of Greece; its stained glass (a new art altogether), its exquisite metal work, wood carving, enamels, tapestry, needlework; its music, the basis of all we have had since, its epic and lyric poetry, and its high romance. Altogether one of the three great art epochs the world has known, and in the estimation of many second to none. Equally organic, vital, and original was the philosophical system expounded by masters like Hugh of St Victor, Duns Scotus, Albertus Magnus, John of Salisbury, St Thomas Aquinas, St Bonaventure, supplemented and perfected by such mysticism as that of St John of the Cross and Santa Teresa. Closely allied was the educational foundation with its cathedral and monastic schools and its sequence of great universities in every country in Europe, the first consistent plan of education in history and the source from which all our schools and colleges derive.

Even more amazing was the development of the political idea from the Vizigothic *Forum Judicum* of fifth century Spain through *Magna Charta*, and the Constitutions of Clarendon and Bracton's *De Legibus* to the most admirable Assizes of Jerusalem of the thirteenth century, an almost complete revelation of the principles of free, enlightened, and righteous government on which (though as yet insufficiently) our modern system of law and government is based. Whatever we have of true liberty and order in the governmental sense is based not on our dim and distorted classical heritage, but on the clear vision and the creative thought of the monks and the guilds and the commons of the Middle Ages. And this opens up another wide field of revealing theory and constructive action, — the social and economic system of the time. Feudalism was forced by the exigencies of the time, as a working method, but it was vitalized and perpetuated by the interpretation given it, and the lofty character as well, by the men of the time who made it their duty to translate an accomplished and material fact into a dynamic ideal. The doctrine of mutual aid and corresponding, reciprocal obligations, with the supremacy of custom or common law and the subjection of all

executive, legislative, and judicial acts to divinely revealed moral principles, and the institution of status in lieu of caste, together made up a body of fundamental law of singular cogency and force and formed at least an ideal which was steadily aimed at, and perhaps as frequently achieved as in more recent times.

In close association with this institution grew up the economic system of merchant, trade, and craft guilds, an organism so simple, just, and effective that to-day we are turning to it for the purpose of finding out if here may not lie the solution of our own pressing industrial, economic, and social problems which thus far have baffled solution in proportion as they threaten the continuance of civilization itself. So also came Chivalry, following after the Crusades, they themselves no negligible contribution, in their theory, at all events, and the ideals they incited, — Chivalry with its shining principles (again not always attained) of loyalty, self-sacrifice, service, generosity, hardihood, adventure, and the defense of women. It was an institution, or rather a scheme of existence, high-flown, measurably artificial, impossible of frequent achievement, but nevertheless, in its later days of the troubadours and courts of love and *Le Roi René*, shot through and through with idealism, and manifesting itself in terms of beauty like a midsummer dream.

Then what shall we say of the religion of the time when Christianity attained its most personal, poignant, and pervasive form? It is a contentious subject, and the very words "Mediaeval Catholicism" rouse, even now, rage and blind resentment, largely, I should suppose, because the critics and assailants have not the least idea what it was, having come in contact with it only through formal histories or what are plausibly denominated "original sources". Well, at least it was beautiful, one of the most beautiful things man has ever experienced, and I have never heard that the same attribute has ever been alleged of Calvinism, Puritanism, or any other of the substitutes that have taken its place.

Now there is ground for maintaining that nothing is true that is not beautiful (an opinion to which I personally incline), and if this contention is established, then these same modern substitutes for Mediaeval religion fall to the ground. The point is not essential to the present argument and is only interesting as a

plausible deduction. The fact remains that the great contribution of the Middle Ages to religion was radiant beauty, and the people of that time so loved beauty (as do all normal and civilized individuals and communities) that the beautifying of religion became a passion even more compelling than the present passion for "beautifying" cities, while the thing so adorned was taken whole-heartedly into their lives and for good or ill interpenetrated them from the cradle to the grave — and after. For once religion came down from heaven and became human, the saints were friends, neighbors, chums even, in a manner of speaking. The dead were neither lost, forgotten, nor abandoned to the tender mercies (or otherwise) of abstract and awful Omnipotence; they lived, as ever, only differently. Our Lady, Queen of Heaven, was the eternal Mother of every erring child, and mercy, comprehension, intercession to forgiveness, were hers *in sæcula sæculorum*. And then philosophy, elaborating and applying the original deposit of sacramental truth, gave significance and something of sacramental character to everything in nature and life, building up the tangible symbols and media of spiritual verities until men had something to take hold of at every turn, while the great art of liturgics created a series of beautiful forms, and an equally beautiful *mise-en-scène* for their presentation, so that it is little wonder that religion achieved a new life and smote itself into human living as never before.

So here are five or six explicit marks by which we may identify Mediaevalism, diverse contributions to the cultural content of the world. As I have said, each of them may be, and by one or another has been, proclaimed as its essence, its distinguishing and unique endowment of civilization. For my own part I do not think I should fix on any one in this sense, enduringly valuable as they all are; instead I should be inclined to find the essence of Mediaevalism in the synthesis of these varied manifestations and define it as the sense of balance in life and the determining of true values in their proper order.

In this respect the Middle Ages were the antithesis of our own, and herein lies their usefulness to us to-day. Modernism, in the historic, not the theological sense (though the distinction is not imperative), finds its fatal weakness in just this loss of sense of balance and its "transvaluation of values", and the endless and

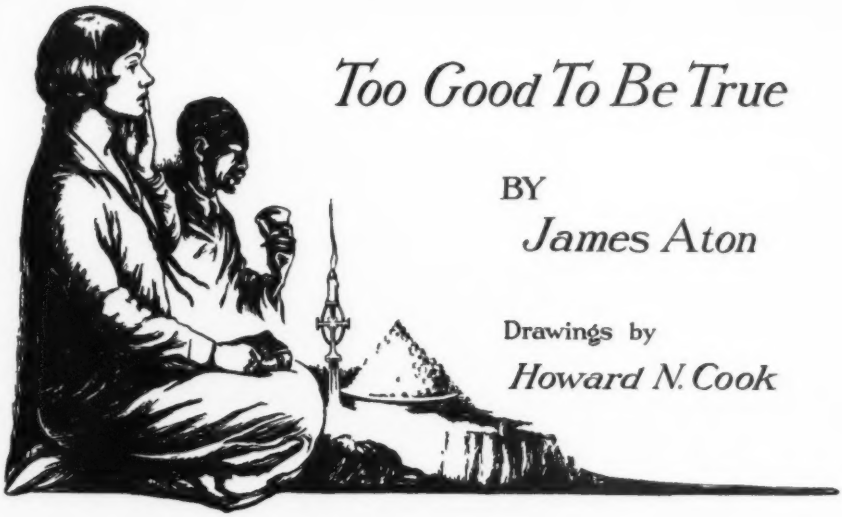
infinitely diverse criticisms that are now pouring upon it in a rushing stream may all find their justification in this fact.

To assert that the Middle Ages were characterized by just balance and a sense of right values is to court derision, but my best judgment is that it is a fact. It is hard to believe that the wonders of art, learning, piety, and character, that remain to us from that time, and for multitude and quality are almost without rival, could have issued out of a system of society less admirably conceived and organized. Apart from this, however, which may not be accepted as conclusive proof, a study of Mediaeval political, economic, social, philosophical, and religious theory reveals extraordinary clarity of thought and an equally notable combination and interplay of these various spiritual energies. Nor was the working out in practise without considerable success. Of course there always has been and always will be a great gulf between practise and theory, for the latter is the product of the few, the former the work of the many and, "democratic" theory to the contrary notwithstanding, the dilution and degradation in process is the inescapable nemesis. Mediaeval practise frequently failed to live up to Mediaeval precept, in which respect it shares with universal history, but a fair judgment will concede that its shortcomings were no greater than in other instances. It is easy to exalt a period of history or to condemn, depending on whether you take testimony from one side or the other, for there are always two sides, two forces, one working towards righteousness, the other towards evil, just as in the case of man himself. There was cruelty in the Middle Ages as there is now; there were selfishness, ignorance, immorality, pride, hypocrisy, as there have been always, and I suppose always will be. On the other hand, there were some of the noblest manifestations of character ever recorded, and some of the greatest triumphs of intellect, creative emotion, and constructive action. The evils of the time have been equaled or exceeded during the last ten years, its virtues have, I submit, scarcely found their rivals within the same decade or, for that matter, the century that went before.

All this however is beside the point; these sharp antitheses always are, and it may be that we lack perspective to enable us to judge justly as to comparative levels of achievement. The point is that in the period under consideration there was an unusual

degree of consistency in the current scheme of life. All those factors that go to the make-up of well-rounded existence were recognized and accepted. Religion, philosophy, adventure, romance, fighting, charity, work, and play, all entered into the synthesis with, generally speaking, no undue emphasis placed on one to the degradation or exclusion of others. The whole world did not throw itself bodily into the successive pursuit of political power, political license, intellectual license, territorial conquest, industrial development, financial omnipotence, scientific discovery, social anarchy, as it has done since. Instead, all the factors of life played one against the other, correcting excesses, inciting to emulation. There was no high specialization, life divided into water-tight compartments each sufficient to itself and into which none but the initiated could enter. Religion had its say in determining economic, industrial, and political conditions; government was influenced by philosophical and labor considerations; beauty was a valid test of religion; romance and chivalry and charity criteria of life itself. Indeed everything was in a way very much mixed up, but there was less of confusion resulting from this than there was order and sanity and a healthy joy in life. Finally, body and spirit were equally realized and accepted. There was no abandonment to a sterile Puritanism on the one hand nor to a futile hedonism on the other. Man was a fine animal in one respect, but he was also a living spirit "made in the Image of God". Both parts he played naturally, bravely, and with undaunted ardor and a very saving sense of humor.

Sense of balance in life and the determining of true values in their proper order: this then seems to me the essence of Mediaevalism. And it is just these qualities that make it valuable to us to-day as a test, a guide, and an inspiration, for it is in just these respects that modern civilization shows itself weakest.



Too Good To Be True

BY

James Aton

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Howard N. Cook

LAST year Professor Charles Alonzo Denzer of Peaville, Ohio, U.S.A., decided to come to Tsinhua, China, to do educational work. We sixteen Americans who were already here were glad to have him come. If there's any place in China that needs educating, it's Tsinhua. The rest of us are too busy trying to convert the heathen Chinese to spend any time in educating them.

Professor Charles Alonzo seemed well fitted for the job. He's five feet four, weighs one hundred and ten, is an M.A., a Ph.D., a W.C.T.U., a Phi Alpha, and a good tennis player; and, as he is young yet, he hopes eventually to break into the *Who's Who in America.*

When Charles Alonzo decided that it was his duty to come out here and sacrifice his young life his wife, who is six inches the taller and willowy, decided that it was her duty to bring her one year old daughter and come along. Everybody in Tsinhua was happy over that, too. Mrs. Dad Davis, who is noted for domestic uncongeniality, was so pleased over the good news that she didn't say an unkind word to Dad for three weeks running. Although, to be truthful, during two of those three weeks Dad was away from home; and we have no telephones in Tsinhua.

The Denzers wrote on ahead that they wanted to keep house. So we had our servants hustle around and get everything all ready

for them. We assigned them the old house where Dad and Mrs. Dad lived the first years they were out here. Each of us contributed a few pieces of furniture and some dishes. Mrs. Dad hired the servants and got the household into running order.

The new family arrived on a September afternoon. We met them in a body and escorted them to their home. Professor and Mrs. Charles Alonzo were both of them nearly all in. They had been seasick all the way down from Shanghai. When they finally landed, they had a two-hour fight with unintelligible houseboat coolies to get their baggage all ashore. From the landing to Tsinhua they came in a canal boat, and that wasn't bad; but from the canal boat up to their house they had to come through the dirtiest street in Tsinhua. Five feet wide it was, and it could have given lessons to Limburger cheese. The street scenery consisted of pigs, chickens, and fluent-nosed Chinese children, all playing with the same mud pie. Such sights and smells are enjoyable to us old-timers, but the new-comers never seem to care for them.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo, especially, had the look of a noble martyr. She had half-way feared that, when she got to China, she'd have to live in a tent and develop beri-beri on a diet of rice and weak tea. It had been a real sacrifice for her to leave Peaville where she had a recognized social standing. She had always sung soprano in the Church choir, and, what's more, her mother was President of the Woman's Club. But what she saw her first five minutes in Tsinhua was even worse than she had anticipated. Then, too, she was still weak from seasickness. If the street had been decently fit and clean, she'd have gladly sunk down on it and died.

And then we led them through the gate into their compound. There stood their newly whitewashed house, surrounded by clumps of banana trees, and with roses in bloom by the parlor window. On the porch stood their three servants in welcome, looking really clean and inviting after their annual bath. The *amah* took the baby, the cook went back to the kitchen, and the house-boy seated them at the table and began to rush in the soup. It didn't smell like martyrs' fare; it was good soup.

"It's too good to be true," said Mrs. Charles Alonzo, and that was all she could say.

The first three days she was more than happy. She wrote right home to Mother, telling all about it. Back in Peaville she had

imagined that she was of some consequence; but here, with three servants and four-course meals, she was in state undreamed of. She just wished Mrs. Jennie Gibbons, the banker's wife, could step in and see her; it would be a humbling revelation to that haughty dame with her lone hired girl.

The fourth day the fleas began to bite, and it made her uneasy. That was why she happened to wander out into the kitchen an hour before tiffin time. The cook didn't hear her coming; he was making too much noise eating rice. She had never before had a close-up of anyone eating with chopsticks. It was indeed an interesting sight. The worthy Ah-hong took in a liberal, gurgling mouthful of rice. Then he carefully licked off one of the chopsticks and used it to stir the soup that was simmering for the Denzers' dinner.

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Denzer as she fell into a convenient chair.

"*Simmoi?*" inquired the astonished Ah-hong as he turned and saw her.

She didn't know how to tell him, having learned only three words of Chinese. Professor Charles Alonzo wasn't home to consult. He was out making preliminary plans for his educational survey of Tsinhua. So she put on her pith hat and took the story over to Mrs. Dad Davis.

"I knew it was too good to be true," she told Mrs. Dad and went on to tell how she had lost her taste for soup.

Dad happened to be listening in and thought he knew how to smooth matters over.

"The soup boils, Mrs. Denzer," he said reassuringly. "That kills any germs that may come off the chopsticks."

"Silence, Bildad!" said his rougher half. "Don't I remember just how I felt when I first came out? Come with me, dearie," she said to Mrs. Charles Alonzo. "We'll go right over now and reprimand your cook. You talk, and I'll translate."

Now old Ah-hong had cooked for foreigners for twenty years. The year before, he had retired to spend his remaining days and his well-earned fortune. He had taken the Denzer job temporarily, only on Mrs. Dad's urgent plea. What's more, he had a reputation of his own for crankiness. So Mrs. Dad knew it would be a ticklish business to reprimand him.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo had never had any experience reprimanding Chinese cooks, but she waded right in. After she was once started, the words came fluently enough. She talked at high pitch for ten minutes before she came to a stopping point so Mrs. Dad could translate. Ah-hong hadn't an idea what it was all about, but he judged from the tone that it must be something rough.

"The Chinese are the dirtiest people on earth," was Mrs. Denzer's parting shot. "They're positively filthy. And, more than that, you're the worst of the lot. If you expect to work for white people, you've got to quit your nasty habits and act half-way civilized."

Mrs. Dad knew that would be hard to translate, so she started in thoughtfully.

"Mrs. Denzer is very much pleased with your cooking," she said to Ah-hong. "She wants me to say that you're the best she ever had, and she hopes she can keep you always. She has just been telling a few recipes her husband is very fond of. I'll tell them to you, for I know you'll want to cook them for him."

That was all she could think of for the moment, not being a practised liar. So she stopped a bit to gather inspiration.

Old Ah-hong knew well enough that Mrs. Charles Alonzo wouldn't wave her arms and shriek just to hand out a few choice recipes. He figured that, if Mrs. Dad was afraid to tell him what had been said, it must be worse than usual. His new mistress looked to him like a hard one to please, and she had no earthly business coming out into his kitchen. Besides he simply didn't want the job anyway, and he concluded that here was a good chance to resign. So he did.

"I am too old to learn anything new," he said to Mrs. Dad. "Also I am too weak and sick to work, and the lady is very hard to please. I will finish getting tiffin, and then I will leave. She will have to find another cook."

That's what Mrs. Dad had feared would happen, but it came with a shock nevertheless. She rallied bravely and went down on her knees to ask Ah-hong to have mercy. There wasn't another cook to be hired in Tsinhua who could cook foreign food. What would Mrs. Denzer do?

"She'll have to do her own cooking," said Ah-hong unsympathetically and put on his shoes.

So that was why Dad Davis came over to my house that noon to see if the Denzers might borrow my cook Ah-bing for a few weeks.

"You don't eat much anyway," reasoned Dad, "and we don't want the Denzers to get discouraged right at the start. Ah-bing is so clean that they're bound to like him. You can eat with us for a few days till another cook shows up."

"All right," I agreed. "Your logic is sound. Ah-bing will be glad to go. He'll make more off the Denzer family than he does from me."

Everything was thus adjusted once more, and Mrs. Denzer was happy. She wrote another letter home to Mother and told of her victories. "Charles and I will transform this community before we leave," she concluded. I understand that her letter made a tremendous sensation in Peaville when it was read before the Woman's Club.

All would have gone well if there hadn't been a scarcity of Christian love between Ah-bing and Au-siah, the Denzer *amah*. There was some sort of family feud between the two dating back into ancient history, and this present close contact was very trying to them both. The second morning Ah-bing was on the job, Mrs. Denzer heard an uproar in the kitchen. It had the sound of a pitched battle.

"I wonder if the soldiers have come," she thought; and like the brave woman she was, she rushed straight for the battlefield.

There was no one in the kitchen except the cook and the *amah*. The pair were having a little morning argument as to which should sweep off the back porch.

"Look at your son's wife, you dog," Au-siah was saying, "with two husbands living. Even at that she's too good for your family."

"You old hag!" retorted Ah-bing. "Your husband couldn't stand it to live with you. He left you and joined the army where he'd be safer."

Just then they noticed their mistress and postponed the rest of the argument. Mrs. Charles Alonzo was scandalized.

"That Ah-bing must be awful," said she to herself, "talking to Au-siah in that tone of voice. I'll keep my eye on him."

The next morning Au-siah came to Mrs. Denzer in tears. She

was a good actress, was Au-siah. She unfastened her dress and pointed to an old second-hand bruise on her shoulder.

"*Simmoi?*" asked Mrs. Denzer.

"Ah-bing," sobbed Au-siah.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo started for the kitchen to reprimand Ah-bing. He wasn't expecting her. He had been washing the dishes, and he was just wiping his nose on the dish towel. I had taught Ah-bing that loose sneezing scatters germs. Naturally he used the dish towel to hold down the germs. But Mrs. Charles Alonzo couldn't appreciate the worthiness of his motives. She grabbed a nearby rolling pin and chased Ah-bing out of the compound. Then she went and hunted up an apron.

"I'll be my own cook," she said determinedly.

She managed very well that way for a few days. Mrs. Dad came over each day for a few minutes and talked Chinese to the house-boy. The house-boy went to the street and bought the provisions. The arrangement seemed perfect.

"I feel so safe leaving the baby with Au-siah," explained Mrs. Denzer, "and I just love to do my own cooking."

But the third day she happened to see Au-siah using an unmentionable cloth to wipe the baby's mouth and hands. She shrieked and would doubtless have fainted if it hadn't been that she needed all her strength to hit the well-intentioned *amah* in the eye.

Naturally Au-siah had to resign to save the rest of her face.

"Well, I did my own cooking and cared for my own baby before I came to China," said Mrs. Denzer doggedly. "I can do it here, too."

She carried on that way for a week, but it was hard work. What made it harder was the fondness her young daughter manifested for playing with centipedes. It was a strain to watch the soup with one eye and the baby with the other. Mrs. Charles Alonzo began to get nervous.

She didn't mention all these developments in her next letter to Mother. No use of her losing face in Peaville.

Professor Charles Alonzo Denzer went his way unconscious of all these domestic troubles. His wife told him all about them, of course, and he answered, "Yes, dear," and "No, dear," but he hadn't the least idea what she was talking about. He loved his

wife, but this first month in Tsinhua was the biggest adventure that had ever come to him. If he could only solve half the educational problems he saw, his place as an educator would be secure. More than that, he was evolving a new science, — something akin to sociology. He had labeled it "Comparative Penetration", and he found new notes to make on it every time he walked the streets. When he should present it to the world, he knew it would do for the name of Denzer what the *Origin of Species* had done for Darwin. Also he was discovering possibilities in a parallel study of Buddhism and Christianity. He knew of a College where a thesis on that subject would be good for a couple more degrees. Furthermore, like all new-comers to China, he was beginning to write a book; he hadn't named it yet, but it would be on the order of *The Changing Chinese*, or *Chinese Characteristics*. In addition he was making good progress studying the language for three hours a day. Lastly at five o'clock came the daily game of tennis in company with Dad Davis, Fred Mills, and myself. How could he possibly spare any time to think about domestic problems? Surely he couldn't in a land where servants were so plentiful, so cheap, and so efficient.

But he wasn't long to remain in this delightful personal paradise. One hot afternoon the soup burned, and the baby had the colic, and the stove smoked, and the fleas were ravenous. Mrs. Charles Alonzo reached the saturation point and had to unload. She started out to look for her husband.

She hadn't far to look. The Professor was just starting to serve in his daily set of tennis. His over-tried wife walked up to the edge of the court and started broadcasting.

"Look here, Charles Alonzo," she said. "You leave me to do all the cooking and take care of the baby, and you never lift a finger to help me. All you do is play from morning to night. I'll not stand it much longer."

Dad Davis gulped, and Fred Mills choked, and I blushed, and Charles Alonzo served doubles and then went home. He didn't come back to finish the set either.

That evening we talked it all over in prayer-meeting. The Denzers weren't there, so we could say just what occurred to us.

"I think the woman is crazy," ventured Dad Davis.

"That shows your lack of human intelligence," said Mrs. Dad, "especially where a woman is concerned."

"Women are hard to understand," mused Fred Mills, our well-known agricultural expert.

"That's because the lower forms of life can never understand the higher," came back the agricultural expert's wife who has been taking Domestic Management under Mrs. Dad Davis.

"Men are so absorbed in their larger interests that the little things which worry us women don't affect them," said Miss Genevieve Townsend. She is at peace with all men, is Genevieve, not having to live with one.

"Why can't we get Mrs. Denzer absorbed in some larger interest?" I inquired humbly.

"Young man, you have more sense right now than Bildad has after twenty-five years of wedded life," said Bildad's spouse. "If we could get some good woman to marry and supervise you, you might develop into something really worth while."

The meeting stood still for a moment while I coughed up a meek blush. Praise from Mrs. Dad is praise indeed.

"Don't I remember how I felt when I first came here twenty years ago?" she continued. "I didn't feel as if I could ever learn to put up with our cook. For the first couple of months I was fairly sick. Then, as you suggest, I became absorbed in a larger interest. My first constructive piece of work was to secure socks for all the Bible women. Their bare ankles looked so horribly immodest, I felt they were hindering the work. I had more wonderful success than I had anticipated, — every woman in Tsinhua wanted to become a Bible woman so she could have a pair of socks. The work made me so happy that I forgot all about the cooking, and it has never worried me since."

"Dear, you are wonderful," said Dad. "What work can we interest Mrs. Denzer in?"

"Leave that to me, Bildad," replied his wife. "This situation calls for womanly intuition. Don't you dare to hint such a thing to her. If you do, you will spoil everything."

Then we sang a hymn and all went home. Our Tsinhua prayer-meetings are wonderfully helpful, — they keep Dad Davis duly humble.

The next morning Professor Charles Alonzo bustled into Dad's office. Dad was so moved that he rose up and shook hands sympathetically. Then he placed his visitor in a chair and looked at him commiseratingly.

"You are a man of long experience, Doctor," began the Professor. "I wonder if I dare ask your advice on a matter of concern."

Dad rose right up and again shook Charles Alonzo's hand.

"Professor, your attitude does you credit," he exclaimed. "If I had taken advice twenty-five years ago, I would be a happier man to-day."

With that he sat down and assumed an advisory pose.

"About this educational survey," began the Professor. "Will it be advisable to give more than fifty per cent credit to the teaching of the private school, unless the teacher holds at least the equivalent of an M.A. degree? Now here is what occurred to me," and with that he went on to unfold a series of hypothetical propositions of staggering depth.

Dad couldn't recall afterwards just what advice he gave.

"That man Denzer is a superman," he confided to me, "to go calmly on with his work while his wife is on the warpath. I wish I were built that way."

The next Sunday, with all the rest of us, the Denzers went to Church. I don't know just how Mrs. Denzer managed to find time to leave the cooking and housework, but she did.

It was Communion Sunday in Tsinhua, and all went well for the first thirty minutes. The Reverend Dir Sun Ho read the invitation and displayed the Elements. Then Mrs. Susan Mills played soft music on the organ, and we marched up and knelt down at the altar. Mrs. Charles Alonzo left the baby asleep in the pew and knelt between her husband and a bleary-eyed beggar. The latter's proximity made her shudder most religiously; he looked so dreadfully contagious.

The first course went off successfully. Ah-bing always bakes the communion bread, and it looked clean. It was neatly pyramided on one of my pie-tins.

Presently the Reverend Dir came around with the wine. It started off well and should have ended well. Unfortunately Mrs. Denzer happened to open her eyes just as Charles Alonzo was taking his drink. One dirty old teacup was furnishing drinking accommodations for the whole congregation. The Reverend Dir, in a desire to be specially sanitary, was using his only handkerchief to wipe off the edge of the cup between sips. His handkerchief didn't look sinless by any means; in fact it hadn't been washed since China New Year.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo didn't know whether to faint or to fly. The latter course seemed safer; so she rose up from the altar, seized her husband in one hand and her baby in the other, and went home to get dinner. After all, her exodus didn't make much stir; Susan pulled out a couple more stops on the organ and counteracted the confusion.

That afternoon Mrs. Dad Davis went to call on Mrs. Denzer.

"I must see you alone, dearie," she said. Charles Alonzo had sense enough to take the hint. He put on his hat and went for a stroll on the city wall.

"You have been such an inspiration to me," purred Mrs. Dad, keeping her objective well concealed. "Let me tell you how hard I have fought to improve conditions here, and then you will understand."

So she launched into the tale of how she had put socks on the Bible women and had furnished the preachers with handkerchiefs.

"I have done so little," she confessed modestly, "but I have tried. It has been so hard because no other foreigner would ever help me in my reforms. The thing that has hurt me most has been our communion service, — that awful, dirty, old teacup. How I have fought for individual communion cups. The Chinese, of course, sneer at the idea. And because my husband refused to back up my efforts, I haven't been able to win out. Yet to my mind, the Church is the place where individual sanitation should begin. Then, little by little, the gospel of cleanliness will spread."

Mrs. Dad paused for applause and got her handkerchief all ready to use at the climax.

"And this morning, dearie," she went on with a little quaver, "when I saw with what sublime courage you rose from the altar at the sight of that dirty cup, my very soul rejoiced." With this she turned on the tears. "I knew that the fight was won. 'Here,' I whispered to myself, 'is one who will stand with me in my lonely struggle for the nobler things of life.'"

Mrs. Denzer bit just like a white rabbit on a ripe carrot. She had a handkerchief of her own up her sleeve, and the two ladies had a real showery love-feast.

"If the two of us will go together to Reverend Dir and insist on individual communion cups," planned Mrs. Dad, "he will not dare to refuse us. He would refuse it to me singly, but in numbers there is strength. Your influence will be especially strong because of the love and admiration the Chinese are displaying for your husband. No foreigner has ever won them as he has done."

"Charles Alonzo is wonderful," threw in Mrs. Charles Alonzo.

"Now here's my idea," went on Mrs. Dad: "we must keep the Chinesey effect in our new communion cups. What would you think of a neat little white china cup with some appropriate Chinese characters in gold on the side of the cup, — perhaps a scripture verse?"

"How cunning!" chirped Mrs. Denzer, "but where can we get them?"

"You shall design the cup," answered Mrs. Dad, "and we'll send the pattern up to Nanchang and have the cups made there. They make the most beautiful china, any pattern to order. The one thing that may hinder us is the matter of expense. Six hundred cups is what we will need, and they may cost fifty dollars."

"I'll write to Mother," cried Mrs. Charles Alonzo. "She'll get the money from the Woman's Club."

Truly she did write to Mother. She was so busy writing to Mother the rest of that afternoon that she put the soup on the stove and left the house-boy to stir it. He had ambitions to become a cook, had that house-boy, and Mrs. Dad had been giving him ideas. If he could do things to please his mistress, his fortune would be made. Never before in Tsinhua had soup been stirred as well as he stirred it that Sunday afternoon while Mrs. Denzer was writing to Mother.

The next day the two ladies made a strategic call on the Reverend Dir Sun Ho. Dir ushered them into a neat little tea-room overlooking his "Heaven's Well", and poured them out some tea.

"Better drink a little of it, dearie," whispered Mrs. Dad. "Drink it as noisily as you can. That will increase your influence with him."

So Mrs. Charles Alonzo gargled Chinese tea, nibbled Chinese cookies, and tried to eat Chinese melon seeds. She even went so far as to pull the ear of the Reverend Dir's bare-buttocked baby who was fearlessly looking her over. This being entertained in a Chinese home was thrilling, — she would surely have to write a full account for the Woman's Club.

"You explain our purpose, and I'll translate," said Mrs. Dad. "Be sure to make your arguments emphatic."

So Mrs. Denzer began an extended argument for the use of individual communion cups. Mrs. Dad and the Reverend Dir sat quietly and let her argue until she ran out of wind. Then Mrs. Dad began to translate.

"I suppose you know what we're after, Sun Ho," were the first words of her translation.

"Oh, of course," answered the good brother, a little wearily, "individual communion cups. Every new foreigner who comes to Tsinhua gets us a new set of individual communion cups. The first time we use them, each member of the Church carries home a cup as a souvenir, and the next month we're back to our old tea-cup. Personally I think it's a great waste of money."

"I don't look at it that way," argued Mrs. Dad, "because it helps to interest new people in our work. For example, Mrs.

Denzer is getting the money for this set of cups from a friend in America. This friend's interest will thus be turned to the work here, and later on he will make other contributions."

"Of course I have no objections," said Dir. "In fact I wish we could have individual communion cups, — that is, I wish we could keep a set for six months without their being stolen by the good Christian people of Tsinhua."

"We have a new idea along that line this time," said Mrs. Dad, and then she turned around and did a little talking to Mrs. Denzer. "Reverend Dir doesn't object a bit, dearie," she translated. "Our combined forces have overcome his former resistance. He likes your idea, too, for a scripture verse on each cup, and he wants you to suggest the verse."

"Why not have just the three words, 'Grace, Mercy, and Peace'?" asked Mrs. Charles Alonzo.

"That would be splendid," agreed Mrs. Dad, and she turned back to the Reverend.

"Mrs. Denzer's idea is to have some wording on the cups that will prevent their being stolen," she said, "not scripture verses such as we have had before. This time we'll put on these words, 'Stolen from the Tsinhua Christian Church.' Nobody who can read will carry off a communion cup with that sort of inscription."

"Wonderful idea!" exclaimed the Reverend gentleman in such a tone of genuine appreciation that Mrs. Charles Alonzo knew without a translator that he approved of her scriptural sentiment.

The rest of the week Mrs. Denzer was more than busy. What with designing a suitable communion cup and writing all her experiences home to Peaville, she didn't have much time to tend to the cooking. The last half of the week she reached the point where she let the house-boy make the soup from start to finish, and when the little schemer offered to have his sister come in to help out temporarily with the baby, his offer was promptly accepted.

The next week the cups were ordered, and Mrs. Charles Alonzo became impatient for them to be finished. Mrs. Dad filled in the days of waiting with a suggestion that Mrs. Denzer start a campaign to give every baby in Tsinhua a yearly bath, and Mrs. Denzer promptly started it. She began by writing a letter to every man, woman, and child in Peaville, asking them to send soap and towels and talcum powder, and it kept her so busy writing

these letters that she turned her little Charlotte over to the new *amah* and forgot all about her. What's more, the house-boy made pineapple pie, — and got away with it.

It took a long time to write personal letters to all the people in Peaville, Ohio. It meant three hundred and sixty-two letters, not counting the ones to Mother and to the Woman's Club, and Mrs. Denzer's limit was ten letters per day. Long before the task was finished, the new communion cups arrived, and the proud Reverend Dir arranged for an immediate Communion Service to test out the merits of the unique inscription.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo Denzer was a proud woman that Sunday morning. What made her happiest of all was the way the congregation reacted to the beautiful Chinese lettering on each cup. She peeked through her fingers enough to see a bit of it. The worshippers picked up the charming little white china cups covetously and read the lovely gold inscription. Then, reluctantly, as though parting from a holy thing of priceless merit, each one put his cup back on the tray. When the Reverend Dir counted up after the service, there were five hundred and eighty cups left. Mrs. Denzer had kept out one to send home to Mother, and there had been nineteen Chinamen at the altar who couldn't read. The Minister was mightily encouraged; if he lost only twenty a month, the cups would hold out for a couple of years.

"How do you like our new communion cup?" asked Mrs. Denzer of Dad Davis after the service.

Dad didn't know just how to answer. Mrs. Dad had forbidden him strictly from translating the inscription to the Denzers. He choked a bit, and his face turned red.

"It's too good to be true," he said simply.

THE AMERICAN MIRACLE

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

HOW seriously should one take the phrase "The clothes make the man"? The author of this article is inclined to take it almost literally and he attempts to prove that the average American man is better off socially, morally, and spiritually, as a result of the efficient organization of the ready-made clothing industry. He feels that Americans have nothing to lose, that they have everything to gain by having the courage of their own convictions as expressed in typical American standardized clothing advertisements.

AFTER all, Walter Bagehot was right in pointing out in his *Physics and Politics* that it was the conscious and unconscious assimilation of customs and manners that made it possible for people of divers origins to make up a real nation, even if that nation were neither a geographical, nor a linguistic, nor a racial, nor a religious unit. Bagehot was thinking of European civilization of the 1870's. He was not very much concerned about the United States, but had he delayed his admirable little work until 1914 and directed his attention specifically to the United States he would have found here the most amazing and brilliant confirmation of his theory that this whirling globe had ever presented.

Bagehot noted that under certain conditions groups of people, no matter what their origin, tended to think alike, behave alike, and look alike while preserving all the "individuality" human flesh is heir to; and this tendency applies, be it noted, to the highest ideals as well as to the fads, frivolities, and follies of the moment. It is unfortunate that Bagehot did not live to see America prove him magnificently right. For, out of the mass of people of diverse and varying origins, we have developed a truly national spirit on an almost incredible scale. It is picturesquely revealed, among other things, in the average attire of the average American, man or woman, boy or girl, down to the veriest tot in the kindergarten and in the cradle. This uniformity of characteristic attire in surprisingly good taste, and with a bewildering variety that allows individual choice on unparalleled range, — this standardization of an unexampled high-class excellence in clothes for all and not only for the privileged few, — is the real American miracle. And one does not have to take the advice of ingenious advertisers, whose slogan may be summed up in the

line "Clothing makes the man, the want of it the fellow", too seriously to say that it is difficult to overestimate the social, the economic, and even the political and spiritual value of this nation-wide distribution of ready-to-wear clothes of good cut and good quality.

This ready-to-wear clothing, or, as its pioneering sponsors say, clothing in which "made-to-measure methods have been adapted to clothes you can put on in a shop and walk out with", is so extraordinary a contribution to human self-respect, freed from all class distinction, that it is only the fact that we are so near to it and take it as a matter of course that the deeper meaning and value of the convenience escape us. The thing is American! Nowhere in the Old World, in theory or in practise, have they approached the idea back of the American mass scheme of ready-made clothing for men and women, young and old, — habiliments whose attractions are set out so brilliantly in current advertisements. These advertisements suggest a civilization which, if all lived up to the "ads", would indicate a nation of handsome super-men and exquisite super-women and a youth radiant with a physical appeal unknown anywhere else. One may have his little jest at it all, but the casual joking over it is evidence of good humor over a matter recognized as worth-while. Even so sensible a person as Mark Sullivan wrote in THE FORUM: "I would hate to see the Indian, through the pressure of civilization, become like some ordinary standardized person wearing Hart, Schaffner, & Marx clothes, Cluett, Peabody collars and the like."

But Mr. Sullivan in his over-hasty zeal for the untutored Indian, "Poor Lo" once more, forgets that nothing is so hideously monotonous and so much without personal accent as the clothing of primitive peoples. So whatever horror any American may have as to the possibility of too much uniformity in attire, — something our over-capped, over-tweeded British friends are always worrying over with respect to us, — the great fact is that our standardizing of clothes is a standardizing up and not a standardizing down. And it is to our credit that this high class standardization of mass production in clothing, which ignores the lines of social barriers, is a real social boon, and in its class sense, as well as in its industrial sense, a thing foreign to the

European mind, since over there caste and class are still the bane and burden of their civilization. And that they have not overcome this in the matter of ready-made clothing is not at all to their credit, as a special few would suggest, but very much to their discredit. In Britain, especially, they do not want to make it possible for the upper-middle, the middle, the lower-middle, the upper-lower, the middle-lower, and the lowermost classes down to the submerged tenth to dress like the upper classes.

In Europe, what with the peasantry still wearing wooden shoes and for the most part, except on gala occasions, appearing in the most drab and frowsy of attires, variations in clothes still are the badge of class and indicative of a certain social servitude and inferiority. The almost callous indifference over there as to how great masses shall be served in the matter of attire, the contrary being true here, is one of those things that differentiates America from the commonplace trend of routine social-industrial development of Europe.

And if European observers, ignoring their own grim background at home, have not always commented favorably on this American miracle there have been those who did see beneath the surface. Lord Charnwood in his recent book on Theodore Roosevelt, in discussing the period of the Eighties, called attention to the fact that the real significance of the marvelous development of transportation had been overlooked by most writers on America. Yet it was this solution of a nation-wide transportation problem that made nation-wide distribution of all articles of apparel the determining thing in American life from ocean to ocean and gulf to border. Mrs. Humphry Ward, somewhat earlier than Charnwood, commented favorably on the fact that American women in every village and hamlet, by being able to get the latest fashions and modish materials in ready-made clothes, were all pleasantly and modishly clothed. And it was William Archer who noted that in America we had taken the caste and class out of clothing and who pointed out that our workingmen in their holiday periods "even wore evening clothes." He was speaking of a motorman's ball. This, of course, is contrary to current methods in England where the workingman would neither have the desire "to ape the styles of his betters" nor would he be expected to dress "correctly" at any time. And it is

also about this time that a not unfriendly expression of surprise came from a foreign observer, who explained that, in the summer time, the shop girl and factory girl in low shoes, silk stockings, shirt waist, and sport skirt could not be distinguished from the society girl, except that the society girl's clothes, upon close inspection, were found to be of more costly materials. The same critic saw bank clerks that couldn't be distinguished from the bank president, and office boys who looked just like their bosses, so far as business attire went, every one of them being "white collar" men in a way unknown to Europe, past or present.

Whatever ideas and materials we may have received from Europe during the last fifty years in the matter of stuffs and styles to the contrary notwithstanding, the fact is that we have handled this whole problem and developed it from an American point of view. So far from having "institutionalized" clothing we have done quite the opposite, and if the nation as a whole has responded to the appeal of the "ad" so that the annual output of ready-made clothing to-day amounts to $5,500,000, it is because in addition to the promoters themselves, whose business it is to sell clothes, we have had philosophers among us, such as the late Professor Simon Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, who held that it was the duty of the young, at least, to dress well. Such a philosophy could not have been uttered in a German, a French, an Italian, or an English University, for in those countries there is such small concern as to how the masses shall dress that no organized industry exists which could supply the smart attire to all classes even if any professor should advocate it. Professor Patten, despite the fact that he was attacked by certain sad elements for his supposed social frivolity, realized what the American miracle of high-class ready-made apparel really meant. We are apt to forget, so far as the history of the thing goes, that the average man of fifty to-day has never, since his teens, known what it was to have to buy badly-tailored clothes, poor hats, poor shoes, and poor haberdashery at high prices. For while one big Philadelphia clothing firm is celebrating its one hundredth anniversary, and even dates its ready-made period back in the Forties and the "one-price" slogan very soon afterward, the 1880's were the critical dates in the matter of a truly American national clothing industry. And it also is to be

remembered that it was in this same fifty years, what with the advent of trolleys, to say nothing of the automobile in the later decades, that we developed all our country clubs, all our extensive outdoor life, and all those social relaxations in the country and in the city which called for a great variety of attires suited to a great variety of entertainments, winter and summer, so that "dressing up" meant something more complicated than putting on a Sunday suit in which to hear the Sunday sermon. It was this nation-wide demand that the national manufacturers first created in part, and then met, — magnificently!

Yet, after fifty years of this miracle, absolutely American in all its practical details and especially in its enthusiasm, the curious paradox is that never in the history of ready-made clothing for men and women has there been such a determined effort as at present to create the false belief that our women are abjectly dependent on Paris and our men on London for everything they wear. As a matter of hard fact, if London or Paris disappeared to-morrow neither the American man nor the American woman would know that anything had happened, so far as the conveniences, comforts, and attractiveness of attire offered in our stores might indicate.

Last year there was quite too much Bond Street and Cecil Court, too much hanging on the coat-tails of the Prince of Wales. English clothes are made of the heavy materials suited to the cold and raw climate, the chill and the rain, that make up a persistent background over there and are absolutely unsuited to the blazing heats of our own scorching super-saturated summer days.

Last July it was a little bewildering to see American youths sweltering and sweating in heavy Cheviots with thick winter woolen stockings and over-weighted felt hats on days when the thermometer reached ninety-five and more in the shade. But as the summer waxed, the punishment fitted the crime of those who fell for this sort of advertizing, and the August hot waves proved there was something in straw hats, Palm Beach suits, and a direct value in tropical worsteds, mohairs, poplins, thin linens, thin flannels, and even in the much joked-about old-time seersuckers. But, even before the climate had made a lot of the British "ads" look nonsensical, it was evident there was quite a rift within the lute, within the tailored "loot", as it

were, for a number of the biggest American firms, the pioneering firms, such as Hart, Schaffner, & Marx; Kirschbaum; Kuppenheimer, and others, had flatly refused to "palpitate" over the English clothes idea. After all, those who make the clothes of the country are not easily stampeded, and though Professor Marks in his novel *The Plastic Age*, in his Smart-Aleck first chapter, refers disdainfully to "Kollege Kut Klothes", both the collegian and the general public can read all the clothes jokes with rare good humor and can even see a certain grim humor in the picture presented of the custom-tailors of Tooley Street in London working so desperately in a sort of subservient helotism to placate the Yankees; sacrificing themselves to make an American holiday!

But this is only a small part of the game. The vital truth is that if each and every American did live up to the clothing "ads" and to all those advertisements that have to do with apparel, attire, and habiliments, for the home as well as for the body,— and most of them seem to be doing it,— he would represent something unique in the history of the world. For this American type at its best, well-housed and well-clothed, is something that all the satires of *Babbitt* and of European envy cannot prevent the world from regarding as superlatively fine!

NEW TRENDS IN THE THEATRE

V — *Italy*

EDUARD STORER

WHILE there is little in the way of novelty or movement in the current output of novels or poetry in Italy to-day, the country's drama has every right to challenge comparison with that of other European nations. A big theatrical movement with which the names of Pirandello, Rosso di San Secondo, Chiarelli, Antonelli, and others are connected has, it would seem, reached the maximum of its intensity, but there is sufficient dynamism and inspiration in it yet to affect Italy's younger playwrights for several years to come. The inevitable reaction to the movement, which though taking different forms with different dramatists finds a point of contact with them all, has not yet appeared. Not appeared, that is, in a constructive shape, though jealous and watchful criticism has already raised its voice and its bannerettes of revolt. From their comfortable *fauteuils* and placid columns of press review the critics betray shrugs of irritation and drop whispered hints that the day of the "grotesque", the vogue for abstraction, and puppetizing is running to its close.

We may leave these uncontentable wiseacres to their reflections. In reviewing briefly the contemporary Italian stage, one can only deal with it as it is to-day, not as it may be to-morrow.

The Italian theatre of contemporary history in its modernist phase came into existence, curiously enough, during the war, though the ideas which produced it had been maturing before 1914. Chiarelli's *The Mask and the Face*, which we may consider as one of the "key" pieces of the movement, was first produced in Milan in 1917, a year after Italy had entered the war. The greater part of Pirandello's work was a war product in the sense that it was written during the dark days that preceded victory, — written, as Pirandello once told the present writer, to afford a strong distraction from the misery of war and the worry of having an only son in the fighting line. Almost the entire framework of the modern movement in the Italian theatre was put together

either before or during the War. San Secondo's *Love's Puppets* (*Marionette che Passione*) was published in 1918, and was first played at Milan during the war, as far back as 1917, I think. The same author's *The Sleeping Beauty* (*La Bella Addommentata*) was issued in 1919, and written earlier by at least a year if not more. The enriched Italy, raised by war to the rank of a great power, has not yet produced dramatic works (if we except one or two of Pirandello's) of any great consequence. The Fascist régime so far has not added much to the country's art, though this may be merely a coincidence.

The names which really represent the modern movement in Italy's drama to-day are Pirandello, Rosso di San Secondo, Chiarelli, Antonelli, and Caracchioli. Fausto Maria Martine, Ratti (the author of *Judas*), and the late Morselli, who wrote *Glauco*, are also authors who must be taken into serious account, but their tendencies are unrelated, and they do not belong to the movement which has been the outstanding feature in Italian dramatic art during the last decade. This movement, sometimes known as the grotesque movement, or the puppet theatre, or the theatre of abstraction, though it leaves outside of its scope dramatists of repute like Sem Benelli and Martini, is the feature which leaps to the critic's eye. It has a philosophy behind it and makes an entire break with the d'Annunzian type of drama in which the word and linear beauty were the things most highly considered. If we look at matters from the box office angle, it is still the dramatists like Martini, Benelli, Forzano, and Nino Berrini who loom large. But criticism can find little to say of their works, with the exception of Martini, save that they are admirable copies, renovations, or adaptations of existing models. While obviously the biggest figure in the Italian theatre to-day is the distinguished creator of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, the value of the work of younger men such as Chiarelli and San Secondo must be fully recognized. All these authors too, as inevitably happens, have reacted on one another, and honor must be given to Signor Chiarelli for having produced the first "grotesque", *The Mask and the Face*, which certainly inspired other playwrights in Italy and, what is more, caught the eyes and ears of the critics and provided a label for a series of dramatic efforts which were bound together by the tenuous but magic force of an idea.

Pirandello reached at once to the grotesque notion, though it was already floating about in abundance in his own novels and short stories, especially in the *Late Mattias Pascal.*

Starting with the grotesque idea, which is closely allied to the puppet theory of man, already exploited on its poetic side by Maeterlinck in his early plays, Pirandello soon developed his art far beyond the boundaries of the mannikin conception. His plays came forth in an amazingly rapid stream, growing richer in philosophy and intellectual concepts, until in *Henry IV* the author reached what is generally recognized as his masterpiece.

Here the puppet conception is shattered, and the drama moves in the free air of human tragedy.

In a brief note, it is not possible to illustrate fully one's points with due quotations from the plays, and one must assume a certain knowledge on the reader's part of the ten or so basic plays which make up the *corpus* of the modern Italian theatre. Roughly speaking, and allowing for the inevitable bias of individual taste, we may name these as follows: — Pirandello's *Henry IV*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, *Right You Are*, *If You Think So*, *Naked* (*Vestire gli Ignudi*), *The Luxury of Respectability;* San Secondo's *Love's Puppets* and his *Sleeping Beauty*, with possibly the same writer's *Lizzie Among the Knives* (*Lazzarina tra i Coltelli*). We must also add Chiarelli's *Mask and the Face* and possibly his *Silken Ladder*, while Antonelli's *The Man Who Met Himself* and Caracchioli's *Bird of Paradise* have good claims to enter the list.

If we take three of the outstanding dramatic works of the new movement, say, Pirandello's *Six Characters*, San Secondo's *Love's Puppets*, and Chiarelli's *The Mask and the Face*, we shall find at once that they have features, ideas, and directions in common such as to justify one in grouping them into a movement or part of a movement.

The point of the splitting up of personality, of standing outside oneself, that is inherent in the unembodied "characters" wandering about stage doors looking for an author to give them theatrical life again has obvious links of comparison with the attitudes of San Secondo's fanciful lugubrious lovers in *Marionette*, who see their passion as a terrible mockery and watch their own antics as they move helplessly under the magnetic tyranny of

love. There is also something of the same idea in Chiarelli's *The Mask and the Face*, though Chiarelli is a playwright who seeks hard to hide all "process" in his plays. Nevertheless, in *The Mask and the Face* we have the husband who sees himself and his own actions with magnified self-consciousness. He is always as much a figure for himself as a living reality,always something to address, upbraid, condemn, laugh at, — pathetic like the Gentleman in Gray and the Gentleman in Mourning of *Love's Puppets* and the Father of the Six Characters.

The sentiment behind this mannikin conception of man, that is, the visualizing of him for stage purposes as a puppet, pathetic when it is not ridiculous, is a complicated one and derives out of certain schools of modern philosophy, though of course in its origin it is as old as literature. One of the feelings which we can analyze in this motive-power-sentiment behind the idea is certainly self-pity. The man who mocks at himself is generally indulging in a subtle kind of self-pity, which, one may note in passing, is absent in high tragedy, such as Greek tragedy. It is not in man really to hate himself. This irony, this attitude of reducing man to a marionette and his passions to strings that move him when agitated by some greater exterior force, provides for cultured folk just the kind of pleasure which the "rough-neck" theatre-goer up in the gallery derives from seeing man glorified in swimming torrents and rescuing heroines, by catching master criminals if a detective, or tripping up detectives if a master criminal.

The puppet idea which runs through so much of the new movement in the Italian theatre is really the same thing as the man-glorifying motive of melodrama, only seen from an opposite sentimental angle.

Critics have noted the prevalence of foreign or non-Italian philosophy in the productions of the modern school, and Germany and Russia (Wedekind, Andreyev, and Chekhov) are credited by official criticism in Italy with being spiritual god-fathers to some of the productions of the modern Italian stage. There should be nothing surprising or alarming in the fact, for all artists inevitably react on one another, and Europe tends every year more towards a common literary and dramatic style. The fact of the existence of Russian and German influence in the composition of the modern Italian theatrical movement is curious in one sense, though very

natural in another. Curious, because the three chief exponents of the movement are what the Italians themselves call *Italianissimi*, — that is, most Italian, one hundred per cent Italians. Both Pirandello and San Secondo are Sicilians, and there is nothing Gothic or Nordic about the fiery island of Theocritus. To those who know them personally, both San Secondo and Pirandello are obviously Southerners, full of flame and fire, men of impulse and quick sensibility like all the folk of the South. San Secondo comes from the sulphur mine district, while his contemporary Pirandello (a name of Greek origin by the way) hails from the region of Girgenti, whose famous Greek temples every year attract crowds of Hellenistic tourists. Both Pirandello and San Secondo spent some of their early impressionable years abroad; the former in Germany (Pirandello studied at Bonn University) and the latter in Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia. Thus the contact of these two most Southern writers with the North was not only spiritual but even material and physical. Chiarelli is a Roman, but he is much in sympathy with French art and literature, and he has spent considerable time in France.

While Pirandello is generally accepted as the leader of the Italian theatrical modernist movement and has enjoyed international triumphs one after another, both Chiarelli and San Secondo must be credited with special qualities of their own. Chiarelli is remarkable for the naturalness of his dialogue and the skill with which he avoids showing the inner workings of his plays. There is no sense of strain about them, no forcedness. The conversation ripples on with wonderful ease and naturalness. It is sometimes so lifelike that it becomes almost disconcerting in its lack of trick and what we should call "finish".

San Secondo is the most poetic of the group and he has in all probability his best works before him, for he has a remarkable talent and is still quite a young man. His *Sleeping Beauty* is one of the most beautiful pieces on the modern Italian stage, though that is not equivalent to saying it is the most important or profound. It is indeed rather a slight thing, but its originality consists in the introduction of a rare and exotic motive into a setting as commonplace and simple as that of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The characters are simply the rude figures of a Sicilian sulphur mine village, but by the introduction of a fine poetic symbolism, most artistically

adapted to the atmosphere of the play, the author has raised it to the best level of modern European drama. Black Jack, the sulphur miner always dressed in black velvet with a red carnation in his buttonhole, and the Sleeping Beauty, who is nothing more than a seduced and abandoned village girl, take on in San Secondo's lyric play values far beyond their apparent ones. There is a certain similarity between this play and Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*. San Secondo has found the trick of using peasant talk which is colored and rich and yet which avoids being poetic in a merely literary sense.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that the grotesque movement, and the developments which the genius of Pirandello has given to it, — taking it far beyond its first narrow convention, — represent the whole of Italy's contemporary drama today. New plays are produced nearly every week during a season which runs from November till early summer. There are a number of playwrights whose works show a high level of craft and ingenuity. Though these plays may not indicate any new direction nor be permeated by any especial dynamism, their level of intelligence and humanity is high, probably higher than that of such average products in either America or England. The Italians make very critical audiences; pitilessly critical audiences it seems to the foreign observer, who has seen quite good plays treated mercilessly with hisses, whistling, and the most violent signs of disapproval. Even Pirandello did not escape the cruel severity of his countrymen. The famous *Six Characters* was nearly howled down on the occasion of its first performance in Rome.

Any note on the Italian theatre of to-day would necessarily be incomplete without a few remarks on the dialect theatre which is such a feature of Italian life. This phenomenon, though one of the least studied, is one of the richest in the country's dramatic production. Probably there is hardly another country in the world where four or five distinct dialect theatres run on regularly year after year with their own playwrights, actors, and public. Thus we have the Sicilian theatre, which is perhaps the best equipped and most vigorous of the lot. It possesses, too, in that great actor, Angelo Musco, a mine of genius who will astonish the foreign public one of these days when an enterprising manager takes him on a trip abroad. This Sicilian theatre has quite a large repertory.

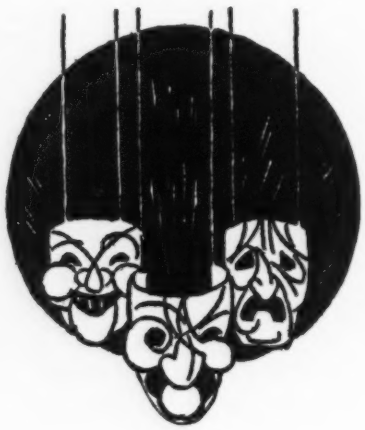
The late Nino Martoglio was one of its most brilliant comic writers, and there are three or four good men writing for it still. It is an interesting and little known fact that Pirandello made his very earliest theatrical trials with the Sicilian theatre. This was at the time when he was writing Sicilian peasant plays like *Liola*, and Angelo Musco was struggling to make a success of his touring venture in different Italian cities before publics who were at first not at all well disposed to the difficult dialect of Sicily. *Liola* was written in the dialect of Girgenti, and then translated into Italian for publication by Pirandello himself. The old-fashioned company of Scarpetta which, every year, runs its season of Neapolitan dialect plays in Rome at the old Manzoni theatre is an institution which goes back beyond the times of united Italy. The brilliancy of some of the Neapolitan farces and comedies given by this company is amazing. A curious fact about the Scarpetta repertory is that Don Vicenzo, the head of the company, is always Don Felice. Other dialect theatres are the Venetian and the Milanese, of which the Venetian is the more important. There is also a sporadic Bolognese theatre which gives performances now and again.

A curious feature of Italian theatrical existence in these times is the way in which Italy's dramatists have been conquered by the political infection. It is perhaps an exaggeration to say that Italian dramatists are divided into camps, one pro-Fascist and the other anti-Fascist, but there is a substratum of truth in the suggestion. This preoccupation with politics has been by no means a good thing for Italian dramatic art, and more than one theatrical venture has been wrecked on political shoals. Pirandello, it may be remembered, announced his public adhesion to the Fascist faith a short while ago, and asked to become a Blackshirt. Sem Benelli has founded a *Lega Italica* (Italian League) opposed to the doctrines of Fascism. Bracco, too, threw in his lot with the anti-Fascists and allowed himself to be elected as a deputy for the parliamentary opposition. It is hard to find a dramatist who does not take sides in the burning political questions of the day.

The recently founded experimental art theatre in Milan, called *La Piccola Cannobiana*, created to give the works of young unknown authors a chance, has practically split into factions owing

to the political differences of those supporting it. In Rome, Pirandello is starting another experimental theatre which is to be housed in the renovated premises of the little marionette theatre of Signor Podrecca, whose *Teatro del Piccoli* has enjoyed such triumphs abroad. The Bologna Experimental Theatre must also be mentioned. This theatre offers a prize for a work by an unknown author every year. In the field of the experimental theatres mention must be made of Anton Giulio Bragaglia, who has one of the most interesting little theatres in the world, at any rate from the point of view of its setting. Bragaglia has placed it in the recently rediscovered atrium of an ancient Roman *terme* dating from the time of the Emperor Septimus Severus. The old Roman columns still form the architectural supports of the building, and the short one-act modernist plays are given in a place where once Roman aristocrats took their luxurious baths.

If the last year or two have produced nothing of exceptional worth in the Italian theatre (apart from the latest works of Pirandello) there is plenty of activity, and the signs for the future are healthy. It is to be hoped though that the present fashion for playwrights to mix themselves up in politics will not continue, for it is all to the disadvantage of Italy's dramatic art.



BELLES LETTRES IN BALLOT BOXES

III — The Most "Literary" Statesman

George Henry Payne

IT is generally conceded, I believe, that the only way to get along amicably with an Englishman is never to agree with him. There seems to be a general impression at the present time that America and England are in nearly complete accord, but this is only one of the many deceptive signs of these venal times. The fact that a number of distinguished Englishmen are rushing over to America, spending three or four weeks saying pleasant things, and rushing back, is not due to the fact that England and America are in agreement, — it is due to the fact that England owes America money.

Not a few of the Englishmen who have done most for their own country are those who have been its sharpest critics, and the black spots in English history, to the credit of England, have always been synchronous with the vehement protest of courageous men who, in most instances, took their lives in their hands in protesting. If Plantagenet Palliser, the creation of Anthony Trollope, has character and charm that we fail to find in many a statesman who achieved greater fame and lived a real life, it is simply because he had that courage.

Courage itself perhaps would not have been sufficient to have made him a useful citizen if back of him there had not been imagination, — the imagination in this case of his creator. In most literary statesmen this literary or imaginative side is subordinate to the political and practical, and that is why purely literary critics as a rule look down on the literary statesman. And perhaps they are right, for in notable instances the literary side has received a considerable wallop whenever it threatened to interfere with the very material progress of the individual.

Some day I should like to write a series of articles on

Statesmen Who Wrote Books to Fool the Public

this to be followed by another series entitled

Statesmen Who Wrote Books to Fool Themselves

To go back; one man in Anglo-Saxon politics is in a class approaching Palliser, and he is the most astonishing of all statesmen, the only one in history who insisted all his life on being unknown. Was there ever such an extraordinary reversal of all that we are accustomed to in statesmen? Fighting the cause of the people, the battle for a free press, for a representative government, against corruption, and all the time keeping his own individuality secret, — a secret, mind you, not only while his vicious articles were being printed right under the nose of George the Third, but for the rest of his life and for years after his death. That remarkable statesman was Junius, for I hold that Junius was a statesman, even if he never obtained high office, for he made men in high office squirm and jump.

Most people now believe that Junius, — the most completely "literary" statesman of all time, — was Sir Philip Francis. Some who might be inclined to question the proofs of Francis's identification feel that it is always a good thing to have a literary mystery solved, rightly *or wrongly*, while most agree with the distinguished Chief Justice, quoted by De Quincey, that a man arraigned as Junius upon the evidence accumulated by Taylor against Sir Philip Francis "must have been convicted in any court in Europe."

De Quincey himself considered the matter settled for all time, though he viciously attacks both Francis and Junius, showing so much irritation that one would suspect him of having had an extra "shot". As a matter of fact, most of what De Quincey writes about Junius is piffle, illustrating again, what so many editors have learned to their cost, that it is always futile to send a literary critic out to report a political convention.

I have my own reason for believing that Junius was Sir Philip, one, I believe, that has not been put forward heretofore, though many are the explanations offered as to why Junius went to his grave without revealing his identity.

No one who reads his letters and his attacks on the corrupt ministers of George the Third will believe that he feared the many duels that he would have been obliged to fight if his identity had become known. It is hinted that the reason Sir Philip Francis refused frankly to admit that the writings of Junius were his youthful output was that he had corruptly sold himself for a ten

thousand pound job as one of the Supreme Council in India. But the real reason will be found in the fact that during the years the letters were appearing in the "Public Advertiser", — that is, from 1769 to 1772, — Francis was a clerk in the War Office under Lord Barrington. Francis knew that if he were known as Junius *he would lose his job*, and no statesman ever voluntarily loses a job until he sees the prospect of a better one. It is the *job* that explains the reticence of Francis.

Junius and Francis, as distinct individuals, if they are so to be regarded or as the same person, have attraction for us of these days because the corruption of our own time is not dissimilar from that which he or they fought in the times of George the Third. If it is true that Francis was bought off from his activities as Junius by a high priced job, he still stands higher than most of his corrupt antagonists, for after he had made enough money in the Supreme Council in India to come back to England and enter Parliament, he resumed his activities as the enemy of the corrupt government of George the Third, and was one of the first to support the much needed parliamentary reform. His course in this regard is suggestive of the story told of the elder Joseph Pulitzer, who is said to have bought the New York "World" from Jay Gould with $250,000 in notes and then to have pounded Gould so unmercifully that the paper quickly made the money with which to discharge the indebtedness.

If it had not been for the changes eventually made in parliamentary representation, England, in the early part of the last century, might have faced a revolution more damaging to her than the American Revolution of the eighteenth century and perhaps as sweeping, if not as bloody, as the French Revolution across the Channel.

If one had to seek for another cause for rereading Junius to-day, it would be found in the vigorous protest he made against, not only the corruption, but the log rolling of his time. Our own day is strangely similar in many respects to the days of the latter half of the eighteenth century when criticism of men in public life was confined mainly to denunciation of the few who dared to buck the tide. Subserviency paid high dividends and "greatness", and "successes" were created over night by methods that in our day have been blown into an art.

ANOTHER MAD TEA PARTY

The American "Alice" in a literary Wonderland with George Bernard Shaw as the Mad Hatter, Arnold Bennett as the March Hare, and Sir James Barrie as the Dormouse; from a drawing by Jessie Wilcox Smith

ANOTHER MAD TEA-PARTY

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

Illustration by Jessie Wilcox Smith

THERE was nothing surprising in a table set with tea-things, under a large tree in front of an English country-house, on a summer afternoon. And if it seemed a strange thing to Alice to find seated there, Arnold Bennett, dressed as the March Hare, James Barrie as the Dormouse, and Bernard Shaw as the Mad Hatter, she gave no sign of it. As she approached, she saw that the Dormouse was between the other two, who were using him as a cushion, resting their elbows on him and talking over his head.

"Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," Alice found herself saying mechanically. The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw her.

"Even if it didn't exist, it could be made," said Alice indifferently. "One can always make room, you know." And she placed herself at one end of the table, next to the March Hare.

"You look like one of those half-dressed Americans of uncertain age," observed Bernard Shaw, pleasantly. Although Alice's hair and frock were just the Wonderland Alice's length, she appeared wholly grown up and had a guileless aplomb that made itself felt.

"I'm traveling incognito," she said, lowering her voice mysteriously. "I hope you won't let your newspapers know I'm here."

"I think this young person is what they call in the States, 'a lady author'," said Shaw to Arnold Bennett. "I'm glad she likes herself pale, for American facial art is atrocious. If she wished to, she'd paint herself like a red Indian; they all do just what they wish to; at least they all do what they shouldn't, — same thing, you know."

Alice turned upon him. "Not the same thing a bit! Why, you might as well say that, when you don't say what you don't wish, that you don't say what you should, — and that they are both the same thing."

"They are th' same thing wi' him," said Barrie. "That's juist whut he does say — dae — say —" Alice decided he was merely pretending to talk in his sleep because Shaw was glaring at him so calmly. "Bennett does dae — say — too," he went on drowsily. "But he winna gab aboot it! Bennett's too dagont silent, except i' th' books he writes by th' yaird for th' pooblic; then he's ower fond o' wurrds an' terrible windy. 'Tis i' th' anes he writes tae himsel' that he doesna say a thing. Does 'em afore a lookin'-glass, sae he'll tak note o' hoo tacitairn he is. Queer English egg! I'm powerfu' glad I'm a Scot."

"So am I," said Alice politely. "At least, I like golf and Scotch tweeds and terriers. And I like the Scotch-Irish we have at home too, — they are a living reminder that it doesn't spoil two good things to mix them."

"Nothing of the sort," said Shaw. "They never mix unless they fight, — then you can't separate them! When they marry, it's simply a case of contention being better than loneliness."

"There's something in what you say," observed Alice judiciously. Barrie chuckled, but Bennett remained impassive. "My Scotch-Irish nurse usually did seem to be fighting herself from within, and outwardly too; she was very easily provoked. I may have been slightly trying at times, you know," (apologetically to Barrie) "or perhaps it was the Irish part of her. I'm sorry I said that, I'm sure," turning to Shaw, "I forgot you are Irish."

"Don't mention it," said Shaw pleasantly. "I like to be insulted (only there isn't any way I can be); and I like the Irish to fight because they do it naturally. I like anything that's natural, — except Americans," he added in an undertone to Bennett. "They're quite too natural, even for me."

"I overheard that Shakespearean aside, Mr. Shaw," said Alice cheerfully, "and I agree with you." She turned impulsively to the others. "Oh, I do wish you could all meet my little brother! We've brought him up on the Mad Hatter and Mr. Shaw's plays. He simply won't read anything else! We have to send him out to the movies or to a baseball game to get a change of thought. He's a dear child. He'd remind you, Mr. Bennett, of Daisy Miller's brother, — that juvenile creation of your friend, Henry James, whom you call 'the miraculous'."

This time, Arnold Bennett smiled dimly (he hadn't spoken at

all), and Alice at once beamingly responded. "Come, we shall have some fun now! I'm glad you are cheering up, Mr. Bennett. I was beginning to think you and I would never get on. Do you know, it really doesn't surprise me that Thackeray said your proud men are 'proud of being proud'."

"Suppose we change the subject," said Arnold Bennett, yawning.

"Why should we?" asked Shaw.

Alice went on hastily. "Why, I've been noticing that the English animals even are full of pride, — and the birds too! I understand that your tiny water wag-tail sings: 'Twas for my accommodation — nature rose when I was born! — Should I die, the whole creation, back to nothing would return.' And you know the Greenaway 'bow-bow', Mr. Shaw, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Shaw; "but Bennett doesn't, and it's time he did!"

"I'll tell him then," replied Alice, delighted. "You see, Mr. Bennett, the Greenaway dog almost owned its owner, and they both strutted. The poem goes: 'His bow-bow's quite as proud as he! They both are very wrong to be — so proud, so very proud.' There it is, you see, in black and white and written by an English woman too! But perhaps you don't like poetry?"

Arnold Bennett made no reply, — in fact, he didn't seem to be listening. He was apparently deeply engrossed in trying to see into his left eye with his right one. This is a habit peculiar to the British male when some one is taking possible liberties with him, and is the real reason that he wears an eye-glass.

"By the way, Bennett," remarked Shaw suddenly, "didn't you offer, in *Your United States*, — in an ebullition of international good-feeling, — to exchange Thackeray (that apothegm of his reminds me!) like any old shoe for the American, Mark Twain, — and all his works too? Did you hear about that, Miss Alice?"

"Yes! And Mr. Bennett threw in George Eliot for good measure. Moreover, he called Mark Twain a 'pure' humorist. He must have been thinking of Clemens's virtuous attack on Shelley, — dear 'gold-dusty Shelley, tumbling amid the stars'. If Mr. Bennett would give us Shelley too, I'm quite sure I could arrange the trade."

"Happen Shaw would add Will Shakespeare," put in Barrie

slyly. "Juist as a wee trifle tae balance th' scales, — gin you'd wheedle him, lassie."

"Miss Alice," asked Bennett, innocently, "are you by chance one of those 'American ladies', — as Shaw styles them, — who might have 'idolized' a *living* Shakespeare?"

"Implying," Alice took him up smoothly, "that we don't possess the spirituality to worship a man of genius when dead? I think Mr. Shaw did accuse us of idolizing the person, — rather than the art, — of a certain great musician, a musician who has since become preëminent in the eyes of men, as a statesman! To each sex its own taste in achievement! But anyway, women of education or good birth could have had no chance to idolize Shakespeare in his lifetime, for they didn't generally go to his plays."

Bennett leaned forward. "Where did you unearth that interesting fact?"

"It has been stated, I believe, by Dr. Schelling."

"And who, pray, is Dr. Schelling?"

"Don't betray your British insularity, Bennett, I beg of you," protested Shaw. "It was Dr. Schelling who phrased the 'doctrine of sanctified evolution' and further immortalized it by pinning it to that most courtly of your Court-poets, Tennyson. Incidentally, Schelling's a foremost authority on Elizabethan Drama and data."

"And is an American as well? Forgive my ignorance, Miss Alice. The little I know of Elizabethan matters, I have picked up from the writings of my friend Shaw. Apparently my confidence in him is now to receive a second blow. It managed to survive a first one when his critics discovered that Mistress Mary Fitton was a pronounced blonde, immediately after Shaw had identified her as the 'Dark Lady' of Shakespeare's heart and sonnets. His defense of himself was adroit and delightful, — as usual! He said he chose her because he thought it 'friendly to immortalize' one unknown 'T. Tyler', — a reading-room acquaintance of his who had originated the idea about Mary Fitton. This obscure gentleman's only other right to fame appears to be that he was the victim of what Shaw calls 'Nature's Malice', in the shape of a tumor. This disfigurement failed to 'frighten or prejudice' Shaw, — his own words, mind you! — out of bestowing im-

mortality upon him. You know Shaw revels in 'hideous conceptions'. Nothing daunts him!"

Barrie had been shaking himself and chuckling for some time. "Whut on airth, Bennett," he asked, "has sic an unco, uncanny digression tae dae wi' Miss Alice's pronouncement that weemin' o' th' better class werena i' th' audiences o' Will Shakespeare?"

"I'll ask Shaw to tell you that! Am I wrong, Shaw, in saying that in your play *The Dark Lady*, Shakespeare himself presents a free pass for his theatres to some member of the Queen's household, cordially urging him to bring his wife along, — adding that they 'will be welcomed at any time when the plays of Will Shakespeare are in hand'? Doesn't this look to the rest of you as if Shaw thought gentlewomen were in the habit of going?"

"An' whut o' it, man? Forbye an' he did, — hasna he said, lang syne, i' print, that th' play was but a brief trifle . . . full of manifeest impossibeelities, an' that he had gi'en ower a' pretense that it was heestorical?"

"Don't trouble to defend me, Barrie," interrupted Shaw. "I never stoop to hide behind quibbles. Bennett's 'inmate of the palace' was a guard — a Beefeater. If his wife were too respectable, — or too haughty, — to appear openly at the plays, she could easily have masked her face and gone in her husband's trousers. I am perfectly willing to bow to Schelling's accuracy, — although if I chose to contend with him, I could refer him to the address to *gentlewomen* in the Epilogue to *Henry IV*. But after all, that proves nothing, for Shakespeare was by no means above taking a fling at the women of the town, by calling them 'gentlewomen'. Moreover, I confess to Mary Fitton's yellow hair. And above all I make no attempt to enlist Bennett's questionable sympathies for Tom Tyler, a poor devil with the face of a Caliban and the heart of a Romeo! By the way, Bennett, as you seem to be embarking upon Shakespearean research, what is the Elizabethan word for what it pleases you to call 'a free pass'?"

Bennett hesitated. "I don't know," he admitted weakly. "I appeal for help to Miss Alice and her Dr. Schelling."

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, "I don't think —"

"Then you shouldn't talk," retorted Shaw.

"Dinna fash yersel' aboot him, lassie," admonished Barrie.

"An' hae nae peety! Pull your wuts tegither an' gie it tae him guid an' strang!"

Alice laughed. "Thank you, Mr. Barrie! I *do* remember, now that you press me, that Dr. Schelling speaks of an Elizabethan theatre-ticket as a 'carton'."

"An' whut may Shaw's wurrd be for th' same, lassie? Can you gie that as weel?"

"Mr. Shaw calls it a 'tablet'."

"An' canna he be i' th' richt, lassie, an' your Dr. Schelling i' th' wrang?"

"Why not, dear Mr. Barrie? Even if Dr. Schelling is not at all likely to be wrong, I don't *insist* that Mr. Shaw may not be right!"

Bennett laughed tormentingly. "Miss Alice not only confronts you, Shaw, with a Daniel from her native land, but she ventures to hint that you 'may not be right'."

"Mr. Shaw is used to being harried," said Alice. "Besides, he thinks a person can't be too outspoken, don't you, Mr. Shaw?"

"A 'person' can't be, but — the American woman is not a person. She is a creation of her own and, like Disraeli, she adores her Maker. And American men, confessedly, are not persons, — they are 'people'! They announce the fact themselves from morning till night."

"She's got him going, as she'd say," whispered Arnold Bennett to Barrie. "I never saw him peevish before! I do believe she's got under his skin. He's always thought, you know, that he could survive the 'unclothed test' of *Sartor Resartus*. There are rumors of a portrait of him extant, *in puris naturalibus*, — but by Jove, if she keeps on, she'll leave him only his flesh. Perhaps we'll see his very bones if we 'stick around here' long enough. That's another American expression, you know. I absorbed a lot of them when I was over there, although I pretended not to hear them. It's curious how they remain in one's memory!"

"Th' lassie's nae numskull," commented Barrie. "But you're sair wrang aboot Shaw. She fair dotes upon him! He's th' verra de'il amang th' weemin. I reckon you're jalous, ma laddie, — an' I'm nane sure but you're gey feart o' her, yersel'."

"Now, Mr. Barrie," remonstrated Alice, "you mustn't be encouraging Mr. Bennett to waste his golden words in whispers. Our newspapers would pay untold sums for them."

"I notice, Miss Alice, that you don't give Barrie his title," observed Bennett. "Isn't it known yet in the States that a grateful England has dubbed him 'Knight'?"

"To call him 'Sir James'," replied Alice shyly, "is repellent to me. When I was a child, I knew and loved him as the man who made Peter Pan and Tommy and Grizel. That man's name was not Sir James."

"If you called him 'Sir Dormouse'," suggested Shaw, "it wouldn't be a bit sillier."

"Don't you consider a title a mark of distinction, Shaw?" asked Bennett.

"I consider it a mark of flamdoodle! To measure art by artificial standards is to insult art and artists. If Barrie must endure a title, why that one, anyhow? Cato hit the nail on its head when he said, 'I'd rather the multitudes should ask why Cato had no statue, than why he had one!'"

"Surely you don't imply that any one would ask why *Barrie* had a title?"

"Certainly not! But they should ask why he has one that entirely fails to measure his genius. And also, any one might ask why he accepted it!"

"He accepted it because he was too modest to refuse it," said Alice gently.

"Better add that 'modesty' of yours, Barrie, to your collection of things that are too much of a muchness, — such as the moon, and memory and — Meredith — and mousetraps — and —" Bennett's list came to an end.

"It is Mr. Bennett's volubility that is overwhelming me, Mr. Barrie, by its much of a muchness!" exclaimed Alice. "For when he was in America, he rarely spoke, I'm told, except to our foremost novelist, Booth Tarkington. And that, I imagine, was in self-defense, — when Mr. Tarkington 'teased the kenneled thunder.' Mr. Tarkington can lift anything from an owl to a nightingale on the wind and send it 'winging down the skies, the wildest of wild geese'. You'd like him, Mr. Shaw, — wouldn't he, Mr. Bennett?"

Arnold Bennett spoke without reserve to her at last. "Yes, he would," he said simply. "No one could help it!"

"Come now, I like that!" said Alice. "I believe we shall get on

after all! Yes," turning to Shaw, "you would like Mr. Tarkington. You and he might be the two men in your *Pygmalion*, — for you treat a Duchess as if she were an every-day woman and he treats every woman as if she were a Duchess. Yes! I'm sure you'd like him, and in time you'd become used to the rest of us. For, after all, we understand you better than any other nation does — even your own!"

"That's why I don't like you," said Shaw. "I hate to be understood."

"Forbye, it's unco cheap tae hae th' gossips an' kimmers keekin' i' his face," Barrie explained, "an' he canna thole it! Whut will you dae, ma laddie, when you're nick't by deeth himsel', lyin' cauld an' snug i' your graff? You canna then pick an' choose ilka place you'll gang. An' you could, ma certie, 'twould be th' waur owerwaurrm ane you'd tak, — juist tae be pawkie! Ghaists an' speerits are verra temperameental, you ken. You maun speak 'em fair, mind! Dinna flout 'em, laddie, for you'll hae tae bide lang amang 'em. But th' waur o' it is, you'll no rest happy i' Heaven or Hell."

"I don't wish to be happy," said Shaw.

"Well then, come to America! Do, please, Mr. Shaw," begged Alice, "and be *un*-happy to your heart's content. We must have you, somehow, some time; alive or dead, — flesh or 'speerit', as Mr. Barrie says."

"He couldna thole it," repeated Barrie. "He'd feel redeekilous, — wi' a' th' fuss you'd mak ower th' auld bletherskate."

"No; I'll stay away," said Shaw. "I couldn't go there and hold my tongue in the craven way Bennett did. I couldn't contain myself."

"You dinna flatter yersel' that you contain yersel' here, dae you?" asked Barrie. "Why, laddie, you spill a' ower yersel', an' ower ithers as weel, — but we're used tae you, an' if you gang awa' frae us, we'll miss you sair."

"Why not go disguised, — as you are now?" suggested Bennett.

"It wouldn't disguise him," said Alice. "You don't understand him at all if you don't know that! Oh, Mr. Shaw, if only you would come as you are, and simply let yourself be the Hatter, we'd have the 'fun o' the world'. If you'd just give over the

crossness and come beyant the water to Ameriky, you'd 'hear the roars o' thim when they'd see ye, on this side o' th' Atlantic'. It's a great pity you wouldn't come now! You've been 'rared very pettish'. But I see," she ended sadly, "it's no manner of use asking you. You'll 'rhisk shpendin' yer wake', as Mr. Barrie predicts, — 'nowhere but in th' auld counthry'."

"It will be a *bel interrement*, wherever it is," Arnold Bennett murmured. "No, Miss Alice-from-America, Mr. Shaw won't go back with you now, I'll wager! He's not half unconventional enough *yet* to go traveling alone with a young woman. But mark my words, he'll relent some time and set out to the States, and may Jamie Barrie and I be there to see the landing. You shall meet us at the dock and interview all three."

Shaw ignored him. "What day of the month is it by your watch, Barrie?" he asked.

Alice answered for him, her eyes alight with laughter. "The fourth!" she said quickly, "the Fourth of July!"

"Half a dozen months wrong, Dormouse," declared Shaw gloomily. "By rights, all this should have taken place on the 'annivairsary' of Lewis Carroll's 'day o' burrth' or 'o' deeth', as you'd say! And why on earth didn't you say it, man? Butter doesn't suit the works of your watch, — or your brains either! — even if it *is* the best American brand and spread thick."

"He means," said Alice to the bewildered Barrie, "that Carroll was born in January and died in January, so could have no 'annivairsary' in the summer. Our tea-party is quite out of date. But what difference? *I* like the Fourth of July better, anyway!"

"Why shouldn't you?" Shaw demanded, "since you chose it yourself! And that's one more thing to be set down to Yankee cheekiness. Now, Miss Alice, the appointed moment of the appointed hour has arrived. What have you to say?"

"I am wholly convinced, Mr. Shaw," — Alice's voice quavered a little, but she went on bravely, — "that in your youth you absorbed your initial inspiration from the Mad Hatter. Indeed, you are the Hatter! I must call upon you to acknowledge it, in order that Lewis Carroll may take his place in the forefront of the men of his day."

Shaw rose to his feet. "Well, gentlemen, the secret of my life is out at last, and it has taken a young lady from America to

discover it. Her idea will cause a stir in the world of literature, eh, Bennett? I suppose you, as England's leading *flaneur*, will be very facetious at my expense?"

"Indeed, my dear fellow, if you don't wish this fascinating notion to reach the outside world, it is as unknown to me as if I had never come here. Barrie is the soul of discretion and, as Miss Alice has kept her big secret hitherto, I'm sure that at a word from you, she will continue to do so."

"If I had wished that," said Shaw, "I would have cabled her 'no room' — in cipher — what then, Miss Alice?"

"I would have been mute forever."

"I'm sure of it," said Shaw. "However, I always confess when any one finds me out. And, this time, I have not been unrewarded, for we have spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon together, detecting Barrie's virtues and dissecting Bennett's eccentricities."

"A truly Shavian occupation," murmured Bennett.

But Alice was not listening. "Mr. Shaw," she said earnestly, "of course, I knew all along that you had me at your mercy. I might just as well have tried to 'make mischief with the moon'."

"Dinna abase yersel', lassie," said Barrie. "He isna wurrth it; forbye, I canna see at a' where you've blundered. Why, you hae haudden your ain wi' th' twa maist hairtless men in a' England."

"He means 'magerfu', Miss Alice," declared Bennett. "Moreover, I'm sure your humility will not injure you permanently. I have seen too much of the resiliency of the American. They can be 'down to nowhere' one moment and 'bob up serenely' the next. 'Bob-up' is not Yorkshire, Shaw, although I think it's English somehow."

"No, it's American," asserted Alice. "'Bobbish' is English."

They all laughed.

"I told you she'd recover," said Bennett.

Alice went on absently. "I think," she said slowly, "that great men hardly realize the strain it is for a neophyte to meet and talk to them, — or that, as a woman, the proof of fitness is twice heavy upon her. Miss Brontë's piteous failure to grasp Thackeray's hallowed allusion to Rochester's cigar is in my mind, — although I don't intend to utter inarticulate moans afterward, as she did, each time I think of this wonderful afternoon." She ended half-laughing.

"Come, come, Miss Alice," said Shaw, "what does a young woman of your nationality mean by hiding behind her sex and Miss Brontë's skirts? Even if you have next to none of the latter to sustain you, at least you have a hundred years more of freedom — or effrontery — behind you. If you have anything more to say, out with it! Remember that you are a man among men."

Alice laughed again. "Well then, not one of you shall dare to pretend that he 'crammed' for this occasion. I'm certain that every one of you has been definitely influenced by Carroll, and that you came here, not for a lark, but 'in direct obedience to the life force'."

"Shaw, you said that somewhere, didn't you?" asked Bennett.

"I never argue," said Shaw. "For further particulars, ask Miss Alice."

"To reverence the Hatter as one of the 'Immortals', is a devotion I entreat of you, Mr. Shaw," said Alice seriously.

"Were I King of England and the Dean of Westminster combined, — which a tactful Providence has mercifully avoided, — the Hatter should be buried in the Abbey," Shaw assured her gravely. "Go on, Miss Alice; you are no worthy disciple of his if you hesitate."

"Another thing I urge is that you shall never forget that it took a generation of children brought up on Alice to appreciate and honor a Bernard Shaw when he came along!"

"'Truths that wake to perish never'," Barrie murmured softly.

"All hail, Carroll!" Bennett made a gesture toward the sky with no trace of mockery. "Shaw, you ungrateful beggar, that tribute of Miss Alice's implores a sigh."

"Miss Alice and I understand each other. In full accord, we shall make public acknowledgment of our fealty to 'Himself' whom we revere."

"If it is to be in the form of an international treaty," said Bennett, "I insist that England shall be represented by me, — in token of the fact that at last an Irishman concedes that he has been influenced by an Englishman."

"With strict reservations as to what anomaly you betoken, I submit, and Barrie must, I suppose, be permitted to bring himself and his Scotland into the bond; but you'll not, either of

you, be present in the flesh, — you've interfered enough as it is. *Now* — I'll ring for fresh tea, and when it comes, we'll all 'do' the Mad Tea-party, — in honor of Alice-from-America. First, we'll go through the formal ceremony of moving on, one chair. Miss Alice, you won't suffer this time, as you did in Wonderland, from the clumsiness of the March Hare in having upset his milk-jug into his plate, — although I'm sure you would have if Bennett had had any tea." As he spoke, he took Alice by the hand and in stately soberness they each advanced one place!

"Remember, Miss Alice," warned Bennett, "not to omit your most famous speech of the Wonderland party! It went something like this: 'The Hatter's remark seemed to have no sort of meaning in it and yet it was certainly English.' I imagine it was that statement which first called your attention to the similarity of Shaw's style to the Hatter's, wasn't it?"

"Not at all," Shaw intervened. "On the contrary, the failure of the Wonderland Alice to comprehend that remark of the Hatter's simply demonstrates an English person's usual way of receiving an Irishman's witticisms."

"But where — pray — do you get the inference of any Irish strain in the Hatter, — a character who is a creation of the brain of an Englishman?" inquired Bennett, genuinely taken aback.

"The British Alice's inability to understand the Hatter is sufficient assurance of it. It conclusively proves, not that Carroll had Irish blood, but that the Christ Church student, from whom Carroll made the Hatter, undoubtedly had!" Alice clapped her hands joyfully while Bennett gasped. Shaw went on unmoved. "This crowning confirmation, however, is entirely superfluous to a person who possesses the Hatter, intricate and entire, within himself. And there are here present two Celts — unpolluted — who do."

"You and Barrie?" asked Bennett.

"Not at all! I and Miss Alice! Barrie is a Scot, Celtic, of course, and unco canny, — even subtile, meaning *wise*, — but too cautious to be *subtle*, which is to be purely intuitive — spontaneous, — in one word, Irish! For instance, a Scot can understand the meaning of my writing, if he will; but he obstinately refuses to admit it because he thinks I should be forced to explain myself.

I really had to commence writing prefaces to my plays for these Caledonian barbarians, in order to induce them to read the plays themselves. The result has cost me many of my English readers."

"Because impatient of tedious explanation?" queried Bennett.

"Because, after reading the preface, an Englishman becomes too furiously angry with me to read the play. You see, he no longer needs to blunder through the latter in order to bear personal witness to my wicked iconoclasm, — for he finds sufficient proof of that in the preface, — and is therefore spared the mortification of bewilderment which he used to experience from the play."

"Apropos of all this, Shaw, I suppose your Irish — and American — reader can afford to skip the prefaces of your plays altogether?" inquired Bennett ironically.

"Exactly!" responded Shaw. "And absorb the truth of the rest as he should, without undue effort, — neither resisting nor opposing everything that is strange to him, as your truculent Englishman does."

"Well, as such an Englishman, I, at least, claim one prerogative," said Bennett. "According to Wonderland tradition, it is I as the March Hare, who will have the privilege of pouring a little hot tea on the Dormouse's nose!"

"Again you are wrong! That is my act, and I intend to perform it," returned Shaw firmly. "The Dormouse has one friend here, at any rate."

"Ane, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. "Whut aboot Miss Alice?"

"Miss Alice considers herself more — far more — than a friend," said that young lady fervently. "I'd be proud to dust a chair for you, mysel', any time, dear Mr. Barrie!"

"It's the verra nicest tea-pairty I was ever at in a' ma life," said Barrie.

"It's the very nicest tea-party *any* one was ever at in all his — her — life!" affirmed Alice, somewhat tearfully.

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

PEGASUS AND TAXICABS

THE Editor, making an Archibald Henderson face, asked me the other day what a pedestrian thought of poetry. Picking up the cue with Shavian grace, I was tempted to say, like the man from Chicago to the man from Boston, "I don't think of it." Possibly I did say (with the old Shaw in me struggling to put on a new Chesterton) that poetry nowadays is on the one hand a ghostly parody of itself and on the other a grotesque posture.

But most of these bitter things a pedestrian says falsely. It is your flivver mind which discerns only two roads and which, on finding one blocked for repairs, bumps incontinently down the other; that kind of mind assumes of course that posturing is the only alternative to an echo. There is a great deal of real poetry being made nowadays. You cannot wander down the highways and byways without noticing it.

Not that I am particularly qualified to talk about it. In my flivverous youth perchance I mistook the cacophony of valves for the sweet whirring of the wings of Pegasus. We all suppose, at one time or another, that a taxicab will fly if only we rent it from a certain garage in Moorfields, kept by the father of John Keats. Still, they say that critics are artists who have failed. In a sense people like Mencken and Sherman and Canby must feel themselves fumbling amateurs compared to me. (Editor: "Pox! Leave thy damnable faces and begin!") All right, Mr. Editor, let's draw up to the fire and talk about this poetry, which, whatever we think of it, is being written and read with a fervor that it has not known these hundred years.

Everyone knows that poetry took a new lease of life about fifteen years ago. Ten years before that you could count on the fingers of one hand (three fingers lacking) the poets who were making headway with the public: Kipling, because he refused to follow the word-mongers and because he struck a new vein which appealed to "men in a world of men"; Ella Wheeler Wilcox,

because she knew how to reach the multitude who take poetry as I do afternoon tea, — weak and no lemon. Most of the great Victorians were dead or silent. Swinburne, Meredith (as a poet), and Yeats were read only by college youth and a handful of devotees; Hardy was still looked on as a novelist; Stephen Phillips had an exaggerated but only temporary vogue. Such younger writers as were producing robustly in traditional rhythms (I think particularly of William Vaughan Moody) found an astonishingly indifferent public. Then, almost as at the stroke of a magician's wand (perhaps the magician was in the Poetry Book-Shop in London), poets began to be heard. Masefield and Noyes and Newbolt, who had been writing for some time, came into their own; *The Shropshire Lad* was discovered; before long, Robinson, Frost, and Amy Lowell, as well as scores of younger writers, headed by the imperishable names of Rupert Brooks and Alan Seeger, went into edition after edition. Poetry societies, poetry magazines, poets discussed by competent critics, — poetry taken seriously! Whence this sudden interest?

Of course your honest-to-goodness critic says that we live in a peculiarly poetic age, an age of youth, of vision, of creative impulse; and the inference is that the two decades from 1890 to 1910 were spiritually dead, crabbed, mean, unproductive of anything but material expansion. That may be partly true, but it is too glib to dismiss thus a period in which Stevenson had his greatest vogue and in which the modern drama came into being. The real reason probably lay, as Amy Lowell has pointed out, in the fact that poets, with few exceptions, had been mouthing outworn formulas and had not till recently awakened to the purposes and possibilities of poetry.

It is common to blame Keats for setting a pace none else could follow. It doesn't seem quite fair; it's something like blaming God, in the moral world, for a good fellow gone wrong. Still, perhaps little has done more harm to the cause of poetry than his famous lines about Beauty and Truth —

> "*that is all*
> *Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.*"

All ye need to know in heaven perhaps! But *on earth* the degenerate inheritors of the Keats tradition, with their own private

conceptions of Truth and Beauty, have merely shifted the counters which represent Love and Spring Sunsets and have supposed that they were writing poetry. First, pictures: then blank negatives called pictures; — the imagists have rightly recalled us to the "exact word." But still only pictures (for *spoken* words): — Robert Frost has rightly recalled us to "tones of voice." Certainly poets are awakening to a new realization of their art.

But not *all* poets! Nor the reading public. A good many people are only half awake, — still rubbing their eyes. But that needn't dismay us. There is always a period of dislocation between fashions, in poetry as in religion, when the champions of the Auld Kirk look on the advocates of the New as frivolous heretics; while the new folk, in rejecting the prejudices of the old, blithely throw overboard most of the principles too. We seem recently to have been in some such state, though latterly we are beginning to see a little out of one eye and to snatch back some of the Victorian virtues we had so wantonly jettisoned.

In the nineteenth century the notion flourished that a strong feeling, mouthed in cosmic phrase, was the real thing (contemptuous grimace towards Pope and the pumiced phrase). Recently, in our own day, harsh realism and disdain of tradition have set up another fashion, the fashion of difference (contemptuous grimace towards Tennyson and the cosmic phrase). The extremists have done us a great service, though; particularly the imagists; they have slipped the trammels of exigent meter and fatuous rhyme; they have called us back to the important principle that images must be "hard and clear". But, like their predecessors, they have become somewhat entoiled in the meshes of their own web. They are so afraid of being cosmic that they are often trivial; they are so afraid of tradition that they are often queer; they are so afraid of the expansive heart that they exalt the contracted mind. It is of course the extremists with no definite philosophy of poetry, with only the dogma of difference, not the imagists, who do the most conspicuous posturing. Andrew Lang, if he were fighting them to-day as he did when he wrote his fine outburst against "the low lutes of love", would find a different foe. He might have a fling, perhaps, at the strident saxophones of verse; and, instead of poetasters "lulled by the song of Circe and her wine," he might decry the votaries of "dark-veiled Cotytto" —

"goddess of nocturnal sport." But, although his condemnation would be different, he would recall us to the same truths now as then.

Poetry is still a creative art, not just an exquisite craft. There must still be the *creating word*, — not merely the exact thing-word, but the thought-provoking image; not merely the logical word, but the "analogical" word. Granted the word, moreover, there must still be the significant thought or feeling, — in Pope's magnificent image the "light" created by the word. Pope of course said it in satirical vein (he wore his rue with a difference) —

> "*Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;*
> *Light dies before thy uncreating word.*"

But we are beginning to realize, after a century of scoffing, why Dr. Johnson, hearing that Pope's voice had failed him when he repeated these lines, remarked, "And well it might, sir, for they are noble lines." Without "light", poetry may be pretty, it may be interesting; it may serve to decorate an otherwise unfurnished mind; but it can hardly transfigure thought. The "creating" word must not merely arrest attention; it must focus and direct the imagination. It isn't the whole of poetry, to be sure; but I sometimes wonder whether it and the "light" it creates aren't what our commercial friends call "the priceless ingredient".

Let me add that I'm interested to hear THE FORUM is going to give poetry a conspicuous place in the magazine. That should encourage you, Mr. Editor, to select the best, in self-defense, instead of following the feeble custom of selecting harmless poetry to hide in the spaces below prose articles. For poetry is fire, — which, if harmless, is ashes.

I trust you will reveal a catholic taste, sir. There is room in our hearts for humorous verse, for satirical verse, for Gargantuan grin, and for fairy frolic. I hope you will show your readers that free verse has its place: to give vivid pictures, to express incisive thoughts. But I hope you will show them, too, that only traditional rhythms, musically metrical, can carry a truly lyrical mood. Remember —

"Ay, thou poor ghost!" he cried, as he hurried out; but the rest of his answer was swallowed up by a great noise. Was it the whirring of the wings of Pegasus, — or only a taxicab in low gear?

POETRY

THIS month we print some lyrical verse in traditional rhythms. In other issues will appear narrative verse, humorous verse, examples of Imagist verse, and other kinds that are attracting attention to-day.

Edited by WALTER S. HINCHMAN

"CONFUSED ALARMS"

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

The age is inarticulate and dumb;
The founts are dry, the stars withdraw their light;
And, in the dearth of all things that delight,
The nerves of music, thought, and song grow numb.
To our faint cries no answering voices come;
But in their stead, remote upon the night,
Shudders, that tremble from the Infinite,
Summoning the spirit like a muffled drum.
So, when a novice hears a symphony
And by the ocean of the sound is dazed,
Might one beside him, deeper skilled than he,
Seeing his vacancy of mind and ear,
Turn in his seat, and with a finger raised, —
'Be silent and the music will appear!'

THE GALLEY SLAVE

HELENE MULLINS

What if they let you lie for one whole hour
In idle contemplation of the sky;
Give you scant leisure for an hour to try
Your skill at fondling some exotic flower;
Will you return, and lift again the oars
With humble hands, and say no bitter word,
Nor cry that your existence is absurd,
Nor stare in sadness at the ship's stained doors, —
Remembering the sky's blue purity,
And the sweet yielding to your gentle touch
Of one exquisite flower; will you bend,
After a fatal hour of ecstasy,
Under your shameful task, nor groan too much,
Nor pray the voyage, or your life, may end?

IN A NEW PLACE

David Morton

All that is here my heart has known before,
In other countries, by another name:
Here still the autumn woodsmoke, more and more,
Will cloud these afternoons of golden flame;
And here a music that is grave and lonely
Dies on the air like bells without a wind,
And thought itself suspends, remarking only
How delicate the trees, how finely thinned.

And here the dusk that gathers on the lake,
And brings a spell of quiet to the land,
Again will lead the young moon in its wake, —
And at that moment I myself shall stand
Unchanged in mood and moons that I have known
In other countries that I called my own.

IN THE DANTE ALCOVE

Margaret Munsterberg

We never said a word. You at your end
Of the long row of parchments, I at mine,
Nor, as we scanned the volumes' solemn line,
Did our eyes meet. But each of us would bend
Above some pallid folio and attend
To tales of ancient sorrow, sip the wine
Of that grand comedy men call divine —
And, wandering at the side of Virgil's friend,

I was a thousand leagues away from you,
And, fired by blazes of his burning heart,
Lamented at the poet-lover's woes.
Yet all the while unerringly I knew:
Although we seemed thus silently apart,
You, too, were walking where the Arno flows.

TO A LADY PAINTED BY HOLBEIN

Babette Deutsch

Your arrogance, your stillness, and your grace
Remain, though under sagging stones
Your eyes and hair, your pale, plain, narrow face
Rot with your bones.

Strange that you breathed for Holbein while he sweated
To draw your moving breast;
Strange that you're dead and are no more regretted
By those your love addressed.

Meanwhile your painted absent eyes, your quiet
Preoccupied smooth brow
Tease men with all that you suppressed of riot
That cannot rouse you now.

LIKE A ROSE

Charlotte Mish

You said her heart was like a rose.
And yesterday I watched you break
A rose's stem. I saw you close
Your hand upon the bloom, and take
From it the petals' witchery, —
Not wantonly as one who knows
The thing he does; just — carelessly.
You said her heart was like a rose. . . .

THE DANCE

Edith Thompson

A thread of flame-lit motion,
A strand of music caught,
Twisted and twirled together
By a pattern Beauty taught,
And spread across the spring grass
Ableaching in the moon,
A filmy lace of lad and lass
That can't outlast the tune.

BALLADE OF VOCATIONS

Julia Boynton Green

Dear friends, I give you joy. To each
  His craft, — some fitting task to greet
With zest at morn, — to till, to teach,
  To build, to bake, to render neat
  Man's dwelling, give him food to eat,
To steer a ship, to hew the slab, —
  For me, I winnow words like wheat.
  Thank Heaven for the gift of gab!

For workers all I would beseech
  The love that makes all service sweet;
For each an ideal, past his reach,
  Toward which, a passionate paraclete,
  He presses with unwearied feet;
For me, the magic realms of Mab,
  A wonder-world with charm replete.
  Thank Heaven for the gift of gab!

O miracle of human speech!
  To mould like wax, to weld with heat,
To nurse a phrase, or, like a leech,
  Force it rich ichor to secrete.
  Gold silence? Let no proverb cheat!
The magpie ranks above the crab.
  In merit we condone conceit.
Thank Heaven for the gift of gab!

L'Envoi

Dear mother-tongue, my wine, my meat,
  To Shakespeare, from our a-b ab,
On what a flowery path we fleet!
  Thank Heaven for the gift of gab!

Soundings

A Novel in Seven Instalments — VI

ARTHUR HAMILTON GIBBS

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

NANCY HAWTHORNE has returned to Brimble, a small English village, after a year in Paris. Her widowered father, James Hawthorne, the celebrated English artist has lost the use of his legs in an automobile accident. In Paris, Nancy had shared a studio with Cornelia Evans, a wealthy American girl. Cornelia's brother Lloyd is at Oxford, where he shares diggings with Bob Whittaker. Nancy and Bob are in love. For Nancy it is a first love, her only previous experience in sex being a kiss in the dark forced upon her by a village boy named Curly. For Bob it is just one more girl who has aroused in him the desire of possession. Realizing the nature of his feelings Bob avoids Nancy for her sake. Tormented with doubts she runs up to Oxford to see him. He is not at the station. She meets him in the street, another girl hanging on his arm; he greets her coldly and passes on. Nancy, about to faint, is rescued by Lloyd who takes her back home in his car. Returning to Oxford that night, Lloyd demands an explanation of Bob and offers to thrash him. Bob tells Lloyd of his obsession with sex and how he has been cruel to Nancy only to be kind. Lloyd goes to Nancy three days later to tell her of his love for her. Nancy is touched but holds out no hope. Bob has killed something in her. For a long time, she is smashed; but gradually, with infinite tact and comprehension, her father gets her interested in her painting in water color. After a year she has won out; she is interested in nothing but her work. At her first exhibition in London her work is well received, and she is elated. One afternoon, walking into the Galleries where her paintings are hung, she hears a once familiar voice behind her saying, "Hello, old soldier!"

PART FOUR — CHAPTER II

Continued

IT was Lloyd. She caught him by the hand, her face alight, and dragged him into the room where her pictures were hung. Whispering excitedly, she conducted him from picture to picture . . . "Look, that one's been sold for twenty pounds! . . . That's the one which the 'Daily Mail' described as transpontine because he thought he saw Dad's hand in it. . . . Do you remember that bit of St Malo? It's the funny little street running downhill from the Cathedral. Someone's paid thirty for that! . . ."

Utterly unconscious of the fact that all this time she was holding his hand, Nancy executed a mental saraband before the locked door that shut the past behind her. Every person in that room who stood looking at her work was an added note in the orchestration of her triumph. Her eyes gleamed. Carrying on the mood that she had felt in the street, she gloated magnificently, calling his attention to important points by squeezing his hand. This was Lloyd! And he must see it, feel it, understand it. Dear old Lloyd, of all people in the world, must be made to realize fully all that it meant, must be glad with her and share her triumph. So she thought, honestly, — not aware that in reality she was merely using Lloyd to prove something to herself, to crystallize it, was indeed getting the same kind of satisfaction out of it that Curly had in telling her of his child.

It was not until they were in the hall again, having circled the room and paused at each individual picture, that Nancy's burst of ego was pierced. She was looking

up into his face, beaming. "Well," she said, "isn't it all simply priceless and unbelievable! I can't believe it's me! I feel like someone else! And it's absolutely and entirely due to Dad! Without him it would never have happened."

Lloyd was almost speechless. How should he know what was behind her mood? For some thirty minutes he had felt the full blaze of her personality, had been most tremendously aware of her hand in his. If he had thought her lovely in St Malo where he had received nothing but the crumbs of her attention, he was overcome now by this apparent gift of her entire self. As he looked down at her and answered her exclamation, he betrayed himself doubly, with eyes and voice.

"In anybody else it would be unbelievable," he said, "but not in you — Nancy!"

Nancy dropped his hand as though suddenly finding that she was holding a nettle. "How about some tea?" she said quickly. "I . . . I'm dying for some!" She turned abruptly to lead the way out.

Fortunately for her Lloyd kept on talking, enthusiastic at her success. He half pulled out of his pocket a bundle of newspaper clippings. He had collected them at Oxford, he said, chuckling as he quoted the amazing phrase "interfulgent lactescence," which, he added, put a crimp in his entire vocabulary. He had come up especially to see her exhibition, but of course he hadn't dreamed of running into her . . . of course not!

Nancy felt like a horse at the gallop suddenly flung back on its haunches. The shadow, not of Bob, — she found that she could contemplate Bob now with the aloof interest of one who looks at something on the slide of a microscope, — but of all that his coming meant to her, intruded itself between Lloyd and herself. It was his unmistakable look and tone that had brought it there. She was surprised, shocked. She had taken it for granted that Lloyd and she were meeting on the new plane, her plane; that they had both evolved together, had both sloughed off their old skins. Apparently it wasn't true. Apparently life hadn't touched him. She glanced at him with seeing eyes as they turned into Piccadilly. Lloyd's face was radiant. He walked as one who owns the world, — the world as summed up in the person of the being one loves. . . . It occurred to her to wonder, as she smiled gaily and automatically answered a question, if all the other couples that they passed who looked equally absorbed in each other were really, like Lloyd and herself, worlds apart.

He was telling her of his last visit to Cornelia in Paris, — she having confessed that their correspondence had been all too irregular. "I went over last Christmas," he said, "and she had some new man in tow, some Russian. I don't quite know what his line was, but outwardly he had all the earmarks of genius! Jean, poor devil, was still sticking to the job, but rather in the background, like an uneasy guardian angel. . . ." And while he was saying it, within himself Lloyd was uttering shouts of joy: "She's grown out of Bob! The wound has healed! She's free again — for me! For me! This is my chance at last!"

"Poor Jean!" said Nancy. "It's rotten bad luck for him. He's really desperately fond of Cornelia!" And beneath her speech was the thought, "He's been thinking of me all the time, and I'm a thousand years beyond it!"

"I wish she'd quit fooling and marry Jean," said Lloyd. "He's a good scout. . . . Let's go in here. What do you say?" They had reached the Piccadilly Hotel.

"All right!" said Nancy.

They went in and presently were ensconced in straw chairs at a table for two, not as far out of range as they would have liked of an orchestra that had made its reputation at ragtime and lived up to it. The usual tea crowd, consisting of the very young and the very *passées*, who were even younger, was there in full force, in an atmosphere of cocktails, tea, noise, cigarettes, and questing eyes. As far as Lloyd was concerned they might have been alone in an oasis. It was as though, once having started, he had to tell her everything. The waiter brought tea. It was only a momentary interruption. Nancy poured it. Lloyd, she remembered, liked one lump of sugar, two in coffee.

Now she glanced at him across the tea things and broke in, "Sugar? . . . How many?"

Lloyd never noticed it. He grinned. "One, please," he said. "By Jove, this is a great day! You know, we ought to feel like monkeys up at Oxford. While we fool

around for three years kidding ourselves that we are not having a good time but are getting educated, you get down to brass tacks and make good as an artist! To perpetrate a wicked pun, your London exhibition is worth about three Oxford scholarships!" He laughed, edged his chair a little nearer under cover of the orchestra and went on. "You see, Nancy, you're actually competing. It'll take me at least three years, after I begin, to get where you are now."

"Oh, don't be an idiot!" said Nancy. "This show doesn't mean a thing! Why, good heavens, we hired the gallery and more or less hung the pictures up with our two hands. Anybody could do that!"

Lloyd waved a large hand. "You're wrong!" he said. "It isn't so at all. Granted that anybody can hire a hall, — can they get the critics' eyes as you have? That's the whole point! They've taken sides about you, and every time you come forward with a new bunch of pictures they'll emphasize their point of view. In labeling you, they've labeled themselves and they'll have to live up to it. Don't you see? After all, it's only human to become obstinate about your own opinions. Believe me, honey, you're fairly launched!"

Nancy glanced quickly at him. He had called her "honey" that day in the mist when he told her that he loved her. She made a movement to get up. Her touch of consternation told Lloyd what he had done.

"Oh, lord!" he groaned, "I never *can* get off the right foot! . . . But you've got to take it, honey, so why not take it like a lady, without any fuss?"

Nancy shook her head. "It's no good, Lloyd! It's . . ." She knew she ought to stop him, but in some curious way this fitted in to her mood of an hour ago, that deep sense of well-being, of new-found assurance. This male homage would mark its climax. She needed it as a sort of coping-stone. Nancy sat down again.

Taking advantage of a pause between frenzies, when the musicians wiped the sweat off their faces, Lloyd leaned forward, pitching his voice so that it could be heard by no one but Nancy. Her last twinge of conscience flickered out. She fell under the spell of his quiet insistence. "I've been trying to take your advice," said Lloyd, "for a year and a half. It hasn't worked. I don't think it ever will work. I'm too much of a dumb-bell, I suppose! Anyhow it's been impossible to keep from wondering about you, worrying about you, — praying for you, I guess!" He gave a sort of laugh, but didn't stop. "Before I saw you to-day I hadn't the faintest idea of saying anything. I was going to keep it till just before I sailed. You brought it on yourself by being so perfect! Listen, Nancy, I go back to New York at the end of this term after I get my degree. Will you come back with me, honey? Will you marry me and make it our honeymoon trip? Why not hold your next exhibition on Fifth Avenue while I jump into the law game and try out the value of an Oxford Ph. D.?" He dropped his voice. "I've only three more words to add, but they're the best in the dictionary in any language, whether you say 'em or hear 'em . . . I love you!" He stopped, waiting eagerly, hopefully.

Nancy remained silent, her eyes hidden. Lloyd pressed his cigarette end into the dregs of his teacup. It made a sizzling noise, — like a hot iron of the Inquisition on the bare flesh of a victim. He wished it *had* been. He watched the liquid creep up the white paper, turning it brown, and began jabbing the soggy mass with a spoon.

"Would it make any difference," he said, "if I stayed over here and got called to the Bar, instead of going back to New York?"

The three best words in any language! Nancy gave a curious little laugh, dry, humorless, and struck the palms of her hands together. "They're as pitiful as lost children," she said, "until they're picked up and hugged!"

Lloyd looked at her, puzzled. "I haven't the least idea what you mean by that," he said.

Nancy swept his remark aside. "If I could come with you I would. But I can't in any honesty. Let me try and explain. You touch something in me which no one else ever has. I can tell you things, *speak* to you, as I never have to anyone else. In that sense I love you, Lloyd, in the sense that I give that much of myself to you alone."

"It's a good beginning," said Lloyd.

"Yes, but it isn't enough to marry on. It isn't enough between us to justify our spending our lives together!"

"I'd risk it!" said Lloyd.

"Risk it!" cried Nancy. "One doesn't take risks unless one is an utter fool. Don't I know it? No, my dear! One's got to be certain, dead certain, or else it's a worthless sham. You know that as well as I do! You've got the same faith that I had. You want — oh, everything! To build from the ground up through every day, to share a word or a smile to their uttermost meaning, to sink or swim with complete indifference so long as it's done together! . . . I can't give you that. Nor can you give it to me. You and I just miss it, Lloyd. There is some quality, some — some chemical, if you like, which we don't share, and without it . . ." She made a queer gesture of emptiness. "If I married you we should both be accepting the second-best, knowingly, hoping that it would turn out all right afterwards. If that's all life has to offer, I'd rather not have it, thanks! That's feeble, cowardly stuff! It's unimaginable! We're much too good for meek resignation! Just look at us! There's the whole world to kick around in, and, my lord, I'm going to kick! Do you remember Wells's title, *The Research Magnificent?* That's it, somehow. It sums it up. It's what I want to do."

Lloyd nodded, "I had a pretty good hunch about a year ago that that would be your program!"

Nancy stared at him. "How could you possibly think that? I couldn't have said this three months ago, or even three days ago. I hadn't got here then. I was still groping. I still thought that the end of the world had come as far as I was concerned. But to-day I feel as if I could push mountains over, as if I'd got my second wind and could go on plugging forever." Under cover of the table cloth she dropped her hand on his and gripped it tightly. "I'm glad I got all this off my chest, Lloyd. It puts us absolutely all square with each other, doesn't it?"

"Absolutely!" said Lloyd.

"That's great!" said Nancy. "And we're both going to kick, aren't we?"

A little smile puckered the corners of Lloyd's eyes. "You bet your sweet life!" he said. "Only, — you're going to prolong the darned thing altogether unnecessarily. I'm going to kick for you!"

For a moment Nancy remained speechless. Then she burst out laughing. "Heavens!" she said. "Here I work myself up into an emotional outburst over you, and at the end of the whole thing we're right back to where we started. I thought I was being so helpful! You're an obstinate, ungrateful wretch, and I'll accept no further responsibility for you!"

Lloyd grinned and beckoned to a waiter. "You're not the only one who can push mountains over, honey, and although I'm obstinate, I'm certainly not ungrateful! What I wanted to know was where you stood. Nine girls out of ten would simply have strung along, kept me guessing. You come to the point with the directness of a man. That's why I'm grateful. You're perfectly right about that research. Go to it! We all have to. I started on mine when I left Princeton, and it's landed me — here! As I see it, you're not ready for me, yet. One of these days perhaps you'll find the missing chemical!"

"And if not?" queried Nancy.

Lloyd shook his head. "I refuse to consider that possibility. Let's wait and see."

Nancy jumped to her feet. "Come on!" she said, smoothing down her skirt. "Let's go. One can't argue it into happening. It either does, or it doesn't. But meanwhile, Lloyd," — she looked him squarely in the eyes, — "neither you nor anyone has put those three words in the right language!"

. . . . . .

Their rooms in the hotel looked down on the Haymarket from one window, and from the other right along into Trafalgar Square. Jim was sitting there in his chair. He turned away from the window, and as he did so there came a tap on the door, and Nancy entered. Jim's face lit up. What he felt like saying was, "Thank God, you've come at last!" What he actually said was, "Hullo!"

"Shut your eyes and hold out your hand!" said Nancy.

"Been blowing yourself?"

"Never you mind!" said Nancy. "Do as you're bid!"

When Jim opened his eyes again the case of pipes lay in his hand. "Oh, frabjous day. Halloo, hallay!" he cried. "They're very lovely! Why, I don't think I've ever bought such mangificent, splenderiferous pipes in the whole course of a long and sober life!"

Nancy laughed. "Like 'em?"

"Love 'em" said Jim. He blew her a kiss and began to sing,

"Oh there *was* a rich *mer*chant
In *London* did *dwell*
He *had* but one *dau*ghter
An un*com*mon fine young *gell*. . . ."

Nancy interrupted the song with a question. "Has anything come for me?"

"On the table," said Jim.

"Wait till you see this!" Nancy snapped the string round the cardboard box, undid the tissue paper, and held up the flame-colored sweater. "Doesn't this warm the cockles of your heart?"

Jim whistled. "Glorious! Put it on! Let's see you in it!"

Nancy took off her hat. "Of course it doesn't go with this skirt," she said. "Imagine my green golf skirt under it, Dad!"

There was a long glass between the windows. She put on the sweater and regarded herself with no little satisfaction from many angles.

"Passed unanimously!" said Jim. "You'd put a whole regiment of Guards out of step."

Nancy made a face at him. "And these are for Weeksie," she said, opening the last package. "Do you think she'll like them?"

Jim glanced at the brush and comb. "I hate to suggest it," he said, "but don't you think that they'll remove her few remaining hairs within a week? . . . And now, tell me! What's all the shooting about? Landed a big one at the gallery?"

Nancy was in front of the mirror again, swinging imaginary golf sticks. "Oh, no!" she said. "It was the day — London — the whole thing. I just felt like going a bust, that's all!"

Jim smiled. "That grand and glorious feeling, eh?" He glanced at her keenly under one raised eyebrow. "How would you like to stay on here, old lady?"

Nancy froze in the middle of a swing. "Stay on?" She turned and faced her father with a catch in her breath.

Jim patted the chair invitingly. "Come and sit down and let's discuss it."

"No, I don't want to sit down," said Nancy. "Go ahead. I'm listening!"

She planted herself by his chair, her feet a little apart, her hands stuck in the pockets of her sweater.

Without further preamble Jim went ahead. He painted in glowing colors the attractions of a studio in Chelsea, looking out, perhaps, over the Embankment, the stamping ground of England's artists, both actual and potential.

"A lot of it is utterly false," he said. "The glamour of art holds more allurement than drink, and sometimes does more harm. The place is full of dabblers who talk in capital letters and who achieve nothing but long hair and a relaxation of moral fibre which they are pleased to call Bohemianism. The chief purpose that they serve in life is to be amusing, unconsciously. But there is a group of very real workers, most of them quite content to starve unseen and unsung. Their sincerity is an inspiration, and their tragedy is that they perish too often with their dream unexpressed. But whether workers or dabblers, they are vastly human. You would make many friends. . . . Since we came to town I've been doing a little thinking, and it seems to me that we're getting into a rut in Brimble. It would do us both good to be shaken out of it. I don't suggest giving it up. Our roots have struck too deep for that. But we might come in town for six months of the year, from November to April, say. What do you think of the idea?"

Jim watched her as she paced up and down the room, her brows meeting in a frown of concentration.

If it hadn't been for her he would never have dreamed of budging. He adored Brimble. It was a part of himself, and yet he was offering to uproot himself, to come to London, which he hated doubly now that he was chained to that damned chair! How absolutely priceless he was! It would be perfect! . . . But every time they went out in the streets together would be an agony to him, although he would smile and pretend that he didn't mind. Hadn't he stayed cooped up in his room every time that she went out alone? Of course he had said that he wanted to read or to stay quiet. But she knew! . . . What he disguised as being in a rut was the fact that one didn't meet any men in Brimble. And he was prepared to give up half his life, — that was what it meant, — so that she might do so! Well . . . wasn't that one aspect, — in fact, to be honest, more than that, — of what she had told Lloyd? What was she going to say? Would she be a self-

ish beast if she accepted his offer? London! A studio! The research magnificent! . . .

Nancy came to a stop in front of the window. The evening exodus was in full force. Every bus was crammed like a tin of sardines. The subway entrance was exactly like an ant's hole. From every direction people in ones and twos hurried to it in a steady stream and disappeared underground. What could Dad do in that rush and scurry? Even from the hotel window she could see the way they fought each other for the bus, women elbowing men and men women, eager, desperate, pathetic, but amazingly alive. The sight of them made her muscles stiffen. It was tremendously exciting. She would have given anything to get down among them and push and heave for a seat on the bus that would take her to Chelsea, to the studio! But Dad would be condemned to side streets. He could never go to theatres or concerts with her. He would be like a prisoner in a cell, a bird in a cage. . . . That wasn't what one sportsman did to another!

She took a last look at it, a long, hungry look, and then quietly turned her back on London.

"Thumbs down, Dad! Nothing doing!"

"Why not?"

"Millions of reasons!"

"Tell me a few."

"Oh, what's the good? It's out of the question."

"I don't see at all. You've got to convince me."

"Well," said Nancy, "for one thing, if we came to town I'd never do another stroke of work!"

"Nonsense!" said Jim.

Nancy sat down on the edge of his chair. "Do you realize that there are about a hundred theatres here, and that I should go to every single one of them?"

"Very good for you!" said Jim. "A part of your education. I used to stand in line for the gallery at every first night for years. In any case one doesn't work at night!"

Nancy laughed. "All the same it's one vast show by day, and I should be tempted to be out in it all the time. Incidentally, where should we play golf, and what should we do with Weeksie?"

"If those are the only reasons you can dig up, you may as well go and look up some furniture for the studio!" He smiled quietly and reached for the tobacco pouch. "Be honest and admit that you'd love it!"

Nancy jumped up. "Why won't *you* be honest," she cried, "and admit that you'd hate it, that you're doing it simply for me, and that London would be simply one long hell?"

Jim's laugh made the chair rock. "Good Heavens!" he said, "anybody would think that my wings were sprouting already! No, old lady, you've got the wrong end of the stick. My motives are purely and disgustingly selfish. Don't you grasp the fact that I'm gloating over the results of your exhibition, that I'm as proud as Punch of you, and that I've suggested the studio because I want to see you make it a real and lasting success? I don't suggest that you wouldn't become that anyway, but I do think that being on the spot is half the battle, and I flatter myself that I can help you because I know the ropes and because I can introduce you to some vastly useful people, thus pandering to my own egregious ego by opening a door or two for *my* daughter! Do you see, child? Don't you suppose the sight of you going to the top of the tree will more than compensate for the supposed sacrifice that you insist I am making for you? Sacrifice of what, I should like to know? I give you my word of honor, as between sportsmen, that if you'll spend the winter months in town and let me give you a hand that you'll be giving your old Dad an immense deal of pleasure. . . . Surely that isn't very difficult to believe, is it?"

Outside the window the rumble of London was like the muttering of a giant.

Nancy found that she had to swallow before she could trust herself to speak. "It's never very difficult to make a girl believe what she wants to believe!" she said.

"Good!" said Jim. "Then to-morrow morning we'd better roll down to Chelsea and look the ground over for next autumn. Hand me a match, will you?"

Nancy struck a light for him and held it over the bowl of his pipe, one of the new ones. When it was well alight she blew the match out and bent down and kissed the top of his head.

"Thanks most awfully!" she said, and there was a choke in her voice that made further comment unnecessary.

Chapter III

On a sunny day in June, 1914, Nancy Hawthorne celebrated her twenty-seventh birthday. The ritual of previous years was in no way different. Jim's present was on her breakfast plate, and when he kissed her there was the usual tiny touch of heightened emotion. The morning brought her the annual cable of three words: "As ever Lloyd." The afternoon was marked by Mrs. Weeks's special cake. At dinner her father raised his glass of port across the roses and touched it to hers. "Here's to you, old lady!" he said.

So it had been on the twenty-fourth and fifth and sixth, — occasions whose tranquillity was complete, milestones which had slipped past, claiming only that brief flicker of attention which passengers in express trains bestow on way stations, a mere recognition of the name as they flash through.

For three winters she had steeped herself in London, absorbing it with the gusto of an urchin with a pie in each hand and devouring both at the same time. She had thrown off this excessive stimulation in a driving fury of work, to the pretended amusement of the curiously assorted Chelseaites, who as time went on had made the studio a rendezvous. They had brought Nancy many things, — comradeship and laughter, envy and veiled sneers, admiration that looked out of eyes in which sometimes there were twin question marks. . . . And in the fascination of this procession, birthdays slipped off the calendar as softly as leaves from an autumn tree.

But this was the twenty-seventh.

As Nancy set down her glass the words began ringing in her brain like an insistent peal of bells, "Twenty-seven! . . . Twenty-seven! . . . Twenty-seven!"

Usually the glass of port was followed by an adjournment to the porch, while the blood-red sky slowly dwindled and the swallows gathered on the telegraph line for their evening chatter, a few younger ones still soaring shrilly high up in the clear opal. But to-night the mood was shattered. The words "twenty-seven" had gone through it like a stone through a window pane. She rose from the table abruptly.

"You must smoke your cigar alone to-night," she said. "I . . . I'm going out in the car." Jim was pouring himself another glass of port. "I won't be very long," she said.

Jim nodded. "Take care of yourself."

Nancy stopped by his chair and kissed him. How priceless he was! He showed no surprise, asked no questions, expressed no resentment at being left. He never did. She closed the door behind her and went down through the garden. A carnation struck her hand as she passed. She picked it, sniffed deeply, and put the stalk in her mouth.

"Twenty-seven! . . . Twenty-seven!"

She went into the garage, a little house of wood, painted green, tucked into the bank at the edge of the road. Two years had made it a part of Brimble.

It was Jim's car, a present from Nancy. She had earned it in the year following her exhibition, had learned to drive at an automobile school in London, and had had a special body designed with a low bunk for Jim alongside the driver's seat.

The carnation made a scarlet splash against her cheek as she drove out and headed down the hill towards the main road, towards escape from the clatter of her thoughts. Up in the cottage Mrs. Weeks had just come in to clear away. The beat of the engine came in through the open window like the purring of a giant cat.

"Good 'evings!" she cried. "Is that Miss Nancy going out alone at this time of night? Do you think it's safe? I'm always afraid of them things blowing up. And with 'er by 'erself. . . ." She sniffed loudly and looked reproachfully at Jim Hawthorne. "I don't know what the world's coming to!"

Jim smiled. "Progress, Mrs. Weeks," he said. "Progress! Yesterday we walked on all fours. To-day we fly. To-morrow? . . . God only knows what to-morrow will bring!"

"Well," said Mrs. Weeks, "so long as it brings Miss Nancy back safe, to-morrow can take care of itself."

Jim looked at the old woman for a moment as she gathered plates with her rheumatic hands. "I'm not sure," he said, "that that isn't the sanest way to look at it, after all. The fate of the human race depends, finally, upon individuals."

Mrs. Weeks blinked at him. "The way

you do turn things!" she said. "What's that got to do with Miss Nancy?"

"Nothing," said Jim, "unless to-morrow brings her something more dangerous than driving a car."

"There ain't nothing more dangerous than that," said Mrs. Weeks.

"God knows I wish you were right!" said Jim. He turned his head towards the window, listening. The sound of the car had ceased.

. . . . . .

Nancy knew the country like the inside of her pocket. By the time it was dark she was half-way across the next county. Her eyes missed no detail of every twist and turn of the road as it streamed into the circle of her headlights. Obediently her hand on the steering wheel carried out the orders of her brain; but just as a pilot may sometimes watch the reflection of his plane stationary upon the racing clouds below him, so Nancy, as from a mental pinnacle, looked down upon the image of herself in the car at the head of a long trail of white dust, headed for nowhere in particular.

Sleeping villages yielded up their echo and fell behind. Rabbits scuttled into the ditch on either side of the dusty road. Several large night insects exploded against the wind screen. Once two fierce topaz eyes brought her heart into her mouth before a cat glided away on silent, rythmic feet. Then came the ping of a stone flung by the tire against a brake rod, interrupting for a second the urgent hum of the engine.

As though completely dissociated from that physical self which drove the car along with subconscious certainty, and which, like an automatic apparatus, photographed the file of the road, Nancy's attention was riveted upon an inner tumult, a kind of mental battle with herself.

"That's your life, Nancy Hawthorne. You're just going full speed ahead for nowhere in particular."

"That's perfect rot! How about my work? Haven't I achieved anything these last three years?"

"Oh, yes. People are talking about you. The magazines have reproduced some of your pictures. You have even been bought by a museum!"

"Well, then?"

"Does it mean anything beyond the satisfying of your vanity? Of course it was a grand goal to work for. But now that you've succeeded, — up to the present point, — doesn't it seem a little futile? Isn't there something more?"

"Yes, there's Dad. He's getting old. Sticking to him seems to me a pretty worth while job!"

"I should say it was! But why not face facts? You say he's getting old. . . ."

"Shut up!"

"It's no good saying shut up. He's fifty-seven. What are you going to do when he . . . when you are alone?"

"Damn you! How dare you say that?"

"Be honest! Even if you've never allowed yourself to phrase that thought it's been in your mind. You've managed to push it out as you have that other and much more important one. But to-night you can't do it! You're twenty-seven and if you don't look out you'll be too old for. . . ."

"Don't start that again, for God's sake! It's been buried since. . . ."

"Since Bob went off. I know! But you know what happens to a seed when you bury it. This one has been germinating quietly all through your winters at the studio and your summers down here. You thought you'd killed it, but it's been just around the corner all the time."

"It hasn't! It hasn't!"

"Hasn't it? . . . Would you like me to go back and recall to you each separate and distinct occasion on which it stuck its head up?"

"No. I won't listen!"

"Oh, yes you will! What happened when Curly showed you that photograph? Why does the little boy next door to the studio run up the street to meet you every time you come along? Why do those cables . . .?"

"Oh shut up! I *won't* listen!"

"All right, but what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know! I don't know!"

"Hadn't you better face it and find out? It'll be too late soon! Do you hear me, too late!" . . .

The car slowed and jerked forward again as Nancy writhed in her seat and her foot slipped on the accelerator. She spoke aloud. "Oh God! . . . I'm driving like a cow to-night. Where am I anyway?"

She glanced at her wrist watch. "Good lord, it's nearly midnight!"

She slowed the car, stopped, and looked around. The ground sloped away from the road and, through clumps of pines, soft and black like velvet, ran a gleam of silver, the river. On the other side of her was a corn-field whose pale gold shimmered away to where it met the skyline and the stars.

Nancy laughed a little excitedly. "Well, it's still England, anyhow!" She shrugged her shoulders, switched off the engine, felt for a cigarette and lit it.

From the direction of the river an owl called. The corn-field was full of rustlings and whisperings. Uneasy sounds came from the engine as it began to cool.

Suddenly Nancy gave a tremendous sigh. It seemed to galvanize her. She leaned forward, dimmed the headlights, got out of the car, slammed the door, and walked down the field towards the river. As she came upon the bank, the owl called again. She stood there, silent, breathing in the smell of the pines, listening to the tiny gurgle of the water, her eyes following the curve of the stream. The plop of a rising fish accentuated the warm stillness. She found the widening rings upon the water and watched them, absently, until they merged with the stream. Then, with a last pull at her cigarette, she tossed it away. It described a gleaming arc that died in the water with a hiss. This sudden puncturing of the silence seemed to put a period to her thought.

"If I *let* it be too late, it's because I'm a coward!"

. . . . . .

As the grandfather clock frenziedly worked itself up to striking midnight, Jim Hawthorne picked up his book and laid it down again for perhaps the twentieth time. Two of the candles had burned themselves right down to their sockets. The other two guttered feebly, making grotesque shadows lurch and shiver upon the wall. The oil lamp was gradually sinking to a mere blue glimmer, in spite of Jim's frequent turnings up of the wick.

"What a bloody fool I am!" he muttered. "It's probably nothing worse than a puncture, but the very earliest a telegram could reach me from any hospital is nine o'clock. . . . What's that?" He listened eagerly. It was only the faint rumble of a train along the valley. Jim turned to the lamp savagely. "If you want to go out, *go* out and be damned to you!" His thumb and finger wrenched the winder down, and a series of sparks jumped up the lamp chimney.

Jim grunted. "If she doesn't come in a minute, I shall really begin to worry. Where's my pipe? . . . Christ, if I only had my legs again!" Then he gave a laugh. "A lot of use they'd be to me at this moment! I'd probably be smashing up the furniture."

He found his pipe and stuck it between his teeth. Then with a jerk he started his chair towards the porch and went outside, his ears alert for the first sound of the car. The silence was absolute.

How many evenings he had sat out there, basking in it, his eyes picking out pinpoints of light between the softened outlines of trees, barn, and slope, while his thoughts ambled back and forth along the path of memory. To-night even the fragrance of the flowers was exasperating. For an hour he alternately smoked his pipe red hot and chewed it cold again, his imagination flaring up with pictures of frightful motor accidents.

At last a pair of headlights swung round the clump of trees at the foot of the hill.

"There she is!" said Jim. "I'm nothing but a damned old hen! Imagine not having more control than this, at my time of life! . . . The thing to do is to sneak off to bed before she gets here."

The hill was not a long one, however, and Nancy took it with a rush. Before Jim could get under way in his chair the car was at the bottom of the garden, and the headlights picked him out for a moment as they swept along the porch and into the garage.

"That's that!" said Jim, and waited.

In a moment the engine ceased, the glow in the garage became abruptly black, and the hollow thump of the doors being closed was followed by the loud click of a padlock. She came across the garden.

"Why, Dad!" she called. "What on earth are you doing up at this time of night? Not sitting up for me, were you?"

Jim chuckled. "Oh, dear me, no!" he said. "You flatter yourself, old lady!"

"Good!" said Nancy. "I was afraid you might be worrying."

"My dear," said Jim, "the privilege of

worrying belongs exclusively to the female of the species. The male has too much sense! There was nothing to worry about. You drive quite as well as if you were a professional, and the English countryside, in these happy and enlightened days of progress and Christianity, is as safe by night as it is in the sun of noonday. . . . No, I've just been reading and smoking. It's such a perfect night that it seemed a pity to go to bed."

Nancy laughed as she came up the steps on to the porch.

"Lied like a gentleman!" she said. "Have you drunk up all the gingerale?"

"No," said Jim, "but you'd better take a match if you're going in to get it. Every light in the place has long since succumbed."

"I need food as well as drink," said Nancy. "How about some sandwiches of cold beef and the rest of that cake?"

"Sounds like an orgy to me!" said Jim.

"It'll *be* an orgy!" said Nancy. She laughed. "The word hungry is meaningless as a description of my present condition. Ravenous, emaciated, be-famined! Give me a match before I fade into thin air."

She went into the cottage. Within five minutes the place was lit up and they were both eating. Conversation was one-sided until Nancy, having replied in somewhat thick monosyllables during mouthfuls, at last sat back with a sigh and a smile of repletion.

"I've never known anything to taste so good!" she said. "I could navigate the other half of England now."

Jim slid his cigarette case over. "I wondered if you were headed for John o'Groats! If you'd been driving an aeroplane this evening you'd have had time to drop in at the *Folies Bergères* for an hour and bring back the final edition of the *Petit Parisien*. Just as a matter of curiosity, how far *did* you get?"

Nancy looked at her father across the table without answering. Then she watched the thin amethyst spiral of smoke from her cigarette. Finally she spoke. "I don't know where I drove, but I got farther than I've ever been before."

They knew each other's moods and tenses very well, these two. Wherever close sympathy exists, an inflection or a hesitation can be more potent forms of expression than speech. There was a note in her voice now which took hold of the conversation and lifted it into an entirely new plane, awakened different perceptions, aroused another kind of attention.

Nancy continued. "I landed myself up against something pretty fundamental out there in the car."

"Yes?" said Jim.

Nancy nodded. She was staring at her plate, — at that curve of the river with the fish plopping. Then with a quick, nervous movement she said, "Tell me something about this painting game, Dad! Is it more or less steady, like other jobs? What I mean is this: for the last couple of years I've earned about eight hundred a year. Now, providing I go on working steadily for the rest of my days, can I count on getting at least as much as that from year to year, possibly more?"

Jim sent her a puzzled glance. "What's she driving at?" he thought.

"I think that's a fair enough assumption," he said. "You see, the better known you become the higher your price for each canvas. Other things being equal, therefore, it's safe to say that you are on the road to earning a very decent living. But don't forget that I've got enough for us both and that any time you want it it's all yours."

Nancy gave him a quick smile. "Thanks, Dad! But it's not that. I just wanted some assurance on the stability of my own efforts."

"Seeing that it's your birthday," said Jim quietly, "I'll risk the chance of your getting a swelled head and tell you what I think of your efforts. I think there are few other girls in England who have made as much of their lives as you have. I've watched your performance these last few years not only with great pride, but with deep respect. You've got both guts and honesty, my dear, and in my humble opinion there's not much else that matters."

A silence fell between them. They both felt a little self-conscious. Whatever flattering things each might think of the other, it was never their practise to come out with them in cold blood like this. They never got nearer than a slangy phrase. But in spite of the fact that for the life of her she didn't know what to say, and shifted uneasily in her seat, Nancy flushed with pleasure.

"You're a dear to say that," she said at last, "but it just shows how points of view differ! Out there in the car I was telling myself that apart from my work I was not really living at all, that I was just puttering along from day to day, getting absolutely nowhere. . . . No, don't interrupt, Dad! Let me get this off my chest. I want you to get *my* end of it. Don't think I'm grumbling or anything stupid like that. That would be absurd. In a whole lot of ways I know that I'm one of the luckiest people in the world. Up to a point everything has been, and is, perfectly priceless. I love my job, and thanks to you the last three years, here and in town, have been marvelous. But . . ." she laughed shortly, "there's always a but, isn't there? I've only just realized what twenty-seven means. To you it probably means nothing. You think I'm still a child. You're wrong, Dad. I'm old. Twenty-seven's a hell of an age for a woman! If I were a man, it might be different, I suppose. I don't know. Anyhow this birthday of mine has hit me in the eyes, and I've been asking myself some damned uncomfortable questions about life and what the answer is." With a fork she was stabbing the end of a piece of beef. "*This* isn't it, Dad! Not by itself. This is like . . ." she began to slow down, feeling her way . . . "this is like a lovely accompaniment to a song, without the song itself, or a background to a picture that is left unfinished. Do you see what I mean, Dad? It isn't all here, and I've been happily fooling myself that it was. I . . . I want the rest of it, the . . . the real things! Perhaps there's too much ego in my cosmos, but I'm not satisfied to go on working indefinitely, knowing that I'm simply marking time, nibbling at the edges!"

Had they been discussing some other girl, Jim might have mounted a high moral horse and delivered himself of much quiet, but not very helpful, philosophical criticism. He might have said, "The art of living is nothing but an attitude of mind." Or, "The pinnacle of happiness is only to be reached by the elimination of desires." But this was not some other girl. It was Nancy, and his beautiful picture of her happiness was being slashed to ribbons! It didn't occur to him to philosophize. He was too deeply touched.

Up to now Nancy had maintained an element of lightness in her attitude, as though anxious to conceal the effort which this confession called for, but, the first step being well taken, she went along more steadily.

"Don't think I've only just thought of this, Dad," she said. "It's been gathering like a cloud since we first went up to London. To-night, out in the car, it broke. It showed as the stark truth of something that I had hidden away inside myself instead of having thrown it overboard completely, as I thought I had when . . . after I got back from France . . . you know! I see now that I was a fool to think it could be thrown overboard. I suppose the reason that I tried to do so was because I was too young to work it out properly, or because I was scared of it. And yet to me now, in some ways, it seems so simple and natural that I wonder what made it alarming. Don't you think that any girl ought to be able to admit to herself perfectly frankly that one day she would like a child?"

"Of course!" said Jim. "She wouldn't be healthy if she didn't."

Nancy nodded. Then she said, "Well, what do you think about it, Dad?"

"Think about it? How?"

"I want one," said Nancy.

"Why, of course you do!" said Jim with eager sympathy. "I've been wondering for a long time when you were going to make up your mind to get married."

Nancy shook her head. "You don't understand, Dad. I don't think I shall ever get married."

"Oh nonsense!" said Jim. "Besides, if you don't marry, how . . . " His face changed. He leaned forward intently. "What exactly do you mean, child?"

"I'll tell you," said Nancy. "When you first suggested the studio, your main idea was not work, was it? You hoped that I would meet someone and fall in love?"

"Something like that," said Jim.

"That's what I thought," said Nancy, "and have you been keeping tabs on me at the studio?"

Jim frowned. "Why, my dear, you don't think I would . . ."

Nancy laughed. "Oh, not like that! I meant perfectly friendly tabs, Dad! For instance, do you remember that armful of roses that came every blessed day for a fortnight?"

"One couldn't very well help noticing that," said Jim.

"Do you know who sent them?"

Jim shook his head.

"It was Zadlev."

"Good God! That Russian!"

"Yes," said Nancy. "He gave me rather a warm time of it. When I refused him finally and categorically he said he was going to cut his throat. He's in Paris now, — raving about Cornelia!"

Rather unmirthfully Jim laughed and flung up his hands. "To think that I never had a suspicion about him! What other revelations are you going to make?"

"Well," said Nancy, "there's the delightful infant who adorns the end studio of the row, — Willy Perkins. . . ."

"That youth!"

Nancy nodded. "Every Friday afternoon last winter," she said, "at a quarter to five, with the regularity of a cuckoo clock, he asked me to marry him."

"Good lord!" said Jim, "why, he can't be more than twenty-one!"

Nancy smiled. "I felt old enough to be his mother. He's a dear, and I'm awfully fond of him, but I could no more think of marrying him than flying!"

"Go on!" said Jim. "I begin to see that my idea was fruitful, to say the least."

"It certainly was!" said Nancy. "There were one or two of the others who were not so preoccupied with matrimony. I had to show them that I was not interested in the other thing. Then they reluctantly gave me up as a bad job! But there remains Lloyd."

"What about him?"

"Only that every birthday cable is a proposal!"

"Is that so?" said Jim. "Good lad! Can't you make up your mind about him?"

"Unfortunately I have," said Nancy. "I've refused him twice, and he's far the nicest of the lot! . . . No, it's no good kidding myself, Dad! I'm twenty-seven, and you can put me among the superfluous females."

"Oh, but good lord!" said Jim, "twenty-seven is no sort of age. You've got all the time in the world! You . . ."

"How old was mother when you married her?"

"Your mother?" The interruption touched what was still a sensitive spot. "She was twenty-six."

Nancy had made her point. She refrained from emphasizing it. "I'll be dead honest with you, Dad. I hoped too, when we went up to town, that there were as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. I wanted desperately to lose myself, to be swept off my feet . . . and the more I wanted it, the harder I worked at my job. I wasn't going to be satisfied with imitations. I wanted the real thing. I could marry Lloyd, or Willie Perkins, to-morrow if I wanted to, by simply telegraphing either of them. But what's the good of that? I don't care for either of them in that way, and who would want to get married just for the sake of getting married? To me, that's a form of immorality. It's worse than going off with a man for a week-end, because at least that week-end business is honest. They know just what they're doing, both of them. Don't you think so, Dad?"

"That's what you might call left wing stuff," said Jim cautiously. "But go ahead! I'm waiting to see where you're coming out."

"All right," said Nancy. "I'll sum it up like this: why shouldn't a woman of twenty-seven, healthy, of assured income, have a child which she ardently desires without committing what she thinks is an immoral marriage with a man she doesn't love? No! That's no good! It sounds too beastly abstract. But this is the situation in so many words. I don't see myself getting married, and I want a child. It's no good your saying that I'm young, and that one of these days Prince Charming will walk in at that door. I thought that four years ago. I've been thinking it for four years, — more than that even, — and here I am just where I started. Before I know it, I shall be thirty, and then it'll be too late either to marry or to have children. I don't see it, Dad! I don't see why the devil I should end my days as a soured spinster. It's wrong, psychologically, physiologically, and every other way. Being a woman, haven't I a right to children? I know there's an awful lot of rot talked about the maternal instinct. Perhaps I'm fooling myself when I say that I've got it. Perhaps, unconsciously, I'm using that phrase as a cover for . . . for other things! I don't know. All I do

know is that I have tried to think it out, to live it down if you like, to substitute my work for it. Anyway it's not only been with me from as far back as I can remember, but it has grown to the point where I had to ask you about it!"

She dropped the fork that she had been twisting in her hands all this time. It clanged loudly on the table. With a nervous dive she reached for a cigarette. Her hand trembled a little as she put it to her lips, and the first match that she struck broke as she rasped it against the box.

Outside, the blackness had thinned to a gray luminosity. The deep hush would presently be broken by the awaking birds.

"Well, Dad?" said Nancy sharply. "Does it seem to you incredible and abnormal?"

"Good God, no!" said Jim. He moved uneasily and passed his hand over his face and hair. "Good God, no!" he said again. "It's the normality of it that's heartbreaking. Child alive, what can I say to you?"

Only twice before had he been so deeply stirred by Nancy. The first time was when she came into the hospital room after he was smashed up and her radiance had seemed to him almost unearthly. The second was the evening when, sitting on the hassock in front of the fire, she had told him that she loved Bob. . . . Was that indeed the key to this riddle? Did she love him still? Had she gone on loving him all these years? Or, when he jilted her, had some quality of faith gone out of her so that she could never love any other man? That fellow Bob had come into her life at the moment when all her dreams were being assembled. Utterly unaware of the existence of evil, what could be more natural than her flaming response to the touch of his arms and lips? Wasn't this cry of hers for a child the logical, inevitable outcome of the hunger which that man — damn him! — had aroused in her and which had gone unappeased? What but her amazing sense of honesty had kept her, as the average man would never have been kept, from satisfying it with someone else, anyone else? If there was anything abnormal about her it was, in the light of this present day and generation, her not yielding, her facing it and fighting it!

"My dear," he said, "from all moral, ethical, and psychological standards you're dead right. The trouble is you're too right. You become anti-social. You're up against the accepted code of this futile, but perfectly self-satisfied, civilization which has protected itself by pre-ordaining marriage as a *sine qua non* in human relationship and which imposes dire pains and penalties on the unfortunate transgressor."

Nancy laughed. "Spoken like a text book!" she said. "Come down to earth again, Dad! In any case, do you mean to tell me that those precious rules of yours aren't broken in a million ways? If we were discussing this academically I could dig up a few statistics about divorce, maternity hospitals, birth control, and the rest of it, but I'm as far removed from that as though I lived on a different planet!"

"I know you are!" said Jim. "But, my dear, my dear, that doesn't alter it! I wish to God it did! Let us leave all other questions out of it for the moment and consider one thing, — the child. Have you realized what would happen to it? You know that wolves will turn on a weak or wounded member of the pack and tear it to bits and eat it. Humans are just the same. Our cruelty is a little more refined, perhaps. At the cry of illegitimacy we turn and rend the woman who has dared to disobey the pack rules by being found out. And as if that were not enough we proceed to brand the child for life. . . . Don't you see that although you and I might be strong enough not to give a damn what people said, the child — your child, Nancy! — would be labeled and shunned, — a sort of social leper!"

Nancy gasped. She was staring at her father, white-faced, tense.

"Worse than that," said Jim, "it is almost inevitable that one day, baffled and bewildered by perpetual hostility, it would find out the truth from some well-meaning friend, and would turn against you in dreadful accusation!"

With a cry, Nancy shrank as though she had been struck. She covered her face with her hands. "No!" she said. "No! That isn't possible!"

"My dear," said Jim, "you would think that charity might be found here in Brimble, where men and women live pretty close to nature, and yet do you know what they call the Judkins child? . . . 'The

Judkins bastard', — and we call ourselves Christians and send out missionaries to teach the savage brotherly love! Pah!" He banged his fist down on the table. "The whole damn structure is built up on cant and hypocrisy! When a prophet comes among us, like Shaw, and shows us up with his bitter truths, all we do is to laugh and applaud and say, 'How Irish!'"

It was not often that Jim Hawthorne let himself go. For himself he was content to smile with a shrug of the shoulders and accept life as an inevitable paradox. He found a certain humor, for instance, in having crippled himself to save this child who was being taunted as a bastard. But to-night was different. He was seeing Nancy denied and stultified, and his rage and pain for her drove him to a bitter tirade. He compared civilization to a cess pit whose foul depths are concealed by an iridescent scum of great beauty. He mocked at the church-going immorality of the smug British, who winked at the sin against the Holy Ghost in their public schools while they raised their hands in horror at the so-called decadence of their Latin neighbors. He fired a broadside at the body politic, battered down the doors of the church, and scattered the fetishes of the social state.

When his outburst ended, there was no sound in that room. Nancy was staring out of the window with brooding eyes.

Presently Jim spoke again. "Of the two of us it is I who am the moral coward! I seem to have done nothing but put an insuperable obstacle in your way. I have answered your question as though I were hedged in by all the fears and prejudices of my generation, — I, who have always ridiculed them, who have flattered myself that I was miles beyond them! . . . Don't despise me utterly, my dear, for although my immediate reaction has been to fling my weight on the brakes and to let my imagination riot among the difficulties and dangers, I want you to know that whatever decision you come to, whatever course of action you choose, I am with you every inch of the way, through thick and thin!" He paused and went on again in a changed voice. "Your mother had her dream too. She called it her dream of bumble bees and babies. . . . But we were afraid, — just because we were poor! We waited too long. . . . So you see, I have no right to lay the burden of another fear upon you, to try and make or unmake your life. Your vision is clearer than mine. Follow it, Nancy. I shall count it an honor to stand by you wherever it may lead."

The candles were growing pale. After a time Jim moved and glanced at the grandfather clock.

"I think we'd better turn in," he said. "You'll feel like a rag if you don't get some sleep."

Nancy stirred vaguely in her seat at the window. For a moment Jim watched her. Then he took hold of the crank of his chair and went out into his bedroom, closing the door softly behind him.

A bird called, perhaps a little doubtfully. Another answered; and as if a million more had been waiting for this signal a great chorus began to swell.

Nancy sat up, then rose to her feet. One by one she blew out the candles. On tiptoe she went to the porch door. It opened without a sound. The sky was on fire. The glory of the sunrise caught her by the throat as she stepped out. It exhilarated her like a sudden deep draught of wine. As she stood there, wide-eyed, her face caught the glow of the sun. Presently a smile touched the corners of her eyes and mouth. "One day it would turn against me?" she whispered, and broke into a laugh of utter disbelief. "Not *mine!*"

Chapter IV

There came a certain Sunday. The countryside was dry and brittle. The leaves on the trees were of that hard green that bespeaks the desperation of prolonged heat. When a breeze moved them they no longer rustled, they clicked against each other. Whichever way one looked the ground shimmered. On each side of any road the hedges were white as though they had been sprinkled with talcum powder. In the villages, sleeping dogs lay sprawled in the middle of the road. Men sat smoking, bare-armed, in the doorways of their cottages. The shrillness had gone out of children's voices. Only the crickets were untiring.

On the top of Bear's Hill there was a faint breeze. Hatless and brown, Nancy sat at the steering wheel of the car which she had stopped at the very summit. Beside her sat Jim on his bunk, pipe in teeth,

his tennis shirt open at the neck, the sleeves rolled up above the elbow. He was shading his eyes with one hand and gazing up at the sky intently.

Like a patchwork quilt the country was laid out below them for miles in every direction, until the haze blurred the outlines. Hidden here and there by trees, the Thames looked like a series of flat strips of burnished metal. The white sails of boats might have been bits of a torn-up letter tossed carelessly away. Far off, a jagged cluster of spires and domes squatted down in the valley behind a protective screen of green, and the chimes of many bells came stealing out from Oxford, fatly, mellowly, as though the peace of many centuries had softened their tongues. It was impossible to conceive of their pealing out in wild alarm as in the old days of feudal excursions. The deep drone of an aeroplane rose and fell, swelled and died away again to a murmur.

"Do you know," said Jim, "that that's about the twentieth that's gone over this morning? And they're all headed one way, — for London! I wonder . . ."

Nancy's chin was cupped in her hand. She was gazing down at Oxford, but not seeing it, — except as the bright object that holds one's vision when one's mind is elsewhere. Something automatic in her received her father's remark, and prevented it from penetrating beyond the outer rim of her attention.

"Really, Dad?" The words dropped from her lips as though she were unaware of saying them. Her thought continued uninterrupted. "What would Lloyd say? Supposing I wrote and put it to him? . . . I can see him opening the letter and reading it, — but I can't ever see myself writing it. Not to him. Good lord, no! That's delightfully Irish, come to think of it. But it's true, all the same. . . . And yet, why not? Why couldn't I? He . . . he wants me."

Jim rapped his pipe sharply against his ring. There was a frown on his face. He drew in his lips thoughtfully and began to mutter to himself. "There's something I don't like about it. Why Sunday? And why London? It's uncanny!"

Nancy's eyes, jerked away by the sound of the pipe being knocked out, found their way back to the city and focused dreamily upon a cross that glinted at the top of a spire. . . . "And we would pull the hassock up to the fire, and Weeksie would bring in its hot tub. . . . Hands as curly and soft as rose petals and the sleepy warm body tight against me . . . tight against me, blessed wee thing!"

For the hundredth time since her birthday such momentary visions as this had floated in front of her, like the recurring motiv of a symphony that merges and is away again before you have caught it in its slight variation. Always she visualized not just the child, but the entire scene, — the cottage surrounded by the garden and the flowers, herself and the child inside the room, each picture and object in its proper place. Sometimes the lamps were lit. At others the sun was streaming in. Sometimes the child was so tiny that its weight was no more than that of a kitten. At others it was a great lump of a thing, crawling and gurgling on a rug on the grass, or standing upright with a flower clenched in its fist as it looked up at her, — always it looked up at her, — and laughed.

Until the night of her birthday this had never happened. Now it seemed as though she were helpless to prevent it, as though, once having given expression to the desire, some mental clutch had been slipped and the engine were running free. In the middle of a conversation, or even in the concentration of work, she would suddenly become aware of herself and the child and, still talking or working, would watch herself enact some scene until the vision faded. Always it seemed desperately real. It left her restless and with a sense of the futility of whatever she was doing.

"A sort of social leper" was the phrase her father had used about this child. It had burned into her like acid. It made her writhe. She tried to twist away from it, to shake it off. It stayed like a scar. She had flung back wildly to a reconsideration of the possibility of marrying Lloyd. She admitted that she admired him tremendously; that his type of mind was more than congenial, more than sympathetic; but to her none of those things spelled marriage. A more fundamental thing than that was needed, and this she could not feel for him. No, it was impossible. Yet there was no one else; so she tried to convince herself that the profundity of her desire for a child and the love that she

would pour out upon it would hedge it about and protect it from the threat of "social leprosy". It should never know, she told herself, and no one should ever find out. For its sake she would, if necessary, go and live in another part of the country where no one knew her, in France even, and people would think that her husband was dead. How could they think otherwise? Both her father and mother had been alone in the world when they married, so, mercifully, there were no officious aunts and uncles who would hold family conferences and think it their painful duty to tell.

It began to seem so simple that she almost succeeded in convincing herself that her father had exaggerated the danger. She ought to have broached the idea more gently instead of flinging it at him like a bomb; naturally he was upset and therefore had talked wildly. In this manner she lulled herself to a sense of security or at least to a state of mind in which the threat of danger became secondary. There were two bridges to be crossed, and that one would only become hazardous when she crossed the first!

She never asked herself specifically who was going to help her with that first bridge, but, almost as if of their own volition, faces popped up and dropped again, like the small celluloid bells that dance on jets of water in a shooting gallery. And the face that danced longest was that of Lloyd. Repeatedly she shot him down. He came up again with exasperating perversity. To marry him was impossible, and therefore to think about him like this was unthinkable! . . .

She moved impatiently in the car.

Far over to the west two other drones suddenly became audible. Jim turned his head quickly and raked the sky. He found the planes. They were flying in the same direction as the others. He watched them become rapidly bigger.

"Vultures gathering for a carcass. . . . Good God!" He stopped with a jerk, rigid, like a pointer marking a bird. "Nancy!" he said. There was a curious, strained, excited note in his voice.

Startled, Nancy came dropping back to earth.

"Nancy!" said Jim. "I believe it means war!"

"It . . . what . . ." She looked at him blankly, pulled herself together and followed his pointing finger skywards. Then she too sat up and gasped. "War!" she said. "Good lord, do you mean — 'der tag'?"

"That's what I think," said Jim. "But I can't believe it! I can't believe it! Let's get home, quick! I . . . I must telegraph to London to find out."

. . . . . .

It was war.

To Nancy, as to a million others, it was at first nothing but a word, the utterance of which induced vast excitement. One said, "War!" and shivered, and there understanding stopped.

But every moment things were happening, new things beyond one's experience, things that one had thought would never be real again outside the pages of a history book. Rumor flashed like summer lightning, and the echo of stupendous happenings, the crash of incredible armies, numbed one's mind almost beyond the power of reaction. Nancy was caught up by it as a sheet of paper is snatched by the wind at a cross roads and whirled into the sky. She felt like a lost child in a railway terminal of an unknown city in a foreign land. Alice had gone through the looking glass!

Jim decided to close the studio. They went up in the car to do it. Nancy would never forget that day. As they drove through the streets of London in the blazing sunshine, she began to be conscious that something was happening to her. At first she couldn't make out what it was. She felt a physical oppression. Then she became aware that everywhere she saw nothing but men's faces. There were no women. It seemed as though all the men in the world were gathered in the streets, pouring through them in an endless flood, tense, white masks of men's faces. They hemmed her in, came beating up against the car as though she were in a boat pitching through waves of faces which broke behind her on both sides, eager, cruel, terrible. . . . And then Jim's voice cut its way in and rescued her from that ghastly nightmare.

"Look out, Nancy!" he snapped. "Stop the car!"

With a squeaking of brakes she did so, — only just in time to avoid driving right

into a column of marching men, in civilian clothes, bareheaded, sweaty, all singing.

" . . . *Last night*
In the pale moonlight
I saw . . . yer!
I saw . . . yer!
'Old yer 'and out, naughty boy! . . ."

The rhythmic thump of that gigantic millipede, the urge of that sound which came as a single note from one enormous throat, burned Nancy as though she had been touched by the end of a live wire.

Her eyes snapped, and her breath came short. She laughed, almost hysterically. "Oh God!" she said. "I wish I were a man!"

Jim shook his head. "My dear," he said, "you are watching the wheels of evolution go round. For a brief hour the reek of death will become the fashionable perfume while man hoists himself another fraction of an inch out of the slime!"

Nancy didn't understand. She was still ignorant after they returned to Brimble, where their simple routine, physically at least, went on from day to day. She found it impossible to reconcile the unreality of Liège and Mons with the reality of Weeksie and the cottage and meals. The daily casualty lists simply weren't true! They couldn't be! Somewhere there was a link missing between the outer world of fantastic horrors and this one where they still went about their work and golf and sat up till all hours talking, talking!

Then one day the war began to close in.

She was walking through the village when she saw a lot of women at the door of the Collins's cottage. They were talking excitedly in undertones. From inside the cottage came a noisy sobbing. It brought Nancy's heart into her throat. She stopped.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

As one woman they turned to her. "It's Curly, Miss Nancy!" "'E's gone!" "There's bin a telegram from the War Orfice!" "'E's killed!" "Oh Gawd, I 'ope my Joe's all right!"

They made way for Nancy to go in.

Curly's mother was hunched on a chair, her arms still wet with soap suds, her apron over her face. The telegram was lying on the table. Nancy read it.

"The War Office regrets to report that 3201 Sergeant Collins, F. 1st Battalion Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry has been killed in action."

Feeling pitifully inadequate, she stood looking down upon Mrs. Collins who was rocking from side to side in her chair. She tried to think of something to say, but she couldn't think of anything. An insistent voice inside her was saying, "Killed in action! Killed in action!" and she had a vision of a million other women rocking on chairs.

Shaken and sick, Nancy walked out without a word, made her way through the villagers, and hurried home.

As she came up on the porch Jim held out a telegram to her. For a moment she hesitated to take it. Then she did so and ripped it open. "Have got commission Canadian Flying Corps. Hope see you soon. As ever Lloyd."

Fear touched her with the tip of its finger. Lloyd too? She sat down on the edge of Jim's chair.

"Curly's been killed," she said, "and now Lloyd's joined up with the Canadians. . . . It's not right! It's not right!" and she beat her hands together.

Jim laughed shortly. "Not right? My dear, what blasphemy! You've forgotten that 'your King and country need you'! You've forgotten that every church in the world has proclaimed this a righteous and holy war! Not right, indeed!"

Nancy shook her head. "Will there be anybody left when this thing ends?"

"Oh, yes!" said Jim. "The world will be peopled with cripples and women, priests and politicians!"

Nancy tried to smile, but once more that odd sense of fear made her shiver.

TO BE CONCLUDED

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Offense and Defense

"Anatole France — The Genesis of His Fame", a biographical anecdote told by Catherine, Princess Radziwill, has given some offense. Burton Rascoe, well-known literary critic, attacks the article.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The new FORUM is so refreshingly alive and so intelligently edited that I have no hesitancy in trying to keep you up to scratch by protesting against the irresponsible gossip of the Princess Radziwill in the article called "Anatole France — The Genesis of His Fame". The princess has imperfectly apprehended and most frightfully balled up some of the stories that have been going the rounds in Paris for some years about Anatole France and Madame de Caillavet. It makes a very spicy, lickety-click yarn which might do very well vocally related in a drawing-room where the auditors would the next day forget all except the general drift of the gossip; but unfortunately the princess sets her yarn down in cold print and, moreover, conveys the impression that she relates what she knows from her own eyes and ears to be true. Instead of stating frankly that she is passing on gossip picked up here and there at second or third hand, she proceeds with an air of assurance that she is relating facts.

I cannot escape the impression that Princess Radziwill never saw either Anatole France or Madame de Caillavet, that she knows nothing whatever except vague gossip about France's career, and that she has never read a line Anatole France ever wrote.

Take these sentences: "Unless I am mistaken it was in the house of Victor Hugo that Madame de Caillavet met Anatole France for the first time. He had just published *Thais*, which had failed to obtain for him the recognition he had expected. Madame de Caillavet asked him to call on her and managed to make his visit coincide with that of one or two of the most prominent critics of the Paris press . . . A few days later the volume which had at first passed unnoticed by reviewers was discussed in all the leading organs of the Parisian press, and France became famous almost over night."

Sentence 1: Anyone who is so inaccurate historically as the princess has no business to be manufacturing information that is to be accepted as history. Victor Hugo died in 1885, five years before *Thais* was published.

Sentence 2: If the princess knew anything about France's literary history, she would know that by the time *Thais* was published he had previously published not only *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* (which was crowned by the French Academy) and *Le Livre de Mon Ami* (certainly one of his finest works) but a dozen other books besides. Moreover, he was by that time one of the most conspicuous literary figures in France.

Sentence 3: At the time of the publication of *Thais*, the most prominent critics of the Paris press were Brunetière, Lemaître, *and* Anatole France. With Brunetière France had engaged in a

famous argument on the subject of criticism. Lemaître had, some years before, saluted *Le Livre de Mon Ami* as a masterpiece.

Q. E. D.: That sentence 4 is an absurdity.

Again Princess Radziwill writes: "Though it is now an open secret that it was she (Madame de Caillavet) who wrote some of the most beautiful passages in his most famous books, no hint to the real authorship ever escaped her."

That is all applesauce. Before France had met Madame de Caillavet he had already perfected his prose style. Princess Radziwill's sob-sister goo will not down.

Furthermore, Princess Radziwill conveys the impression that Madame de Caillavet was never invited to France's home in the Villa Said. If she will read *Anatole France en Pantoufles* by France's former secretary, Jean-Jacques Brousson, she will discover that Madame de Caillavet was mistress of the house in the Villa Said for many years.

The history of the relationship between Anatole France and Madame de Caillavet is peculiarly interesting. But before the princess attempts to relate it she should not only consult an ear specialist so she will hear her gossip straight, but she might also fatigue herself to the extent of reading a book or two in order not to be at once pernicious and ridiculous, — pernicious in misinforming people as misinformed as herself, and ridiculous to people who have some acquaintance with French literature and its history.

BURTON RASCOE.

New York City.

And the reply from the princess, who writes, "Although it is indifferent to me to hear my prose called 'applesauce' by a man so utterly ignorant of the subject he writes upon, yet I don't like people to think I let the words pass because they are true."

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with great interest Mr. Burton Rascoe's comments on my article on Anatole France in the December FORUM, which you were kind enough to communicate to me, and feel extremely flattered that he should have thought it worthy of his attention. I never expected that a critic of his standing would do me the honor to notice it, and in such a chivalrous manner too, considering the fact of my being a woman, so little known among American literary people.

This kindness on his part awakes in me feelings of Christian charity which I generally lack, and I am going to help Mr. Rascoe to "escape the impression" that I never saw either Anatole France or Madame de Caillavet, by informing him that I was introduced to the latter by a Russian journalist very well known in Paris, and still living there, Mr. Eugene Semenoff. This was in the year 1906, and until I gave up my Paris establishment to return to Russia in 1909, I used to see the great writer every Sunday in the Salon of Madame de Caillavet, and at her Wednesday evenings which were even more interesting than her afternoon receptions. If Mr. Rascoe does me the further honor of again looking over my article, he will find described in it an incident with which Madame Marcelle Tinayre is concerned, accompanied by the remark that I had personally observed it.

We were at that time a small group of admirers of Anatole France, who used to meet every week under the hospitable roof of Madame de Caillavet, many of whom are still alive, and I will add that I count among the great privileges of my literary career, the welcome I received from this distinguished woman, and my admission among the number of her friends. In regard to the suspicion of Mr. Rascoe that I have never read a line of what Anatole France ever wrote, without dilating upon the fact that no well educated person interested in French literature could help being acquainted with his works, I could, if I thought Mr. Rascoe understood Russian, give myself the pleasure of offering him a little volume which I published in that language on France and his works, to which the eminent Professor Maxim Kowalewski did me the honor of writing an introduction, in which he said that he thought it the best tribute which had yet been paid in our Russian literature to this master of the French language and style. Now to come back to the four points Mr. Rascoe underlines in his letter.

(1). I did not affirm that it was in the house of Victor Hugo that Madame de Caillavet met France, but said "unless I

am mistaken" which is not quite the same thing.

(2). I plead guilty to have mentioned *Thais* as the volume that had at first failed to obtain recognition from the French public, and will gladly admit that it was another of his books. But the incident occurred exactly as I have described it, and my authorities were Jules Lemaître who related it one day during lunch at the Duke d'Aumale's at Chantilly in my presence and that of several other persons on whom I could call to authenticate it; and Monsieur Jean Finot, the Editor of the "Revue Mondiale" who, while one of France's greatest admirers, always underlined the great part Madame de Caillavet had played in his literary success.

(3). I never tried to convey "the impression that Madame de Caillavet was never invited to France's home in the Villa Said." I merely said that *after* his return from Argentina, he gathered there those whom he formerly used to see at Madame de Caillavet's house. Before that it was well known that she was the reigning power there, but what does this prove? Merely what I related, that this journey to South America sounded the knell of the close friendship of the two beings who, before it took place, were one and all to each other.

(4). As to the fact that Madame de Caillavet wrote some of the best pages in Anatole France's books, this was not only generally known among their circle of immediate friends, but if Mr. Rascoe had given himself the trouble to read as carefully as I have all the articles published in our American press after the death of the illustrious author, he would have seen it mentioned in one of our big New York dailies.

My article was not intended to disparage the eminent writer who will always remain one of the glories of French literature. It was merely my old friendship for the wonderful and devoted woman to whom he was so deeply indebted that impelled me to try to re-establish the truth in regard to her, who for thirty-two years, ten years before, according to Mr. Rascoe's memory, *Thais* was published, putting this publication in the year 1890, had been Anatole France's best friend, and whom he repaid with black ingratitude. There was no question in my article of "passing on gossip picked up here and there". I merely related what I had myself seen and observed, and heard from people who knew, during the three years of my almost continual intercourse with Madame de Caillavet, whom I do not think Mr. Rascoe ever had the honor of meeting.

CATHERINE, PRINCESS RADZIWILL.
New York City.

Happily, THE FORUM *has the opportunity of providing an arbiter of this discussion in the person of a countryman of Anatole France, himself a distinguished man of letters. M. Jules Bois directs attention away from the relatively unimportant details of the controversy and emphasizes the peculiar significance of the rôle played by Madame de Caillavet in the career of Anatole France. Every great man of letters has had his Egeria. Princess Radziwill has reminded us of this in publishing the letters of Madame de Balzac. History shows that French women have been particularly happy in this rôle, giving generously, nurturing tenderly, and remaining discreetly in the background.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have received the courteous visit of the Literary Editor of THE FORUM who asked me to send him a few words apropos of the two above quoted letters which he allowed me to peruse. To take my share in this discussion, I have no other title than the fact that I am a French writer, I knew Anatole France personally, have published many an essay on his works, and in fine I am a friend of THE FORUM.

Though a contributor to and an assiduous reader of this successful magazine, I cannot explain by what misfortune I missed Princess Radziwill's article, which no doubt would have interested me deeply. In any case it has the advantage of being much discussed, — bad articles fall immediately into indifference and oblivion, — and of winning a witty and dry reprimand from the distinguished critic, Mr. Burton Rascoe. Perhaps his remarks seem a little sharp with all their pep and punch; still as a Frenchman, I have to consider first his intent, which is excellent, and once more I feel it my duty to render homage to the American intelligentsia, so jealously enamored of our

literary celebrities and manifesting about them, if I may say so, a touching "susceptibility" which certain compatriots of mine do not sufficiently possess.

Eliminating superfluities from this interesting polemic so that we may better judge of its ensemble and spirit, let us congratulate ourselves on the opportunity of such a controversy afforded us by THE FORUM. Here we have not to return to the author of *Thais;* everything or almost everything has been said about him, though, in the opinion of authorized critics, he did not, as several foreign thurifers mistakenly believed, really represent France, the new France no more than the old one. Let Americans bear in mind that as a whole we are not skeptics, but in truth a serious people, a people of faith, whether this faith stick to a fixed religion, as with Calvin or Pascal, or aim simply at a deism or at a cult of conscience and humanity, as with Voltaire, Renan, and Michelet. That is why Anatole has friends and admirers but could never form a school in his country.

What I am eager to uphold and emphasize, as suggested by the princess who knows Paris and is a "parisienne" by adoption, is the profound influence which our French women, efficiently as well as discreetly, have always exercised on our culture.

I have often claimed that our Great Revolution itself, in what it has best to offer, namely its principles, is much indebted to the French women. The lady-philosophers of the eighteenth century knew how to mentally stimulate and assemble around them, the Encyclopedists who not only founded Democracy in Europe, but inspired also your Declaration of Independence, and our Declaration of the Rights of Man. If Lafayette, returning from the United States, made to us a present of your tricolor flag, Franklin inscribed upon the tablets of your Declaration "the pursuit of happiness", which is unalloyed Rousseau. Whatever may be the opinion professed regarding our Revolution and its services as incontestable as its excesses, this nevertheless remains, that the famous formula "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" is substantially Christian and thus universal and eternal. In such a great benefit to mankind the French aristocratic women pertaining to the century of Watteau and Robespierre coöperated, I repeat, by animating and gathering the Diderots, D'Alemberts and Jean-Jacques who, but for this warm association radiating a powerful current of vitalized ideas, would have had only a brief and scattered action upon the spirit of that time.

Similarly, whatever judgment we may pass on the substance of Anatole's works, it is in the "salon" of Mme. de C. that he found the atmosphere of admiring comprehension, that revealed him thoroughly to himself. Undoubtedly Mme. de C. did not write *La Reine Pedauque* or *L'Ile des Pingouins*, but she instilled into their author's mind and heart this self-reliance, without which no writer can become magnetic and influential; she dispensed to him the favor of a refined and enthusiastic audience, capable of appreciating him. So, at an age when the physical and mental energies of youth generally begin to decrease, impetus and zest superabounded in him. She indeed made him in great part what he became. She went so far that even those proofs so patiently reviewed and worked over again and again by the writer alone, she was in the end singled out to polish off all by herself, if we can rely on a passage of an intimate secretary's journal to which Mr. Burton Rascoe alludes. The page, recently quoted by the "Courrier des Etats-Unis", stays among the most significant. It shows how the witty and graceful corrector gently scolded the old master because he was dozing in his armchair, so great was his confidence in her accomplishing with strenuous care and exquisite tact the ultimate work of *mise au point.*

And as a matter of fact, does not Mr. Rascoe endorse the opinion of the princess when he himself declares that "the history of the relationship between Anatole France and Mme. de C. is peculiarly interesting"? Yes, interesting for the annals of our French literature, and also for the history of the power and fructification of the subtle feminine interference in masculine masterpieces, when it consents to remain modestly concealed. . . . And this truth is a fact in my country and everywhere else.

By disserting on such a fertile alliance, a new and unexpected force has been unveiled in the modern laboratory of the

creative artist. So, through or despite the insuavities which mar any journalistic discussion, THE FORUM has succeeded in reaching instructive conclusions, calling forth the reflections and commentaries of its numerous and distinguished readers.

JULES BOIS.

New York City.

Wanted: A Yardstick

Editor of THE FORUM:

Wanted: A New Child Labor Yardstick

Seeking enlightenment on the proposed Twentieth Amendment of the Constitution, I read the articles by Secretary Lovejoy and Mr. Gonzales in THE FORUM for January. I have read and heard other arguments. On reflection, I am led to the conclusion that there is a difficulty or lack underlying the differences of opinion. Apparently both pros and cons, with relatively minor exceptions, are sufficiently intelligent to desire the real welfare of children, both in and out of agriculture, industry, and commerce.

The wording of the proposed amendment may not be most happy; it is at any rate the cause of some disagreement on the question of support. Many persons are discussing constitutional as if it were legislative enactment-statute law. Others distrust our law-making machinery and forebode evil in the law maker's use of the power to be conferred by the amendment. And then there is the old unintelligent notion that those citizens of our great unified country who happen to live for the time being within an accidentally determined irregular artificial loop, known as a State boundary, must do some things differently from another lot of citizens who live within another similarly accidental loop, contiguous or distant, larger or smaller.

But no one whom I have heard or read has had anything to say about the inadequacy of the modulus, the yardstick, by which children are to be measured for discrimination in degrees of protection to be afforded by the community through government. The calendar and birth certificate make a *simple* measuring stick to be sure. Within some limits and for some purposes, the measurements made with this yardstick have approximated the results desired. But the very fact of this approximation attained by setting age limits has obscured the need for a better measurer.

It has been common observation from time out of mind that there are great differences in physical development, intelligence, emotional control, and progress in knowledge among children of the same age. Some persons at twelve or fourteen are more competent in every respect than others ever become if they live to be four score, although not so developed physically. Many a youth and maiden of seventeen or eighteen has been manly and womanly, and not a few at sixteen to eighteen have had real achievements to their credit. There are no sharp lines between childhood and maturity which can be traced by the pencil of Time.

What is needed then as a criterion for regulation of child labor is not a year-stick but a modulus of intelligence, emotion, and physique. Can we devise a modulus which will be simple enough? Is it not worth some research and inventive effort? Our country possesses talents and facilities for such a study. Why not direct them upon this problem? A successful solution would be useful for many other purposes besides regulation of child labor. It would help us to know ourselves better, to be more masterful, to adjust our relations one with another more sensibly in agriculture, industry, commerce, education, and government. But while we are searching diligently for better means of measurement, let us make the best practicable use of the instruments we have!

ALFRED D. FLINN.

New York City.

Smugglers as Heroes

Editor of THE FORUM:

No doubt the scofflaws of various kinds who are doing their best to break down the Volstead act and the eighteenth amendment will be delighted with the romantic view of Hendrik Willem van Loon regarding Billy, the rum runner. It is doubtful, however, whether even this talented and attractive writer can paint smugglers, bandits, and gunmen to look like heroes and manly adventurers. It does not seem necessary to make outlaws in order to make men out of boys. War on

society is cowardly, not heroic. Mr. van Loon's frivolous treatment of a very serious matter is not creditable to him and cannot be otherwise than harmful in its influence.

ALBERT C. HILL.

Albany, New York.

Short Story Controversy

Since publication of "The Secret at the Crossroads" in November, there has been at least a thousand dollars' worth of argument.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Do you suppose you could find time and space in the back of THE FORUM to explain to us benighted folks up here in Maine what there is about that prize story printed in the November number which is meritorious: — for to us it is the veriest punk?

We know you were sincere and had the best literary advice obtainable; but it would seem that judging prize stories, if this is an example of the result, was a process that required some stimulant, and that some practical joker had supplied your committee with bad whiskey.

Now, stories are written to amuse, edify, and instruct, not to depress, nauseate, manufacture gloom, libel a great president like Lincoln, take us into the abode of people we would not touch with a ten-foot pole if we met them in real life, take us to the bedside of a negress in the throes of childbirth (not for amusement, I am sure) or to "an imbecile black hag in one room, whimpering for cocaine."

First dash out of the box, we learn that the $1000 prize story is to be about hookworm investigations. The idea of thinking that anyone wants to read at Christmastide a story about hookworm investigations! Have you no conception of the eternal fitness of things? We may be interested to read in our morning "Times" about the increase of cancer, and the latest discoveries looking to it's arrest; but not for Christmas amusement.

Then, after a dreary ride through a forlorn country, we come upon a man who "expectorates" anywhere. It is against the law here, and it turns our stomachs to read about it. The man is a quack doctor. No doubt, there are some well-meaning quack doctors who try to do good in a mistaken calling. President Lincoln would have shrunk from such a calling, however, and it is a libel to insert his portrait over the brutal scene depicted as a tailpiece. It makes us recoil in horror to see it!

Next, I suppose, on the theory that we are all wolves underneath, waiting to return to the wild at the first sound of the pack (God forbid), into the prize story walk stark brutality, gore, revilings, hideous cruelty, and all that. "He cut Rafe Bascom's heart out" belongs to the horrors of a dime novel. When we are sitting *en famille* around the table with our children whom we have just admonished, perhaps, for teasing the cat, we dare not let them see what we are reading for fear our eldest girl may ask — "What does that mean — 'consort with your painted nigger wench'?"

True, we have stories in our library on this order; but they are not prize stories to fire young minds with literary ambition, and for us to commend to their attention. They are stories for God knows what purpose, and which have come into our possession God knows how, — we did not buy them deliberately knowing their contents.

There is just one point upon which you are to be congratulated (if it be something to be desired, which I doubt). You have chosen a story without the love element. It is a stunt to put across a story without love; but have you done it? You have printed it, to be sure, and entitled it — "The Forum Prize Short Story of 1924"

Editors like other folk, no doubt, —

> "Have moments, hours — days, so unprepared that one might brain us with a lady's fan."

JOY WHEELER DOW.

Kennebunkport, Maine.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing, it has been explained to me that it is a fad among literary people at the present time to favor the stories which reproduce the atrocities of darkest Russia, with an American background, — following as closely as possible the Russian realists.

And our reply:

My dear Mr. Dow,

You ask if we can find space in THE FORUM to explain what there is about

the prize story in the November FORUM which is meritorious, adding that, to you, it seems "the veriest punk".

In the first place let me question your statement that "stories are written to amuse, edify, and instruct". If the writer is a real artist he is not interested either in amusing, edifying, or instructing. He is trying to the best of his ability and talent, impelled by an inner urge that must often overcome a natural laziness, to depict life as he sees it; to give a transcript of life; to catch something of that elusive reality which manifests itself to the human mind as truth or beauty, or both. If he is a commercial writer he is, to put it quite brutally, writing for the "kale".

Of course, these two categories are not absolute. There are many writers whose impulses derive energy from both motives. There are others who write for their own amusement. But I firmly believe that writers, as a class, are quite selfish and that few of them ever write consciously for the amusement, edification, or instruction of their fellowmen.

The purpose of THE FORUM in offering a prize of one thousand dollars for the best short story submitted was obviously to encourage the unknown and unarrived author. Also, we may confess parenthetically, to boost the circulation. To carry out the mechanics of the contest the Editor selected three judges, Miss Fanny Hurst, a successful and well-known short-story writer, Professor William Lyon Phelps, and Professor John Erskine, each eminent in his field, but whose temperamental idiosyncrasies are sufficiently contrasted to insure divergence of opinion.

Now, whatever anyone may think of the prize story, the obdurate fact remains that these three judges unanimously selected Mr. Mosley's story as being the best of the six hundred submitted in the contest. Under the circumstances, even if THE FORUM's opinion of the story had been no better than your own we would have had no alternative but to award the prize.

You may say, of course, that this only proves that the other five hundred and ninety-nine stories must have been even "punker". As THE FORUM has accepted for publication the half dozen stories which the judges considered best, you will have an opportunity, in future issues of THE FORUM, to see whether they are "punker" or, in your opinion, less "punk".

I can readily concede that many people might not like Mr. Mosley's story. I grant you the reasonableness of your point of view. But the fact remains that, according to three experts in short-story writing, it was considered meritorious. Regardless of subject matter, which is always a question of individual opinion, a story may be judged from the artistic standpoint, upon its technical merits. In this respect Mr. Mosley's story certainly is not wanting. It conveys a sense of reality. There is characterization of a high order. There is color and atmosphere. And above all, there is an economy of means, which is the very essence of the art of the short-story writer. You seem obsessed with the, to me, erroneous view that it is the content of a story which will fire the young mind with literary ambition. The content of the story makes its appeal to the emotions of the lay reader, but if a young man or woman aspires to write, it is workmanship, it is the thrill of a job well done that fires the imagination, regardless of the content. The world is large; human emotions are of infinite complexity, and it is my belief that because literature deals with life its field should be no more limited than life itself. And life is infinite in its variations and in its scope.

You say "You have printed it, to be sure, but have you put it over?" That is, of course, a question which only our readers can decide. No doubt, many persons feel as you do about this story, but for every letter like yours we can produce letters from readers who like the story.

In regard to your postscript, I do not believe that American writers have been greatly influenced by the Russian school or that they consciously strive to imitate it. The new realism, which is springing up in this country, is but a natural swing of the pendulum away from the saccharine sentimentality and romantic untruthfulness which was so prevalent in the Victorian era. Abroad, the pendulum is already swinging away from realism to a new form, called Expressionism. These things are but phases in man's unending and clumsy attempts to interpret himself and his universe.

A. WASHINGTON PEZET,
Literary Editor of THE FORUM.

Capital Punishment

A Symposium

Summarizing or quoting opinions of various Forum *readers on a subject which was debated by Thomas Mott Osborne and Robert E. Crowe in the February issue of* The Forum

Is the legalized destruction of human life defensible? Has society the right to take a human life in atonement for crime? Long a mooted question, this of capital punishment, but one which intelligent persons must answer. Sooner or later the United States, like Great Britain, must adopt a definite policy in the matter.

Opposition to capital punishment is based on the belief that it is morally and economically wrong,—"Thou Shalt Not Kill" being subject to no amendments; it is no deterrent to murder, but glorifies crime; it is futile and brutalizing; and often innocent men are executed. Those arguing for its enforcement feel that society must be protected; that murder is murder and justice should be swift; that the death penalty *is* a deterrent; and that life imprisonment is no punishment.

A Deterrent?

That the first consideration in proposing the abolition of the death penalty must be the efficacy or inefficacy of such a mode of punishment is obvious. This is the keynote struck by Lewis E. Lawes, agent and warden of Sing Sing. Actual experiences of many years and the careful study of facts and conditions have convinced Mr. Lawes of the "utter uselessness" of such procedure. "The death penalty fails as a deterrent measure, and I believe that there is developing a strong sweep of popular feeling which ultimately will carry on to its final abolition. This will come partly from moral and ethical reasons, but fundamentally because practical and scientific study will reveal its utter uselessness. It is a survival of our barbaric ancestry, condemned by ten thousand annual homicides in our own country. The death penalty rests upon wrong basic principles. It conforms to none of our modern ideas of criminology. It is impossible of scientific application. As a punishment it lacks certainty of execution and therefore fails as a deterrent measure."

Contradicting Warden Lawes comes Major William J. Hammer, recently retired from the General Staff, U. S. Army. "I am in favor of the strict enforcement of the death penalty for murder. The murderer has forfeited his life in the taking of the life of another. Let the punishment fit the crime and prove a warning to all malefactors. Speedy murder trials and the prompt carrying out of the death penalty would prove a powerful deterrent in the present wave of crime and murder. The Sing Sing and other prison clubs are not calculated to inspire the fear of nor the respect for the law by the under-world either inside or outside the prison walls."

"Fear of capital punishment does not deter men from committing crimes of violence," insists J. C. Wardlaw, Chief of the Rehabilitation Division of the United States Veterans' Bureau. "Under present practise, undoubtedly the guilty escape and the innocent suffer the extreme penalty. There must be some strong deterrent to check the prevalence of crimes of violence in this country; sentimentality for the criminal has gone too far and we can only arrest the onslaught of the present crime wave by a strict and impartial enforcement of the life sentence, which is a stronger deterrent and a more lasting and impressive object lesson than the execution of the criminal."

Frank Exline, Denver, Colorado, feels that the criminal will "'take a chance', even though the penalty be death; hence the death penalty is ineffectual for the prevention of crime. The infliction of the death penalty can be justified only by absolute certainty of the culprit's sanity and guilt, but such certainty must be forever impossible to any but perfect and infallible lawyers, judges, witnesses, and jurors." That two wrongs do not make a right, that we should not carry on this old law of an "eye for an eye" is the argument presented by Augustus O. Thomas, commissioner of education, Augusta, Georgia.

"Does capital punishment deter evil doers? Mr. Crowe says it does and cites the fact that England has capital punishment and has virtually wiped out murder. He also says that Cook County has more murders than England. Yet Cook County has capital punishment. Why does not capital punishment deter criminals in Illinois? Chicago alone had 331 murders in 1922. Maine has no capital punishment, yet there is not an excess of crime in Maine over other States which punish by death. In 1924 Maine had thirteen cases, and Maine does not reduce murder to manslaughter."

"The moral certainty of capital punishment following the wanton taking of innocent lives for money, for revenge, or for 'thrills' would speedily stay the hand of other criminals in this country as it has effectively done in England," stoutly maintains S. J. Vaughn, President of the Hardin Junior College for Women, Mexico, Missouri. "My opinion is that for centuries to come, the only effective deterrent will be the hangman's noose." An opinion voiced likewise by Thomas T. I. McDonnell, Providence, Rhode Island, who believes the method a deterrent and one which lessens acts of violence..

"Next to treason, murder has been recognized as the greatest, the most heinous and frightful of all crimes," writes Dr. G. H. Gerberding, writer and theologian, and professor of theology, Northwestern Lutheran Seminary, Minneapolis, Minnesota. "All good governments must earnestly desire to make murder as rare as possible and make it as abhorrent as possible. Which, to reach this end, will be the more effective, the life-cell or the gallows? Which will preach the more awfully, the more frightfully, the more effectively? Which method has been the more effective in the past? Ask the records. Compare England with America, London with New York or Chicago. Capital punishment ever was and ever will be the most potent and effective remedy against wilful murder!"

Inasmuch as the question as to whether or not capital punishment is a curb to crime is an essentially personal opinion, the argument necessarily becomes one of "it is, it isn't", — "he did, he didn't". "I believe the greatest reason why capital punishment does not have a greater deterrent effect," affirms Dr. Ethan H. Smith, San Francisco surgeon, "is because of the usual legal farce which makes up the bulk of every murder trial. The useless quibbling and waste of words on the part of the prosecutor who may be presumed to try to uphold the law and the unmeasured waste of time and words on the part of the attorney for the defense, who seems to be trying to evade or annul the law in order to win his case, make of the law something grotesque." If our murderers were committed for life and the pardoning power seldom or never used in their behalf, such punishment would be almost as much of a deterrent as to impose capital punishment, in the estimation of W. M. Johnson, attorney, Billings, Montana. "I do not think that, as a nation, we are too lenient with our criminal classes, especially murderers. I have no doubt but that if the punishment were sure and swift and the penalty life imprisonment or death, with but few if any pardons, we would soon have very much less crime in this country," he writes.

Compatible with Modern Criminology?

"The problem of capital punishment rests upon whether it is to be considered as a punishment or as a deterrent," states Walter Taylor Field, author, Hinsdale, Illinois. "The name is a survival of the old theory of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth', which is essentially revengeful and barbarous, and with which modern criminology does not sympathize. So far as its effect upon other potential criminals is concerned, it hardly seems reasonable to kill one man for the sake of scaring another. We are accustomed to affirm loudly enough that life is a sacred thing, — a possession that is inviolable and that the taking of it is a crime. But when a man commits this crime we turn about and without compunction take his life, as if one crime justified another. The whole system is a survival of barbarism. The true deterrent is not so much the severity of the sentence, — life imprisonment being harder for most men than death, — but in the knowledge that there will be an adequate sentence that cannot be escaped. The object to be sought is, after all, the protection of society and not the punishment of the individual." Dr. William Francis Campbell, surgeon-in-chief, Trin-

ity Hospital, Brooklyn, would also eliminate all feelings of sentiment and protect society, — "looking upon it simply as a job to be done, and done thoroughly, what is the most efficient means of accomplishing this end in our present stage of development? By the faulty American method or by the English method? Statistics tell the story, there is no debate." That the burden of proof goes to show that the death penalty does not prevent murder, is brought out in a letter by Helen M. R. Fassett, artist and author, Grand Rapids, Michigan. "If life imprisonment were substituted, and the law not hampered by executive clemency, leniency, and legal ingenuity, it would be as efficacious as the death penalty," in her opinion.

Modern prison conditions are such that to certain classes of criminals imprisonment is no punishment, says Dr. Bernard Washington Spilman, social service worker and clergyman, Kinston, North Carolina. "I believe that capital punishment should be a law of the country. An atrocious criminal should be removed from society quickly, legally, and beyond power of earthly pardon."

That the procedure of the courts and public sentiment seem to give the criminal every advantage, is the belief of Dr. R. A. Carter, a Chicago bishop. "Mushy-minded juries too easily forget the hapless victims in their sympathy for the killers, — especially if they happen to be pretty women," he affirms. Another writer, "Ellis Meredith", — or, in private life, Mrs. Henry H. Clemens, Washington, D. C., protests against this distinction between "rich and poor"; "man and woman"; "black and white"; and "native and alien". Norma Bright Carson, writer of children's books and editor, Philadelphia, does not believe in the death penalty where the evidence is wholly circumstantial. She does believe in it as the punishment of murder where the facts are known and where there are elements of brutality or moral degeneracy involved. There has been too much leniency on the basis of temporary insanity, she believes. "Many a murderer will say that he would rather hang or go to the chair than spend a lifetime in prison, but I doubt if few who say that speak from their hearts. The death penalty as a possibility cannot fail to deter many in the pursuit of crime that takes the form of wilful murder."

As though in direct reply comes a letter from an ex-convict, Seattle, Washington. He writes: "This letter is from an ex-convict. I have known many men convicted of murder. I knew them very well, for I was confined with them for almost two years. During that time I made a first-hand, intensive study of some of the worst criminal cases on record, and found nothing to justify capital punishment. I came to this conclusion not because of any sympathy or sentiment for the culprits, but through the conviction that an individual sin augmented by a public one does not become a virtue. Here are some of my observations made more than six years ago, and which I still believe to be true.

"Death pales into insignificance when compared with life imprisonment. Consider what it means to be continually reminded of one's crime by ever present bars. To dream of what might have been in contrast to the prison. To long each day for freedom and spend the night in jail, day after day, year after year! If there be some who think revenge rightfully belongs to the state, I am glad to point to its victim as being equally inspired. No human being alone ever wrought his own destiny, especially an undesirable one. Some dance it through, others crawl or fight it through; but seldom as they would choose, rather as they are bidden. A tank of gasoline explodes when it meets but a spark of fire, but even a formidable flame succumbs to water. The influence of the one element upon the other is adamant, preëmptory, resistless. The past, *ad infinitum*, is such a constituent of every man, the present, another. Together they pull the strings that put man into action. Heritage and environment motivate us all. Man is only master of his soul to the extent that the captain is master of his ship. There are times when no courage, will, or character, avails against the hand of death.

"There are not a few men in prison for murders that were committed under stress of such circumstances as were almost entirely beyond the control of the perpetrators. There have been men who pleaded guilty, but whom time absolved. Such wrongs have at times been rectified, but who is there that can make reparation to

the dead? A man about to commit murder is never deterred by statutory provisions. Of what consequence is the hangman's noose when even threats of eternal damnation have failed to stay murder? There have been some murders, the conception of which has been authentically traced to suggestion gathered at a legal execution. It is strange that society should seek to punish a culprit by the expedient of publicly duplicating his private crime."

"Those guilty of the crimes of incest and murder are of little value to the community and the state and are a constant menace to peace and good order," declares Thomas W. Bicknell, teacher and writer, Providence, Rhode Island. Because of the rapid increase of crime Mr. Bicknell recommends the old Mosaic law, believing that "the death penalty by hanging or electrocution is quick, the form of death easy, and the result a deterrent of crime." "Even more important than continuance of capital punishment is a reform of our judicial procedure," states Dr. Kenneth McKenzie, of the faculty of the University of Illinois. "Life imprisonment, with its possibilities of escape, is not sufficient protection. Society is benefited by the elimination of many useless or positively harmful individuals. So long as they commit no positive crimes they may be tolerated; when they commit murder or other serious crimes, society should protect itself by putting them painlessly to death." Similar views are expressed by J. R. Cooper, of the faculty of the University of Arkansas, whose plea is that law should "accrue the greatest good to the greatest number"; Nathaniel C. Sears, Daytona Beach, Florida, formerly judge of the Supreme Court, Cook County, Illinois, and Presiding Justice of Illinois Appellate Court; Edward W. Thwing, Chinese educationalist, whose sentiment is based on the feeling that "life must pay for the crime of murder"; Robert Bruce Brinsmade, professor of mining engineering, now in Mexico City; John B. Weber, ex-Congressman and civil war veteran, Lakawanna, New York; and F. S. Earle, of the Tropical Plant Research Foundation, now in Cuba. Mr. Earle shouts across the seas "Let the law be enforced!" while A. W. Morrill cries "Hang 'em and try 'em afterwards", adding, "If circumstantial evidence ever indicates to nine out of twelve men on a jury that I am guilty of murder, I ought to suffer capital punishment for the benefit of the public as an object lesson to would-be murderers, even though there are three chances out of twelve that I am innocent."

"Passing the Buck to God"

James Montgomery Flagg, well-known artist and author does not believe in capital punishment. "I do not see that a human being has the right to take a human life, — to take anything he cannot give. Of course, there are cases when it is unavoidable, in which cases it is under stress of immediate self-defense or in the defense of others. Then it does not make it right but it is seemingly unavoidable. But when it comes as a deliberate punishment or deterrent to others and is 'legalized,' it is, to my mind, as criminal as the crime. It has, I think, been proved as no deterrent. Life imprisonment is the only answer and because that alternative has been farcical in its execution may be a reason for its being held in slight respect. Few if any jurists would hold that punishment was merely revenge but would proclaim its object to be beneficent, at the least. Can they prove this? Has it lessened murder? Does it help the murderer? It passes the impudent buck to God! Legislators rush in where angels fear to tread!"

"Of those who would kill them — 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone'," writes Major General W. H. Hart, Quarter-master General of the United States Army. "If I am biased through my study, observation, logical deductions and convictions," he adds, "that bias at least has a slant upwards. We do not electrocute a man because he came into the world blind, and therefore makes mistakes; we give him our sympathy, our help, and our protection. Is the criminal, in point of fact, wholly responsible for his acts? Normal minded people smugly assert that 'he could be as good as we if he would'. Yet they would not say that the club-footed person, hobbling by their side, could walk erect as they, if he only would."

Society's Right

"Some will say that society has no right to take human life. But society does take life. Every war sentences thousands of

young men to death. In the police and fire services, on the railroads, in the mines and fisheries, men are dying every day that the community may be guarded and served. And these victims are not dangerous criminals. They are the flower of our youth offered up on the altar of common good," writes William A. Leahy, educator, writer, and editor, Boston. "An electric chair is a cruel device," admits Dr. Edward Sims van Zile, New York author, "but so is a battle-ship. Some day humanity will declare them both obsolete. But the time has not yet come for the abolition of navies or of capital punishment." That we should handle all the unfit with "brass knuckles" is the opinion of Childe Hassam, artist, and member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He not only believes in capital punishment, but believes in "knocking them on the head on the spot, — all of them!" Society has the right to sternly demand an "eye for an eye," but also the right to demand the sterilization of criminals, in the opinion of Louis Will, mayor of Syracuse, New York. "We pay much attention to the careful breeding of animals, while the desirability of applying this to the human kind is completely ignored in the making of our laws," he adds. An idea contained likewise in the letter of Dr. Edward E. Maxey, Aberdeen, Washington, who is "strongly in favor of preventing possible procreation of tainted blood of any kind or type."

To claim that capital punishment is the only thing that does deter is as absurd as to claim that capital punishment does not deter, in the estimation of Henry H. Goddard, professor in the department of psychology, Ohio State University. "It is not the character of the crime, but the character of the criminal that should determine the type of punishment." Or, as William Hovgaard, trustee of the American Scandinavian Foundation, puts it, "there are three agents of prevention: education, improvement of social-economic conditions, and punishment. Of these, the first two are by far the most important, since they strike at the root of the evil and may ultimately render the third unnecessary."

Innocent Suffer?

"The first objection urged against capital punishment is that sometimes innocent persons are executed," claims D. A. Murray, Santa Monica, California. "It is *not* better that ten guilty escape than that one innocent person suffer, if the escape of the ten guilty will embolden men to murder two hundred other innocent persons. As for the charge that the hangman's work must have a soiling effect on the men connected with it, so does the work of the scavenger or the cesspool cleaner, but it is necessary all the same." Rose Hartwick Thorpe, however, author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night", does not believe in this mode of punishment, largely because the lives of innocent victims are so frequently sacrificed for crimes they have never committed. And because of this likelihood of error, F. Ernest Johnson, executive officer of the Federal Council of Churches, takes his stand against the death penalty, as does Dr. A. Z. Conrad, pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, and Everett Westerfield, of Fort Collins, Colorado. "Perhaps some day the hanging of a second Jesus or the electrocution of a second Joan will make people realize the horror of such means of punishment," the latter adds. "While it may be true that the innocent are sometimes executed through miscarriage of justice, the case is extremely rare, and compared with the whole situation appears to be so small that it may be ignored," in the opinion of William A. Boring, director of the School of Architecture, Columbia University.

That the influence of executions is brutalizing is a point brought out by various readers. "Does not a human slaughter house in the midst of any society have a tendency to brutalize the whole community? A great French philosopher once said that the coldest blooded murder of all was the murder that the state committed when it deliberately assigned a day for a man's death and killed him on that day." This from the letter of Truxton Beale, attorney, diplomat, and former U. S. Minister. "Only God has the right to end life," affirms Pompeo Coppini, famous Italian sculptor, who adds "the death penalty to-day is like the eighteenth amendment, enforced when there is no wealth to reverse the law." Among others who base their horror of capital punishment on ethical grounds are Dr. William Frederic Slocum, President Emeritus of the College of Colorado, now resident of

Newton Centre, Massachusetts; Dr. Frederick Lincoln Anderson, professor of New Testament, the Newton Theological Institution, also of Newton Centre; Dr. S. M. Martin, pastor, Seattle, Washington; George J. Murdock, inventor, Newark, New Jersey; Grace Noll Crowell, poet, Dallas, Texas; Dr. Thomas C. Johnson, theologian and writer, Richmond, Virginia; and Milton A. Barber, rector of Christ Church, Raleigh, North Carolina. Percy MacKaye, noted poet and playwright, feels that "as no individual has a right to kill a fellow human being, so no collection of individuals has a right to do so. Capital punishment is a barbaric survival which must truly be abolished with the advance of civilization." H. C. McQueen, civil war veteran, Wilmington, North Carolina, protests. "There are some who say that it is contrary to the principles of our Christian religion for the state to exact life for any crime. I doubt if that argument is sound. If it is, logically the question arises, ought the state inflict any sort of punishment? That question answers itself."

Comparative Legislation

Comparisons between our own jurisprudence and that of England are entered into by many Forum readers. "The small per cent of homicides in countries where capital punishment is administered with some degree of promptness and certainty, compared with the high per cent in our own country is very convincing testimony on this question," declares Fred Robertson, attorney, Kansas City, Kansas. "In England the theory is that a murderer shall not have a second chance to commit a murder," reports Robert Benson Evins, attorney, Birmingham, Alabama, concluding that in the interest of the security of life, it seems to him that the English theory is sound. But, says Thomas W. Palmer, Jr., attorney with the Standard Oil Company, New York, "I do not think that England owes its record of crime to the fact that they have capital punishment but to the fact that they enforce strictly all of their criminal laws."

"In all of England and Wales in 1921, there were but sixty-three murders, with practically an equal number of hangings. In 1921 there were two-hundred and sixty murders in New York City, one hundred and thirty seven in Chicago, with less than a score of hangings or even imprisonments for life. It is said that the murder of one's enemies can be cheaply purchased in either city," writes George C. Pardee, former Governor of California. "In the days of Klondike pioneers, 'Soapy' Smith committed all the crimes in the calendar when on the American side of the international line, where crime went unpunished," Mr. Pardee continues. "When 'Soapy' crossed into Canadian territory he became an entirely peaceful, peaceable, and law-abiding person; the Northwestern Mounted Police was on the job in Canada, and every Canadian criminal was relentlessly hunted down and his punishment surely and quickly made to fit his crime, — and all the 'Soapies' knew it! At any rate there is not an argument against capital punishment that cannot be equally, logically, and effectively urged for the abolition of all punishment for crime."

"The question whether punishment should be retributive for the offense committed, prohibitive of the commission of future offenses, or reformatory as to the criminal has been discussed on numberless occasions but without a satisfactory solution of the problem being obtained," concludes Charles Olin Bailey, attorney at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. "The laws of man are at best crude and defective and can never be made to work out with justice to all concerned."

They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of fifteen cents a line. On the manuscripts submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 500 words in length, and those of 300 words are especially desired.*

Bare Souls

To an American more or less unfamiliar with Russian life and literature, one of the most striking features of MY UNIVERSITY DAYS by Maxim Gorki (Boni and Liveright, $3.00), certainly will be the preoccupation of the Russian mind with abstract problems. Hazy and inarticulate as the mental processes often appear, nevertheless, the preponderance of intellectual interests, the burning lust for knowledge, and the straining after a philosophical adjustment to difficult external conditions cannot help but open up a startling new world to the casual American reader. For this book is more than an autobiography; it is also a revelation of the seething intellectual activity that formed the very ground-work of Russian university life during the last decades of the nineteenth century.

With the beauty of authenticity the characters in *My University Days* swarm through its pages. Suffering, — in silent resignation or fierce resentment, mystic, sensual, poetic, some living instinctively as animals, others in the rarified atmosphere of pure reason, — the melancholy, frustrated, endlessly aspiring procession marches on, unintelligible even to itself. Backgrounds and lives, as richly varied as wild-growing gardens, weave themselves inextricably into an immense, disharmonious pattern. And through it all moves the adolescent boy, seeing with alert eyes deep into his sordid surroundings, taking what he can when he can, intensely responsive to every passing influence.

One cannot help noticing the remarkable resemblance between Gorki and Romain Rolland's brain-child, *Jean-Christophe*. There is the same virile personality, like a heady, gusty wind, the same courageous, indomitable facing of life, the same crushing obstacles as a genius cuts his way through mires of ignorance and indifference to self-realization. But Gorki was not so lonely a soul as *Jean-Christophe*. Friends filled the years of his life laid bare for us here. He learned, not only from books, but from people. Romass the Khokhol, the housekeeper of a "house of consolation", Lioska the shameless and terrible, Petrovsky and his "monastic feasts", the tender beauty of his first great passion, and a host of other just as important and exquisitely etched characters contribute to the development of a great and lovely soul.

E. A. GRIEDER.

Dubuque, Iowa.

A Journalist's Story

Although a very interesting and instructive book, THROUGH THIRTY YEARS, by Wickham Steed (Doubleday, Page, $7.50 two volumes), is by no means a modest one. The author is aware of his own perfections and of his infallibility in political matters. He is, moreover, extremely enthusiatic about his own work during the war. We find him helping everybody and giving everybody the benefit of his vast and varied experience and of his political opinions, with which his interlocutors sometimes disagreed, much to his disgust, when not to his sorrow, for he would have us all believe what he believes and look at all things, facts, and individuals, as he does.

He was, it must be admitted, generally well informed, although he sometimes made mistakes. For instance, in the first volume of his work he tells us that "in 1891 a French naval squadron had been invited by the Russian government to visit Kronstadt". Things happened a little differently because, far from being in response to an invitation, the visit in question had been imposed upon Alexander III through a tacit understanding between the Russian and French foreign offices, and through the diplomatic skill of Count de Montebello, then French ambassador to St Petersburg. The Czar had been told that this French squadron was going to indulge in naval manoeuvres in the Baltic Sea, and that it would appear as a breach of courtesy on its part if it did not ask for the honor of being allowed to visit Kronstadt on its route. The Emperor demurred at first, then was persuaded. After he had allowed the invitation to be sent somebody remarked that in order to avoid having the *Marseillaise* played in the Imperial Palace, one could do altogether without music during the dinner to the French squadron. Alexander replied that "once he had invited people to his house he meant to act like a gentleman and to receive them properly", — and to the horror of many the hymn of Rouget de Lisle was heard for the first time in the old residence of Peter the Great. Once the Emperor made up his mind to do something he did it to the best of his ability.

In his very bright narrative of the first two years of the war Mr. Steed surpasses himself in his description of the many factors that had to be taken into account by the Allies. We were surprised, however, to find that he entirely overlooks the critical phase during the winter of 1915–1916 of the relations of the Allied Powers and the Scandinavian countries, where German sympathies were so acute, and dislike of Russia so intense. It is certain that he was aware of the facts of the case because at one time, I have been told, it was a question as to whether he should not be sent on a secret mission to Stockholm and Copenhagen before it was finally decided to send Dr. E. J. Dillon, who went to Sweden with instructions to persuade the Swedish government to remain neutral. He carried out these instructions so successfully that no one suspected the real reason for his presence in Stockholm, where he discreetly declined the honor of an audience with King Gustaf.

Mr. Steed was always ready to sacrifice himself or to make himself useful. We see him everywhere; even war prisoners were interviewed by him, but we confess that we had never heard before of a *Bavarian* language, which Mr. Steed did not speak! We had been under the impression that German was the only idiom spoken in Bavaria.

The Allies owe Mr. Steed a great deal, because he represented to perfection the type of journalism incarnated in the "Daily Mail", the aggressive journalism which can be so useful in time of war and so infinitely dangerous in time of peace, when calamities can be brought about through setting peoples and nations against each other. Nor was he without foresight! As early as 1916 he urged the necessity of a program of peace for the Entente. Had his warning been heeded, some post-war disasters might have been spared the world. But then, as we know, oracles are never believed and man disposes of things after his own heart. Perhaps this explains why Mr. Steed had to leave the "Times" after it passed out of Northcliffian control.

C. RADZIWILL.

New York City.

A Diary

For the past quarter of a century Mr. John St Loe Strachey has occupied a most

conspicuous place in the field of journalism. As a litterateur and "editor and sole proprietor" of the London "Spectator" he has had an interesting, successful, and distinguished career. In his *Adventure of Living*, published last year, Mr. Strachey stressed "the influences that have affected my life for good or evil and made me what I am". The book at hand, THE RIVER OF LIFE (Putnam's, $5.00), is a diary. It was begun with the idea of giving pleasure to his then convalescent son, but as the book progresses it is evident that the author has sought to please the public as well.

In the long ago days a diary was a private confessional for the shy or timid soul. To-day Mr. Strachey interprets it thus; "A diary should be as desultory as the Wind, as all-embracing as the Ocean, as dynamic as a deep and flashing River." In witness whereof Mr. Strachey wanders discursively from Saintly Devils and Devilish Saints to Disraeli; from John Donne's Love Poems to *A Parable For Psychical Investigators;* from Currency to Matthew Arnold.

The author goes on to say of a modern diary, "It must stimulate and interest the writer or it will never stimulate and interest the reader". *The River of Life* does stimulate and interest its readers. There is an alluring description of the North Country in Wales; "So magical are the mountain forms, so clear the lakes and tarns, so boldly break down to the sea the torrent-tongued ravines, so august in the pomp of the tides as they race inland up rockbound estuaries and fill the hollows of the hill with their sea music," and a delightful dissertation on cats — sleek, purry English cats — gaunt, gawky Italian felines.

The book is also occasionally obvious and very boring for it includes detailed guide-bookish accounts of Italian architecture and verbose comments on Racine, Cicero, and Aristotle.

In conclusion, *The River of Life* is deserving of leisurely perusal, not only for its generally interesting contents, but because of its style. Style in writing is really just a sign of good breeding and art, and Mr. Strachey, though a man of boundless enthusiasms, displays a most exemplary soundness of taste.

HELEN BARRETT.

New York City.

"My Dear Watson"

It is often interesting to note how traits shown in childhood and youth will persevere in and influence the trend of adult life. Two such pervasive traits are to be noted in the character of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as set forth in his MEMORIES AND ADVENTURES (Little, Brown, $4.50), a habit, possibly an unconscious one, of noting and retaining in memory incidents of everyday life, with the characteristics and mannerisms of those about him, coupled with a mind which weighs and considers the value and possible relation of all details so retained; together with an unbounded enthusiasm for the work in hand, to the exclusion of all else, when due reflection has fired imagination.

Add to these an inborn facility of expression, with a cultivated talent for expression in literary form; experiences which have ranged from boyhood poverty in Edinburgh and a glimpse of the Fenians, through years of university life, a whaling trip in the Arctic, a voyage to Africa as ship's doctor, the life of an indigent young physician in general practise, to the gradual awakening of inherent power as a writer, and one finds the source of the versatility which produced *Sherlock Holmes*, serious historical novels, and popular and political writings designed to further the interests of the British Government.

As a surgeon in the Boer war and a correspondent in the late war with Germany, during which he visited the trenches on all the Allied fronts, Sir Arthur has seen much army life from the inside and met many famous men of rank. In public and private life he has known such men as Theodore Roosevelt, Arthur Balfour, Rudyard Kipling, Henry Irving, — a host of notables, not to mention royalty. He has traveled widely, and his impressions of men and countries are given with a wealth of incident.

An underlying strain of, or tendency toward, mysticism, — probably traceable to his Scotch-Irish ancestry, — may be noted as present throughout his life, culminating in *The Psychic Quest* to which the last chapter of the book is devoted.

As a whole, it is a very readable volume.

LESLIE H. PHINNEY.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

A Pyramid of Errors

As Lord Thomson admits in the preface of his book, OLD EUROPE'S SUICIDE (Seltzer, $2.00), to be wise after the event is easy. But that does not necessarily make the wisdom unserviceable. After all, what is critical history of any sort but being wise *after* one series of events and thereby deducing principles of wisdom that come *before* whole series of others?

Lord Thomson's particular wisdom derives from his consideration of European affairs. His thesis is that there has been built up a pyramid of errors, the base of which is the two false philosophies of Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism, the apex of which is the treaty of Versailles. To deal with such a thesis he is particularly fitted. He was actually attached to the Peace Conference. Previous to that he spent much time in the Balkans, — in Serbia, in Rumania, in Albania, — and that is the part of the world where Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism have been skirmishing most assiduously and most long.

And yet, without denying that it is far more stimulating and more constructive than cheap, shallow optimism, we cannot entirely agree with his pessimism. Idealistic minds which see only the large goals to be aimed at tend to minimize the confusion of conflicting details that lie between the actual and those goals. For that reason they measure as failure the distance by which we have fallen short of them instead of counting as success the amount by which we have approached.

It is true that the treaty of Versailles falls tragically short of the peace made by the "plain people" for which Lord Thomson and others had hoped. But it is also true that it was the first treaty which even attempted to settle a general world situation according to justice rather than the right of the strongest. It is certain that in comparison with that ideal "federation of the world" that may some day maternally embrace the whole sphere's problems, the League of Nations is "colorless and non-committal". It is not final. But neither is it colorless and non-committal when judged by even its small handful of accomplishments, — real accomplishments, — toward the stability of the world.

So much for the philosophy of the book. It would be unfair not to point out that where it becomes more specific it contains matter that must be interesting both to the modern reader and to the future student. The discussion of Rumanian neutrality, for example, is first-rate analysis; while the account of the battle of Kumanavo, — between Turkey and Serbia, — is both war correspondence of the highest order of excellence and extremely dramatic writing.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

Orange, New Jersey.

Noisy-Ghost Stories

Camille Flammarion's latest psychic study, HAUNTED HOUSES (Appleton, $2.50), does not appear to me to rank with its predecessor, *After Death;* but not because of any slackening in the author's immense industry in collecting cases, nor any lack of conviction on the part of the witnesses. Why then are these narratives, filled with asseverations that without physical causation stones and other objects flew about, doors opened and shut, furniture leaped and fell over, masses of crockery were smashed, less convincing than narratives regarding coincidental dreams, evidential apparitions, or even "hauntings", which feature the vision of deceased persons by several witnesses, the hearing of unaccountable raps, voices, and other sounds?

Suppose that one claims he has seen the apparition of a person, that he at once tells the fact to others, and that it is proven that the person died at that moment. Whether the hallucination was a morbid one or simply a lie, does not count, for the coincidence is there anyway. If a man five times lied about seeing an apparition and every time his lie corresponded with a death, we should still have a super-normal fact, — the ability to lie coincidentally with relevant occurrences at a distance. But if a man has an illusion, whether of sight or hearing or memory regarding such a physical event as a stone hurtling through the air, imagining that he saw it start when he only saw it fall, declaring as a fact that no person was near enough to perform the act when he is really only inferring that this is so, remembering details in the wrong order, his evidence may be fatally vitiated in spite of his subjective honesty.

Flammarion seems to ignore these important distinctions. Telepathic feats, predictive dreams, evidential apparitions, the production in mediumistic trance of facts unknown to the medium in number and quality beyond the reach of chance, — these can be established and have been established, as facts. But to establish exactly what the facts are in poltergeist performances capable of being done by human hands, provided the hands find the opportunity, is a complex matter, subject, in the nature of things, to various possibilities of error.

The purely mental phenomena, and even the occurrence of inexplicable raps, have been investigated and vindicated by the observations of trained observers. On the contrary there are few if any cases of poltergeist performances, such as the dropping of stones and other objects in a house, which have occurred with an investigator, trained in the methods of psychical research, at hand. And a boy or girl is nearly always found to be the centre of the disturbances. Again and again unsuspecting or inexperienced observers have testified that no one could have performed the acts, only to have an expert come in and find the culprit.

Some of Flammarion's poltergeist narratives are taken from old newspapers, a number are old stories, antedating the period of psychical research, and few, if any, appear to have been inspected on the spot by a person trained in such matters.

The witnesses in some of the cases reported by Frank Podmore (*Proceedings of English S. P. R., Vol. XII*) were as positive as the witnesses in this book, even though experts afterward exposed the trickery. Experts are woefully lacking in Flammarion's cases.

Of course, so long as neurotic children and servant girls display uncanny cunning, simple folk will be deceived. A woman reported to me the marvelous things happening in her house when her little girl was present, dishes bouncing, tables gliding over the floor, and was certain that the little girl could not have caused the phenomena by physical contact. And afterwards I saw the child do these very things under her unsuspecting mother's nose.

While endeavoring to preserve an open mind, I cannot find the noisy-ghost stories in this book convincing, and suspect that, in addition to poring over written and printed narratives, the author needed a little fieldwork in the inspection of actual cases.

WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE.

New York City.

Four Plays

Richard Hughes, a young English poet and dramatist, author of A RABBIT AND A LEG (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.00), is a newcomer. His first book, *Gypsy-Night*, a slender volume of poems, was published in England some two years ago.

A Rabbit and a Leg brings Mr. Hughes to the fore as a dramatist. The book is a compilation of four one act plays of great originality both in form and content. There is a curious combination of tragedy and beauty with an odd strain of humor. The first play, *The Sister's Tragedy*, written at one sitting at the age of twenty-one, arrested the attention of John Masefield and was first performed at his home. Subsequently, it appeared on a bill of the Grand Guignol Players in London. It is a tragedy in line with the traditions of the finest English drama.

The Man Born to be Hanged establishes Mr. Hughes' right to serious consideration as a playwright. In his preface he says of this play, "It is quite simple, and not very novel or important: an attempt to find a different way of breaking down the stage-limits of space and time from the way the Expressionists use". It is novel; and it is important because the dramatist succeeds very definitely in his attempt.

The other two plays are entitled *Danger* and *A Comedy of Good and Evil*. The former is an experiment, — "a play written for effect by sound only", — for performance over the radio. It is an excellent portrayal of the emotional reactions of three visitors caught in a cave-in in a Welsh coal-mine. *A Comedy of Good and Evil* is not up to the high standard of Mr. Hughes's other work and it displays many weaknesses both in dramatic construction and character delineation.

The author is a poet and dramatist of no mean ability. He is a man of erudition, and accordingly his work bears close scrutiny. *A Rabbit and a Leg* will be enjoyed by

those who are interested in the experimental whether in fiction or drama.

MADELEINE THAYER.

New York City.

Anthologies

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1924, Edited by Edward J. O'Brien

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1923–24, Edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos

THE BEST FRENCH STORIES OF 1923–24, Edited by Richard Eaton

THE BEST CONTINENTAL SHORT STORIES OF 1923–24, Edited by Richard Eaton

THE BEST POEMS OF 1924, Edited by L. A. G. Strong

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1923–24, Edited by Burns Mantle

(Small, Maynard, $2.50 each)

He who would, even in a whisper, presume to pronounce this dangerous little word of four letters, must forthwith prepare to take arms against a sea of troubles yet realize that he cannot "by opposing end them." Even so, he must be content in some measure to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, for seven fresh dissenters are almost certain to spring up, Hydra-like, when one has been silenced. The editors of these six volumes have each performed a Herculean task and although the reader may not agree with the selections made it is doubtful whether two persons could be found whose criticisms and counter-suggestions would stand together. One wonders if Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Cournos are still friends after their experiment of collaboration in editing the British volume. Let us hope that Mr. O'Brien selected one-half of the stories and Mr. Cournos the other, independently; otherwise there must have ensued a merry scene replete in itself with material for one of the best short stories of 1925.

Regardless of whether they represent the best, the second best, or merely good examples, the first four volumes, listed above, afford a comprehensive panoramic picture of the short story in its state of development in this year of grace. Mr. Eaton in his preface holds a brief for the short story, *per se*, stating that it has "achieved an importance second to no other branch of literature" and maintains that "psychologically the public is able to obtain the same reaction from a well constructed short story as from a novel ten times as long". Personally we think that Mr. Eaton is guilty of exaggeration at this point. Certainly publishers and booksellers would never corroborate such a statement. Readers, however, who seek such psychological "reaction" as the short story affords, or who have some deeper motive in following its course, should have no hesitation in accepting these volumes in all seriousness and in looking forward each year to a fresh assortment.

Of considerable interest to the casual reader and of inestimable value to the student or librarian is the carefully arranged data included under the "Yearbook" heading at the end of each volume. This embraces, briefly, indices of short stories published in magazines during the year, lists of articles on the short story, the best books of short stories, magazines publishing short stories, biographic sketches of short story writers, and bibliographic material of different sorts.

Writing a preface is undoubtedly an editor's affair, but the introductory matter in these volumes is unnecessarily brief and the reader feels as if he were starting out on a voyage with neither chart nor compass. Mr. O'Brien cautiously admits that he has applied, first, the test of organic substance and, second, that of artistic form, that in his selection he has endeavored to trace a "fresh, living current," and that the "prisoned emotions" of Americans have given to their short stories an ineffable quality of sadness. But beyond that the reader is left in the dark.

The one exception is the hypothetical discussion between *Anthologist* and *Critical Reader* which Mr. Cournos contributes to the British volume. A succinct and incisive piece of criticism, it is like a relish before a hearty meal. It sharpens the reader's intellectual appetite and arouses his curiosity to discover some unity of meaning in the apparently disconnected stories which follow. Mr. Cournos explains that a short story differs from a novel in that it ignores development of plot or character and emphasizes "a dramatic, an emotional high-light, a cumulative, a concentric moment." He reminds us also

that the action does not necessarily have to take place on the external plane; it can be transferred without losing its dramatic effect to "a deeper stratum of consciousness", where it becomes "a less obtrusive, more subtle affair". Accepting these stories as representative, this new conception has gained greater headway in England than elsewhere, Katharine Mansfield being the conspicuous example. This gradual shifting of the dramatic centre from the outer world to the inner level of consciousness is noticeable also in the American and French volumes, although not to such a marked extent. In continental Europe, generally speaking, the short story is not as highly developed. If one doubts that a change has taken place,—and this within recent years,—let him read Dorothy Richardson's story *Death* in the British volume, and try to imagine its chances of having been included in a similar anthology before the war.

There is less "free verse" in Mr. Strong's collection of the best American, English, and Irish poems of the year than one might imagine. Does this mean that less is being written or that Mr. Strong does not consider it worthy of inclusion? Probably the latter, for he admits that his own background is "classical and traditional". This, however, does not prevent recognition of Alfred Kreymborg and other modernists. More than one-sixth of the poems selected appeared in the "New Republic", to which Mr. Strong extends high praise.

Burns Mantle, in a critical introduction, explains that the ten plays he characterizes as "best" are not merely the arbitrary selection of one individual. They bear the stamp of public approval as well, and therefore the book is in a slightly different category from the others. The "Year-book" which fills nearly half of the volume gives the casts and synopses of plays produced in New York during the year, and is an excellent substitute for the mass of crumpled programs which clutter up one's bureau drawer.

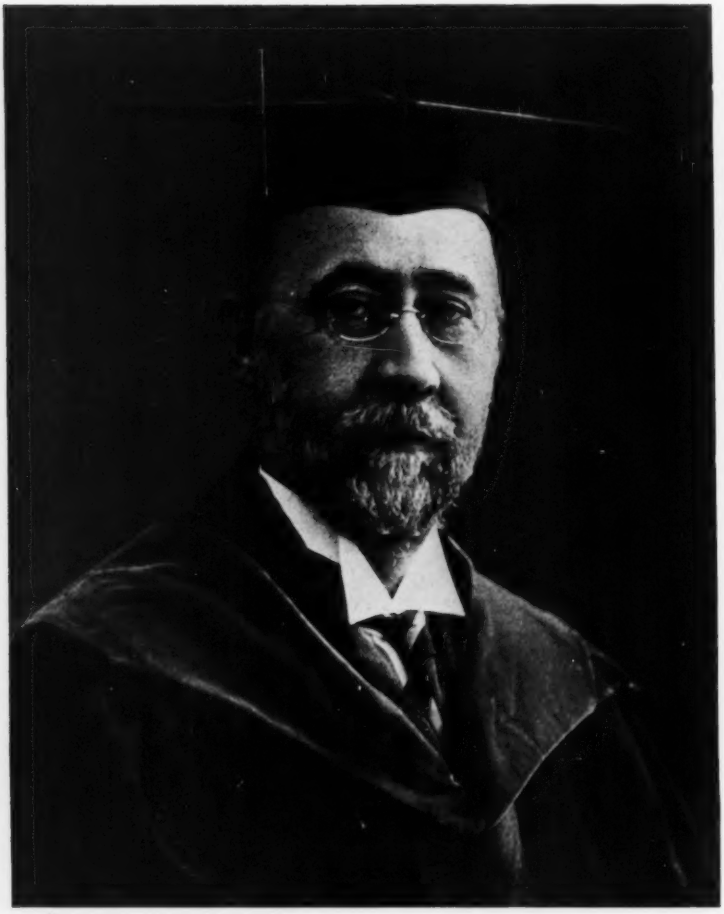
In restricted space it is impossible to even name the various selections made, and the reviewer respectfully refers the curious to the books themselves. If you have a grievance, write to the editor.

DALE WARREN.

New York City.

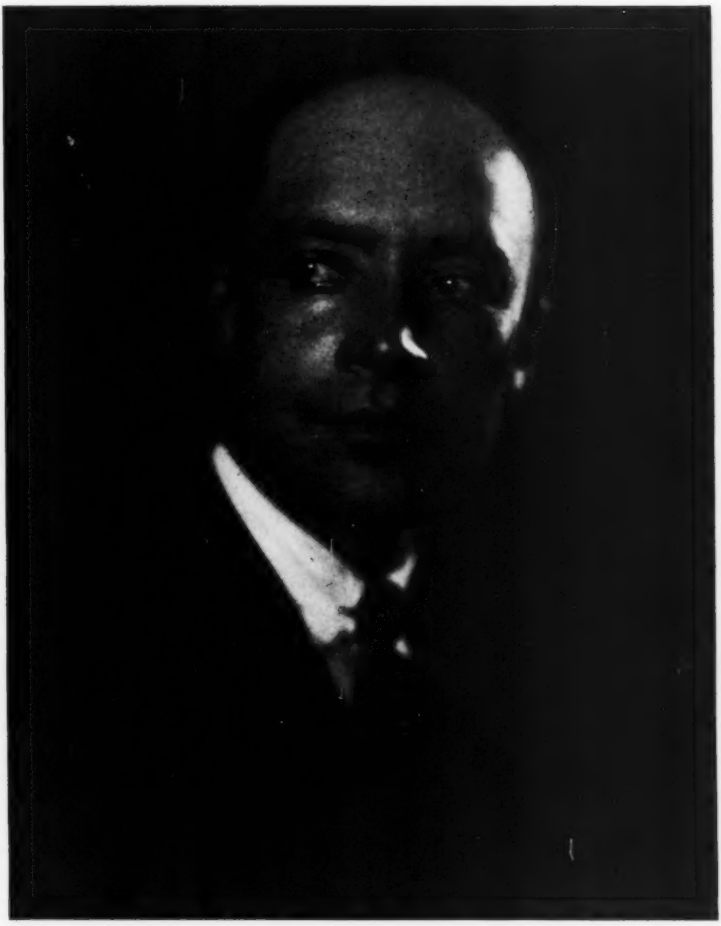
"Molly" Thayer

Who displays as great skill at the ancient game of kings as in the writing of verse



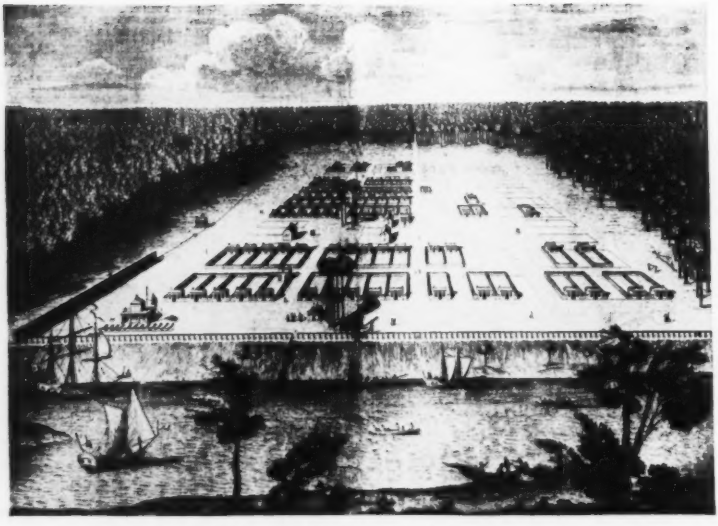
PAUL SHOREY

Professor of Classical Philology at the University of Chicago, spokesman for "The Age of Pericles" in THE FORUM'S *Civilization series*

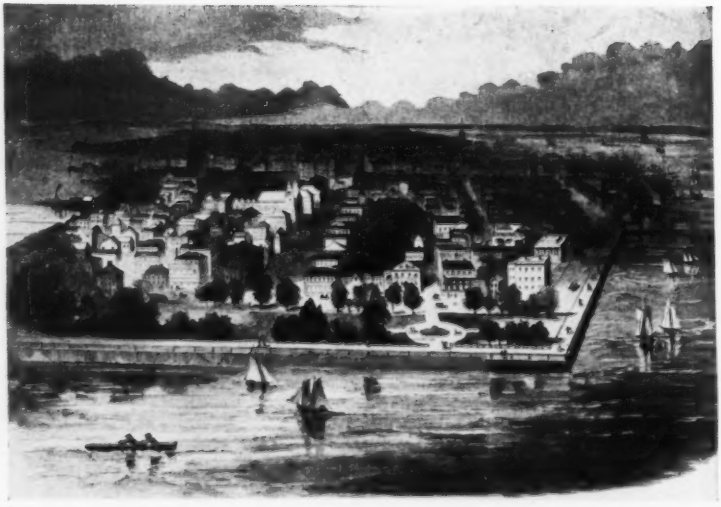


FRANCISCO GONZALEZ GAMARRA

A native of Cuzco, Peru, most ancient of American cities, who has gained international repute as an artist of Indian types



Savannah, Georgia, in 1734



Charleston, South Carolina, in 1860

TWO SOUTHERN GATES TO THE SEA (page 537)